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TALKS AND TALES.

A MAGAZINE

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The Conn. Institute and Industrial Home for the Blind,

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HARTFORD, CONN.

F. E. CLEAVELAND, President.

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THE CONN. INSTITUTE AND INDUSTRIAL HOME
FOR THE BLIND.

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To the Patron Members of the American Association of the Blind:

KIND FRIENDS:—This notice is to inform you that your membership fee can be paid to our treasurer, H. R. W. MILES, 915 E. Street, N. W., second floor, this being in lieu of any further charge for the magazine TALKS and TALES.

WE desire to call the attention of the readers of TALKS and TALES to articles which appear by the following occasional contributors, all of whom are blind.

H. R. W. Miles, Mary E. Sanford, Charlotte M. Hinman, Alice A. Holmes, H. Stennett Rogers, Alfred J. Hosking, Alexander Cameron, Roberta Anna Griffith, Rev. Ghosn el Howie, Syria; Helen Marr Campbell, Clarence Hawkes, Mamie Ray.

HARVEY A. FULLER.
(The Blind Poet and Lecturer.)

TALKS AND TALES.

VOL. IV. HARTFORD, CONN., OCTOBER, 1900. NO. 1.

J. M. HAWLEY.

IF any man on earth can appreciate a few weeks' vacation, it is surely a hard-worked itinerant. I claim to belong to that class. During a ministry of seventeen years I have enjoyed two vacations, amounting together to just six weeks. But the old saw about the influence of all work and no play upon Jack is not without application to the average preacher. He loses nothing and gains much by an occasional trip for recreation and rest, and if he returns to his work with renewed health and spirits, his people are gainers no less than himself. Without a dissenting voice my Quarterly Conference voted me a vacation, and I determined to improve it for all it was worth. It was typical August weather—hot and sweltering—but ideal weather for a trip to the North. The very next evening found me, grip in hand, at Harper's Ferry, well known to Southern readers by the achievements of our Stonewall Jackson in the early sixties. The gray dawn of the following morning found me in Pittsburg, en route for Chautauqua. Two hours of leisure allowed me to see something of that mammoth hive of activity and enterprise. To say the least, Pittsburg is no mean city. But O, the smoke! Scores of chimneys were belching forth the dark clouds that settled over the city like a pall. At times it seemed more like dusk than dawn. I thought involuntarily of the ancient general who warned the commander of the opposing army that their arrows would fly so thick as to darken the sun. He received the reply: "We shall then have the advantage to fight in the shade." But one who has been accustomed all his life to the bright skies and fresh breezes of our Southland would be willing to forego this advantage if it could be purchased only at the expense of endless smoke.

The route from Pittsburg lay along the winding valley of the Allegheny

river. To a stranger the journey is one of sustained interest from the start. Soon we enter the celebrated oil regions of Pennsylvania. The attention is arrested by the very large number of towers, showing the location of the wells and pumps. These towers are everywhere—on the bottoms, on the hills, in the woods—as many as from ten to twenty being often visible at one time. In many places the very ground seems soaked with oil, and the yield is sufficient to supply an immense trade. Oil City certainly deserves its name, for it is not only surrounded by wells, but the water has an oily appearance, and the odor is not regaling to sensitive nerves.

About the middle of the afternoon I reached Mayville, at the western extremity of Lake Chautauqua. It would be difficult to find a more charming spot to begin a vacation. Nature has lavished her wealth of adornment upon this region, and art has added what nature could not supply. Who could describe a sunrise on the lake? The beautiful expanse of water, for a distance of ten miles, resembled a sheet of burnished silver that fairly dazzled the eyes. But Chautauqua far more than met my expectations. I had heard much of it, and read more, but it belongs to that class of objects that must be seen to be appreciated. I did not enter the grounds until the following morning, preferring to begin such physical and mental exercises when fresh in body and mind. The crowds were much diminished in size, as the Assembly was nearing its close, and many sojourners had returned to their homes. But there was still much to interest and instruct, and I determined to make the most of the long-desired opportunity.

The architectural improvements are exceedingly handsome and substantial. Many of the homes are equal in size and design to those that adorn the suburbs of our large cities. In some parts of the grounds, however, the canvas tents and plain board structures reminded me forcibly of the camp-meeting I have so often attended in Virginia and West Virginia. But the amphitheater, or main auditorium, surpasses anything of the kind I ever saw. It is just what its name signifies—an amphitheater—having fifteen rows of seats, rising gradually one above the other, and running entirely around the platform and main floor. It has a seating capacity of six thousand, and the acoustic properties are so good that no speaker with a penetrative voice experiences difficulty in making himself heard. If the congregation that assembles there, made up of the intelligence and culture of the whole country, does not inspire a speaker, it proves one thing—his unfitness for the place he is appointed to fill. The music is superb, the management aiming to secure the very best vocal and instrumental talent that can be found. The lectures and sermons, on a great variety of topics, are by men of national reputation and of all denominations. Our own Bishop Galloway, on the last Sunday of July, delivered a sermon that I was informed left a fine impression upon a vast audience.

I had known Chautauqua by reputation ever since the first Assembly in August, 1874. The proceedings were published in pamphlet form, and I had addresses and sermons of Bishops Janes and Simpson, Drs. H. Clay Trumbull, Daniel Curry, T. M. Eddy, and many others. That was sufficient to give me an idea of the intellectual and spiritual uplift that one would receive from such an assembly, and ever since that time I had cherished a desire to be present. This summer the twenty-fifth anniversary of the inauguration of the Chautauqua movement was celebrated. The second day of August was "Quarter-century Day." Dr. J. M. Buckley was the speaker. He traced the origin of the movement, and gave a succinct outline of its history. Not arriving in time to hear the address, I did the next best thing—secured a printed copy and read it. As a historical address this speech of Dr. Buckley is not only a model, but has permanent value. No one can wonder at the national reputation of Chautauqua who knows how often such orators as Matthew Simpson, Randolph S. Foster, Phillips Brooks, Joseph Cook, John B. Gough, W. H. Milburn, and many others have thrilled vast audiences by their eloquence. I was not aware until this summer that so many of the ablest speakers from our Southland had taken part in the proceedings from time to time. It was gratifying to learn that Bishop Hargrove, Haygood, and Fitzgerald, besides Dr. John A. Broadus, Governor Colquitt, and some others, had contributed to the interest by their presence and addresses.

The Park of Palestine, on the shore of the lake, occupied my attention. Three visits and much time spent in studying every point of interest were hardly sufficient to satisfy me. I learned how (as Dr. Buckley expresses it) "to make a long journey, and yet not to leave home." I took a slow and very careful journey from the mountains of Hermon along the valley of the Jordan to the Dead Sea, and over the mountains to the Mediterranean and far away to the desert on the south. I could only wonder at the labor, skill, and ingenuity involved in the production of this park. Every town and city, every mountain and valley, every lake and river in Palestine is reproduced on such a scale as to give the student a very correct idea of the appearance of the Holy Land. As I visited Bethlehem, Jerusalem, Nazareth, Capernaum, and the Sea of Galilee, the many stirring events of our Saviour's life became very vivid and real to my mind. This park is certainly one of the chief attractions to the student of sacred history.

I could not of course think of leaving the lake without spending a day on the water. Anything like an adequate description of its beauty would doubtless be pronounced extravagant. The voyage from Mayville to Jamestown, the entire length of the lake, twenty-two miles, is a succession of delights. The steamers are swift and comfortable, and everything is done to add to the comfort of the traveling public. In some places the lake is quite narrow; in other places from one to two miles wide. Nothing struck me so much as the

large number of massive hotels and handsome cottages along the lake front. Chautauqua is by no means the only popular resort on the bank. The number who come here every summer for recreation and pleasure is steadily increasing, and flourishing towns have sprung up in a very few years. All the modern improvements give evidence of thrift and enterprise. It seems probable that, in a few years, the entire lake shore will become a continuous village. I could not possibly have found a more delightful spot for spending a part of my vacation.—[*Nashville Advocate.*

THE HEART OF MAN, A FLOWER.

CLARENCE HAWKES.

If the heart of man were but a flower
  That God had planted here
For a summer's day, in a sunny bower,
  Then never a sighn or tear.

If the heart of man were but a rose
  With never a frost to sear!
But the summer comes and the blossom goes
  And no one knows whither, dear.

Aunt Sarah's Penance.

MRS. PERCIA V. WHITE.

"LONESOME!" sniffed Aunt Sarah, scornfully. "I don't have time to be lonesome—I have too much to do; and s'posen I was lonesome once in a while, it wouldn't be anything in comparison to being a slave the whole continual time—a slave to a set of shiftless, gadding, do-little girls!"

The girl sitting in the comfortable rocking-chair by the shining kitchen window flushed from throat to forehead.

"I know whom you mean, Aunt Sarah," she answered. "You mean mother—dear little woman! It's a fact, she does have a hard time, but honestly, here's one of her 'shiftless, do-little girls' that has tried her very best to get something to do, and every single door has been shut in her face."

"Humph!" returned her aunt shortly. "Just name over the various ways in which you have tried to earn a living."

"I haven't had a chance to try," answered Polly Sanderson, dejectedly. "They won't give me a school, though I have applied to every school agent in the county. Father won't let me go to the factories, I hate the very sight of a needle, so it's of no use to suggest dressmaking or millinery to me, and there's no idle money lying round our house to enable me to take a special course in anything; so what is there for me to do?"

An ironical laugh broke from Aunt Sarah. "Do!" she repeated, "why, go and get married!"

"Married!" ejaculated the girl, hotly. "I've no good looks, no particularly attractive ways, no money. O-h-h!" and she shut her teeth and hands convulsively. "Oh, if I were only out in the world and could have a good time like other girls, and dress like other girls, it's little I'd care where the money came from!"

Sarah Sanderson, spinster, could have bitten her tongue off. It is no light thing to sneer a young, undisciplined soul into such a desperate condition. There was silence for a few moments.

"Polly," said her aunt at length, "suppose somebody should come to you and tell you that your mother was a bad woman?"

The white light of an intense wrath flashed over the girl's face.

"My mother," she said very quietly, "my good little mother, whose life has been a long sacrifice—why, if any one should hint such a thing to me, I'd—" she stopped abruptly. Why did Aunt Sarah look at her so queerly?

"Your mother thinks more of you than you do of her," said her aunt soberly. "Perhaps you have had a faint idea as to how your mother would feel if such a report should reach her ears about her oldest daughter."

The angry light faded from the girl's face.

"Of course, Aunt Sarah," she answered, apologetically, "I didn't mean what I said, for I have just as much horror of money that has been dishonestly or dishonorably gained as you have!"

There was a suspicious quiver in Polly's voice, but she went bravely on.

"But there's one thing, Aunt Sarah, that I'm going to say, and I mean every word of it; and that is that the whole pack of you—the relations, I mean—consider it your privilege to speak slightingly of us girls; you are always calling us shiftless and lazy and good-for-nothing, but not a single soul of you would extend one of your little fingers to help us out of the Slough of Despond that we've fallen into. That's the truth, Aunt, and you know it. Though you are always ready with a Scotch blessing for me, you know that as far as real help is concerned you wouldn't help me if you could!"

"I would, too!" protested her aunt warmly. "I would only be too glad to help you if it would do any good; but what's the use of dragging a cat along by the tail, you only get scratches for your pains!"

Polly Sanderson clapped on her old felt hat, pulled her shawl around her shoulders and flung herself out of the house. She ran through her aunt's garden, and in a moment was walking swiftly along on the railroad which formed a shorter way home than the road.

How the snow crackled under her feet, it was just level with the top of the rails and as hard as a pine plank; and how it sparkled under the white fire of the great, full moon! The air was crisp with frost and alive with sound. The telegraph wires vibrated with a sharp musical hum, and up from the river came the boom of the falls which never froze.

At first the girl's step sounded very much like a stamp—a stamp of rage.

"I will never go there again, never!" declared the girl passionately to herself. "She always has a scholding ready for me. I wish I could get even with her! The idea of her saying she would be glad to help me if it would do any good! Hateful, isn't she just hateful! But isn't she a lovely cook! My mouth waters for some more of those splendid preserves she had for tea. Oh, if I could only make things taste as delicious as she does—"

Polly Sanderson stopped short. For a few moments she stood still looking down on the snow, and then she threw back her head and laughed—laughed loud and long—and such rich, musical laughter as it was; for Polly was gifted with a musical voice, and whether she laughed or sang, scolded or teased, one could not but think of a bobolink in a full tide of song. Then she said rather enigmatically:

"I guess I'll hurry up and finish off that navy-blue print of mine. How

I hate to make those sleeves! and then do up that long white apron, for Aunt Sarah is perfectly spotless about her work; and then—Oh, won't I make her do penance for her many scoldings!"

A few days after, Miss Polly opened the door of her aunt's cozy kitchen and walked in with the cheerfulest possible, "Good-morning, Auntie!"

Then, without waiting for an invitation for which she might have possibly waited in vain, she deliberately took off her shawl and hat and hung them up. Didn't she look trim and tidy in her snug-fitting dark blue dress and spotless, snow-white apron? For once her aunt glanced at her approvingly; but what made the girl's eyes sparkle so? They shone like those of a cat in the dark, and her lips were quivering with laughter. Aunt Sarah's approval turned to suspicion. What was in the wind now?

Polly walked over to her aunt's side slid her arm around her waist.

"Auntie," she said, soberly, "a few evenings ago you told me that you would gladly help me if you could, and I know your word is as good as gold. Well, the time has come. It lies in your power to help me, and it will be a permanent help, too, something that will be of a benefit to me as long as I live."

"What do you want me to do?" answered her aunt shortly, wishing she had been stricken with tongue-palsy before she had made that promise to Polly Sanderson.

"Teach me to cook!" was Polly's answer.

"Oh, land o' deliverance!" groaned Aunt Sarah, sinking into a chair. Everything about Miss Sarah Sanderson's kitchen and pantry was always in order; her methods of cooking wasteless and dainty, and her cooking days were days of perfect success; and now to have one of John's shiftless girls "messing round," it was gall and bitterness to her soul.

"Why don't you learn to cook at home?" she snapped out at last.

"Mother hasn't time to teach us," answered Polly, earnestly. "She's always in a hurry when she begins to cook, and she says we don't know how to take advantage of our work, and so we hinder instead of helping her"—Aunt Sarah groaned audibly—"and besides, we are wasteful, and she can't abide that."

Aunt Sarah groaned again—truly she was doing penance already.

"Does your mother know about this plan of yours?" she questioned, feebly.

"Not in the least," answered Polly. "I want to surprise her."

"Well," said her aunt crossly, "I wonder how you are going to manage to come here every day and not let her find out what you are doing!"

"Don't I have to bring you a quart of milk every morning?" said Polly.

"Well," said her aunt, driven to the wall, "I suppose I shall have to do as I agreed to, but what will be the good as far as you are concerned? You'll

take two or three lessons, and then you'll have something more important on hand, and that will be the end of it."

"Aunt Sarah, when you tell me of your own free-will that I can cook as well as you can, then I'll stop taking lessons and not before!" answered Polly, firmly.

And she kept her word. Though she served one of the most rigid apprenticeships that could be imagined; though she crimsoned many a time over her awkwardness, and many a time secretly shed tears over her mistakes; though the words of blame were many and bitter, and the words of praise few and grudging, still the girl never faltered in her resolution to become a good cook; and her reward came.

It was a hot morning, early in July. Polly had finished cooking, and not one complaint in regard to one daintily cooked article of food had Aunt Sarah uttered; indeed, it had been many weeks since she had given utterance to one of those terrible groans, the very sound of which was enough to give Polly over to confusion and dismay.

"I guess, Aunt Sarah, I'll go home now," said Polly, as she took down her hat. "You see, I have not helped mother in the forenoon very much for quite a while. She looked just ready to sink this morning when I started away, and it it hadn't been for my promise, I would have stayed at home. Good-by."

"Wait a minute, Polly!" called her aunt—somehow that sharp voice had lost some of its acidity. The girl retraced her steps.

"What is it, Aunt?"

"Nothing, only I thought I would tell you something of 'my own free-will.' You are as good a housekeeper as your Aunt Sarah!"

"Do you mean it, Auntie?" ejaculated the girl, joyfully.

"I mean it!" said Aunt Sarah, earnestly. Polly threw her arms around her and kissed her over and over again.

"There, don't smother me!" said her aunt, giving her a peck of a kiss and pushing her away.

"Oh, Aunt, you've been so faithful in your teaching!" cried Polly. "Thank you over and over—"

"There, that'll do. You needn't thank me again, though mercy knows I deserved to be thanked, for if ever a poor soul did penance for a foolish promise that soul was me; though I'll own that I ain't sorry now, for, truth to tell, Polly, your cooking does me credit."

Polly's eyes danced.

"Let me tell you something. Aunt Sarah," she said, confidentially. Her aunt bent her head. The girl whispered in her ear. "I've had to do penance, too, Auntie," and then whisked away, leaving the sound of laughter in the air.

Mrs. Sanderson was just beginning to make some strawberry pies as

Polly came in, breathless from the rapid walk. Her wan face did not brighten or her heavy eyes show a sign of gladnesss in them as she glanced up at her eldest daughter.

Polly's heart smote her as she thought of the weary years that this poor mother had toiled so uncomplainingly for them all, had denied herself of all the luxuries and many of the comforts of life for their sake; and now, this hot July morning, she was at work in this stifling kitchen preparing a tempting dinner for her family, while three of her four great grown-up girls were fanning themselves in the coolest spots they could find.

"Who would think that the children of such a hard-working, self-sacrificing father and mother would be so selfish and lazy?" questioned Polly to herself.

She stepped up to her mother, and taking the pie-plates out of those toil-worn hands, she set them aside emphatically. Then, catching hold of her mother's skirts, Polly started on the run for a cool piazza on the west side of the house. Mrs. Sanderson perforce had to follow. When they reached the piazza, Polly unceremoniously tilted a chair containing her sister Alice to such an uncomfortable angle that Alice grumblingly sprang out of it. Polly then whirled her mother down into the vacated seat, caught up a palmleaf fan that lay on the floor, and thrust it into her hands.

"Now, mother Sanderson, don't you stir out of that chair till I get those pies done!" she said, with an emphatic pinch of her mother's chin.

Her mother looked at her incredulously.

"You—why, you don't even know how much sugar it takes to sweeten a pie;" and she attempted to rise, but Polly's hand was on her shoulder.

"Now, mother," she asserted, earnestly, "those pies won't be a failure, I know they won't! Just let me try, won't you?"

"Well," said her mother, yielding to her overpowering desire for a little of the restful coolness of this vine-wreathed, shady piazza, and sinking back into her chair.

Polly returned to the hot kitchen, singing merrily, while the rest of the Sanderson family went on with their fanning and reading. Utter quiet reigned, save for the faint, musical click of a far-off mowing-machine, and the creakity-creak of Mrs. Sanderson's chair, as she slowly rocked to and fro in such evident enjoyment of the cool, sweet air and this unexpected opportunity for rest that none of her daughters failed to take notice.

An hour went by, and then Alice Sanderson missed the creak and glanced up. Just then Ruth Sanderson, with a rustle and noise, began to turn her paper.

'Sh-h-h!" cautioned Alice, lifting a warning finger. Mrs. Sanderson was leaning back in her chair, fast asleep.

The girls looked at their mother silently. It looked something like

death, this sleep of mother's. The eyes that were always so full of gentle kindness were closed; the dear face was colorless; the lips half open; the head bowed down wearily upon her breast. Mother was very dear to these "do-little" girls, despite the fact that they had never exerted themselves much to help her. Out in the hot kitchen was Polly, and the effect of her loving self-denial was potent and quickening.

Ruth laid down her paper noiselessly. Alice caught up the palm-leaf fan that had slipped from her mother's nerveless hand, and fanned that dear, weary face softly. May tilted her mother's chair back, imperceptibly, to a comfortable angle, and motioned Ruth to slip a bit of wood under the rocker. Then the minutes slipped on to the fervid noontide in perfect silence.

"Dinner, mother!" sang out Polly, cheerily, pushing away the little "trig,' under her mother's rocker.

Mrs. Sanderson awoke with a gasp of surprise. Then she got up hastily,

"What made you let me sleep so long? I had a splendid nap, to be sure, and I feel like a new woman; but oh, your father's dinner!" and she hurried into the dining-room.

Mr. Sanderson was already seated at the table, with a look of rare good-humor on his face. It was enough to make a hungry man good-humored to see a tempting, smoking-hot meal before him—a tender roast of lamb done to a turn, new potatoes, and great, fat, delicious green peas that would almost melt in one's mouth, and last, but not least, a dessert that was a thing of beauty—a delicious strawberry pie.

Mrs. Sanderson took her place at the table in dumb surprise; but Alice at once exclaimed incredulously:

"Polly, did you cook this dinner your own very self?"

"My own very self!" laughed Polly.

"But who taught you?" pursued her sister. "You didn't learn at home."

Mrs. Sanderson winced.

"I took lessons of Aunt Sarah." answered Polly. "Didn't she put me through a rigid training, though! It makes me tired to think of it; and didn't she find fault with me, though, and didn't she groan over my work at times, till it would have been a relief if the kitchen floor had given way and let me down into the cellar!"

Then Polly told the whole story, which was received somewhat differently by the various members of her little audience. The girls were indignant at Aunt Sarah's opinion of them; the mother's eyes were dim at the thought of a neglected duty; but John Sanderson laid his hard brown hand caressingly on his eldest daughter's head, and said:

"It was pretty hard work, Polly, but somehow I feel as though it established a bond between you and your aunt, for, in spite of what she might say to the contrary, I know that she sees a good many lonesome days—that

time is going to test; but when the trial comes, Polly, stand by your aunt."

"I will," said Polly, briefly.

One lovely morning, a week later, when the world was all a spangle with dewdrops, Polly had hardly taken off her hat when she heard the sound of wheels, followed by the driver's voice, as he checked the horse in front of the door.

Miss Polly pursed up her lips. "My Lord Louis." she said softly. "Now, Aunt Sarah, you just notice the lofty way in which he greets his shiftless cousin Polly."

The next moment a rather fine looking young man stood in the doorway.

"Good morning, Aunt Sarah," he said, blandly, and a novice could have detected the overweening conceit of Louis Sanderson in the very tones of his voice. "Mother wishes for the pleasure of your company to dinner, so I thought it best to harness up the horse and drive over while it was cool. You will come; will you not, Aunt? Oh-er, good morning, Polly!"

"Oh-er, good morning, Louis!" drawled Polly, exactly imitating her cousin's supercilious tones. Louis glanced at Polly in surprise. She did not deign to look at him, but rocked away at her ease, her head turned so that he could see but little of her face; but, somehow, there was the faintest suspicion of a laughter-dimple in the corner of that red mouth. Strange he had never noticed before how red Polly's lips were! The fact was, he had always considered these girl cousins of his as beneath his notice; but what had come over Polly? She had always been rather timid in his presence, and this morning she was laughing at him.

He added, stiffly:

"I'm sure mother would be quite happy to have you come, too, Polly, if you could see your way clear to do so."

Polly turned her dancing eyes full upon him.

"Louis, do you know what happened to Ananias?" she said. Then, catching up her hat, she kissed her aunt, pinching her arm suggestively, and hurried away, leaving her struggling to conceal her laughter.

Soon after, Aunt Sarah and Louis were on their way. Both were rather silent; Aunt Sarah from a natural taciturnity, Louis partly from thinking about his saucy cousin, partly from the fact that he had his hands full in controlling his mettlesome young horse. His aunt watched the animal's antics with some apprehension.

"What a kinky beast that colt is!" she said, crossly. "Why didn't you take one of the other horses!"

"They are both at work, Aunt," answered Louis. "Besides, you needn't feel worried about Max. He is rather spirited, but he is quite safe; I broke him in myself."

"Humph?" said Aunt Sarah, and relapsed into silence.

There was a thunder of horses' hoofs behind them. Louis tightened his grasp on the reigns, and guided his dancing horse out close to the side of the road. A span of magnificent grays whirled by.

"Dr. Childs' team," commented Aunt Sarah. "Ain't those grays splendidly matched? Who was that man in the carriage with the doctor?"

"One of those famous New York surgeons, I believe," answered her nephew. "He has broken down from overwork, and is down here for rest. Dr. Childs' says he has the steadiest hand he ever saw. Splendid looking man, isn't he?"

"I didn't notice his looks," said his aunt. "I hope I shall never need the aid of one of that tribe of sawbones; but, if you don't look after that cranky horse of yours, I shall need a surgeon this very day!"

She did; for that afternoon, when returning home, the young horse upset the carriage. Louis and his aunt were both thrown out. Louis escaped with a few bruises and a thorough shaking up; but Aunt Sarah was borne to her home unconscious.

When the injured woman opened her eyes she found herself on the wide lounge in her sitting-room, surrounded by a crowd of relatives. She heard a full, rich voice say, authoritatively:

"Stand back, please; she can get no air;" and the next instant the New York surgeon bent over her. She pushed his hand and himself aside.

"Polly!" she called, piteously.

Louis made his way to her side.

"Oh, auntie, I'm so sorry—" he began; but she cut him short with—

"Where's Polly? Why didn't some of you go and tell her? She wouldn't fail to be here if she knew!"

"Come, my dear madam," said the surgeon, "don't be troubling yourself about any one else. Your injuries must be seen to at once."

Aunt Sarah was in agony, but her face grew as determined as her voice and words.

"I tell you I won't have a thing done till Polly comes. She will know just what to do, and she knows where everything is; and now just look at this confusion!"

"Send for Polly at once," said the surgeon, turning to the others.

"But, Aunt," ventured one of her nieces, "whom do you mean? Polly who?"

"Why," said Aunt Sarah, fiercely, "there isn't but one to me, John's Polly!" and she clinched her teeth over a moan of pain.

Louis at once went after his cousin.

The surgeon awaited with something of curiosity the appearance of "John's Polly." He had heard the whisper that went from lip to lip:

"One of John's shiftless girls! What in the world can she want of one of

them? I believe she is out of her head!" Still this shrewd, grim-faced woman seemed to hold this "shiftless girl" in the highest estimation.

There was a little stir at the door, and a young girl came forward. Her face was white, but there were no tears, and she said but one word, "Auntie?"

The suffering woman opened her eyes, and a look of joy spread over her face. The girl sank on her knees beside the lounge, and drew her aunt's head on her strong, young shoulder. Then they all heard the painfully articulated words:

"Oh, thank the Lord, Polly, you've oome!" and then Aunt Sarah went off in a dead faint.

The Sandersons were somewhat astonished, but they were destined to be more astonished before the day was over, for everything that Polly set herself to do was done quickly and well. She proved an invaluable assistant to the surgeon, obeying commands instantly and implicitly, while all the rest could only flutter about, and ask, "Polly, where's this?" and "Polly, where's that?"

After it was over and Aunt Sarah sleeping quietly under the influence of an opiate, Polly put on one of her aunt's long white apron's, and under the eyes of a round dozen of the Sandersons, deftly got up a supper for them that was simply delicious—and the keen-eyed surgeon noted it all.

After that day a Sanderson was never heard to say anything about John's girls being shiftless.

Six or seven weeks later, when Aunt Sarah was mending, Mrs. Mary Sanderson, Louis's mother, paid one of her weekly visits.

You are getting along nicely now, ain't you, Sarah?" she said, taking out her knitting—Mrs. Mary Sanderson never sat with folded hands.

"Yes," answered Aunt Sarah, "thanks to Polly. Bless that child! She's been everything that's good and faithful."

"Yes," said Mrs. Mary, thoughtfully, "Polly certainly is very womanly. Where is she?"

"She has gone to ride with Dr. Moore," answered Aunt Sarah, with some complacency. She knew that the famous surgeon was regarded in the light of a superior personage by the Sandersons. "He said, this morning, in that up-and-down way of his, that Polly had confined herself too much to the house these last few weeks, and had lost every particle of her color, and a ride would do her good, so he whisked her off."

"Well, he was very thoughtful, I'm sure," returned Mrs. Mary; "and he's very faithful, too. Just see how he's tended out on you; and he ain't lost it yet, it seems, for I hear he comes right along now, as often as ever!"

"You're trying to quiz me a bit," thought Aunt Sarah; "well, let's see how much more you will know when you go away than when you came. Yes," she said, aloud, "he does come pretty often. He says he's taken a notion to me."

"H'm! He hasn't taken a notion to any one else, has he?" said Mrs. Mary, with a sharp glance in Aunt Sarah's direction.

You'll have to ask him to find out," said the other, grimly. "He hasn't told me anything about it."

But Polly had. At that very moment Aunt Sarah knew about the engagement, had seen the engagement ring, and had a distinct remembrance of a remark made by radiant little Polly at the close of her confidential talk.

"And, oh. Auntie, he said that what first attracted him was my thorough knowledge of housewifery. Oh, Aunt Sarah, aren't you glad that I made you do penance."—[*Portland Transcript.*

"There's not a place on earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing nor a woe,
There's not a whisper, yes or no;
There's not a life, nor birth, nor death,
That has a feather's weight of worth
Without a woman in it."

"Patient Waiting is No Loss."

MAMIE RAY.

IT was a beautiful evening in Spring, the hills, fields and sylvan lands were again after a severe winter attired in robes of green. The sun was slowly sinking behind the western hills and the birds flitting past, were warbling their evening lay. Could anyone be unhappy amid such grandeur? Could anyone of God's creatures fail to appreciate the objects formed by his hands? We answer no. But on the evening above described, a young girl was seen strolling leisurely along, apparently dead to all earthly sounds. Bella Stewartte—for such was her name, was just returning home from her daily task. She was the district school teacher and taught in the little brown schoolhouse at Goldsberry. Up the hill in a grove of cedars, still stands what is known for miles around as Cedar Hall. This was the birthplace and is now the home of Bella. During her father's lifetime she knew naught but wealth and luxury and being the only child of Judge Stewartte, she was of course loved and caressed by all that found rest under his hospitable roof; at his death he was found to be involved in debt and the lawyer declared that it would take all the land belonging to Cedar Hall and even more, to appease the wrath of his creditors, and would leave Bella and her mother penniless. A friend, after learning the truth of this statement, bought Cedar Grove, which consisted of about three acres, the Hall and some out buildings, and presented this as a birthday gift to Bella. The remainder of the estate was sold at a very low figure.

The bereaved wife and daughter knew not what to do in order to gain a respectable living. This proud woman—whom the world flattered and admired—wept bitterly at her fate. She declared that she would not work as that was degrading. Bella, who inherited many of her father's qualities, thought differently about the matter and after a few weeks of consideration, one cold dismal afternoon, presented herself to the Board of Trustees as an applicant for the district school, she was so intelligent that the good men of that town at once complied with her request, and ere long she was fully established among the pupils as their instructress and friend. She filled the position admirably and her pupils developed daily under her training. Every one seemed to love the tall, dark haired, dark eyed teacher.

No doubt you are wondering if she is pretty. No, Bella was not one of those tragical beauties who I am happy to say, only exist in the pages of a

dime novel. She was tall and graceful in movement, with a clear, peach complexion which denoted health; her large black eyes seemed to pierce the heart and the deep recesses of one's mind. She made many friends and smiled on the lowly as well as the high. At the time when our story opens Bella was just twenty.

On this particular evening she was greatly troubled for she had heard unpleasant news the evening previous. Her mother had received a letter from a friend stating that he would spend some time during the following winter at Cedar Grove; and though it was nearly a year off, nevertheless she knew the time would pass swiftly.

This man was wealthy and indolent and sought pleasure only, and Mrs. Stewartte thought this an excellent chance for her daughter. She would sit planning this out for many hours after the house was wrapped in silence. She knew well that Bella had given her heart to a poor artist who had nothing but his profession.

Ah, Bella, Ah, Wallace, little do you know what sorrow awaits you, it is well you cannot rend in twain this veil which separates the future from your gaze.

Winter came again with its frost and snow, and with it another letter from the friend who intended to visit them.

When Mrs. Stewartte in her cozy sitting room read Carl Thorn's letter to her daughter, she watched keenly the strange expression which crept over the fair, young face.

"Well," said the mother, "what do you say, Bella, about Mr. Thorn's spending a few months' with us?"

"Well, if he enjoys solitude—let him come, mamma," Bella replied. The proud, shrewd woman of the world smiled a hard, bitter smile at her success.

Carl came, and once more Cedar Hall resounded with mirth and laughter. He was particularly attractive and prepossessing in his manner. He loved the proud, haughty girl the first evening he spent in her society. He was her constant attendant and her devoted admirer. Bella, on the other hand, disliked Carl Thorn. She at last became aware of the trap set for her, and she resolved silently to shun it.

Thorn was urged by the widow to press his suit or he would be defeated by that assuming, hypocritical Wallace Stanley. Carl frowned indignantly at the thought of this delicate blonde claiming the hand of the one whom he was willing to sacrifice his wealth to obtain. He met Stanley frequently at the hall, and grew daily to despise this *fair* rival.

One evening late in February, Bella had gone into the drawing room to practice a song which had been given her by Stanley a few evenings previous.

Thorn was in his room above lounging in his easy chair before the fire

smoking what men consider a first class cigar. Suddenly, as if seized with a new impulse, he threw his cigar behind the fire, stole quietly down stairs and entered the apartment unnoticed by its occupant.

He stood motionless for a few moments as if uncertain how to act. At last he crept close to her side and laid his hand kindly on her shoulder; she started and blushed deeply when she saw the intruder. "I beg pardon for interrupting, I did not know you were here," said he. "I thought I would come down and try over the solo which I am to sing at the next meeting of our club."

He made a slight motion as if intending to withdraw, but Bella arose saying: "Certainly, Mr. Thorn, I should like to hear it."

"Then you will be so kind as to accompany me," said he.

She resumed her place at the instrument, and was soon lost in the music before her, scarcely noticing the rich tenor voice which at that moment was expressing his sentiments. The song ended and the last strain of the music died away.

They looked inquiringly at each other. Thorn could not help flinching before the cold, dark gaze.

"Miss Stewartte," said he, taking the hand that lay carelessly across the music, "Can you tell me why a man should love one who does not return his love?"

"No, sir, I cannot," was the brief reply.

"Well Bella, I love one whom everyone knows to be gentle; but very little kindness or mercy have I ever received at her hands."

"Indeed," replied she, "Then, if that be the case I feel very, very sorry for you, for I thought you loved and worshipped only yourself!"

He spoke, but this time his voice was husky and tremulous, "Oh, Bella you are not sorry for me, if you were you would return part of the affection which I have so freely bestowed upon you."

By this time she had left her place at the piano, and was standing before him like a statue. She recovered self-possession enough to speak.

She sneeringly retorted: "Yes, Mr. Thorn, I willingly return your affection as I have no use for it. I thought you knew that I was a promised wife of another; in truth, I am positive that my brother has informed you of the fact. Knowing this, I think it impertinent of you to dare address me thus."

Her dark eyes flashed scornfully, and her compressed lips gave evidence of hot resentment towards the man who stood before her and motioned him from the room without another word. That night, when Cedar Hall was wrapped in folds of darkness, a man might be seen standing on the broad piazza. His countenance gave signs of recent trouble, the moon passing from cloud to cloud, threw her chilly light o'er our friend, who looked miserable and wretched.

As he stealthily crept down the broad avenue, he looked back at the old house and suppressed a sigh which involuntarily arose to his lips. "She thinks me worthless," he muttered. "Ah, my fair Bella, before the expiration of many years you will be proud to call me your friend. She loves Stanley for his industry and love of manual labor," saying this he swung open the massive iron gate, and stepped into the broad highway leading to Goldsberry, where he intended to take the twelve o'clock train for the East.

Next morning as Mrs. Stewartte was impatiently bustling about her breakfast table waiting the appearance of her daughter and guest, the servant entered and placed in her hand a note, which she said Mr. Thorn had on the previous night directed her to give to her mistress the following morning.

Mrs. Stewartte nervously took the note and soon devoured its contents. A dark shadow crept over her face as she tore the note into fragments, saying, "What a fool Bella is, but if I wish my plans to work, I must observe strict silence on the subject."

Bella's entrance at that moment put an end to her reverie.

"Good morning, mamma, what a wonder I am here before Carl," remarked she.

"Yes dear, he has been suddenly called away on business," replied the widow. "His baggage is to be sent to him to-day."

The mother scrutinized the daughter's intelligent features, but could perceive no marked change. The meal was finished in silence, nothing save the old clock on the stair was heard.

After breakfast, Bella and her mother generally spent a few moments reading the morning papers, but this morning she could scarcely control her emotion; and it was a great relief to her when the first quarter bell rang, for she then must go and prepare her toilet for school.

As she stepped out in the open air, she heaved a sigh and looked up with a smile to the window over the piazza, which had been so lately occupied by Carl Thorn. Bella thought that she had never been half so happy as she then was, she thought that poor Wallace might enjoy her society in peace once more.

That day the children seemed to give her their undivided attention, the hours passed swiftly and she dismissed her pupils one and all, with a smile. On her way home she passed the little cottage occupied by the young artist and his old housekeeper, who was sitting by the window, knitting. Bella paused for a moment to admire some beautiful scarlet geraniums which were blooming luxuriantly in the window, and nodded pleasantly to the old woman, who in a few minntes appeared in the doorway, vigorously wiping her spectacles with the corner of her apron.

"You have some beautiful flowers, Mrs. Brown," remarked Bella.

"Laws, honey, if you think them is pretty, just come in and take a peep

at Master Stanley's last painting. It is hanging here in the parlor, so just step in."

"Is he out?" asked Bella.

"Sure yes, child; so come along," she said as she led the way into a neatly furnished apartment used as a parlor and study by the young artist. Mrs. Brown drew aside a curtain disclosing to view a beautiful painting of an Italian landscape. Standing far out on a rugged projection that was overgrown with flowers and creeping vines, was a lone woman. At the first glance Bella saw that it was an excellent representation of herself, and blushed deeply as Mrs. Brown said: "Ain't that splendid?" and looked up into her eyes for an answer.

"Yes, it is beautiful," replied the blushing girl, as she turned hastily to leave the room.

She did not observe her lover, who was standing half concealed behind the pillars of the porch watching her with eager interest.

As she reached the road, he walked into the house assuming an air of indifference, nevertheless much pleased to hear the pleasant things that Mrs. Brown had to say about her. For many weeks Bella Stewartte, and Wallace enjoyed each other's society with no interruption. They took walks and drives together and Cedar Hall and the inmates seemed once more to be dwelling in peace and harmony. Little did anyone suspect what plan was working in Mrs. Stewartte's brain, a plan soon to be executed.

(To be concluded in November number.)

How Mrs. Jane Stood Out.

MAUDE MORRISON HUEY.

"THERE, I guess you can carry them out now, Edwin!" Mrs. Jane Ellis stooped for the last anxious touch to the boxes of huckleberries that sat on the floor, distributing the few extra large ones on the tops of the baskets. Then she tucked the newspaper cover in at the edges.

"There's an even bushel, and Barker's paying five cents." Then she looked at Edwin, who stood with his back toward her, drumming his fingers with irritating noise against the front window-pane and kicking the toe of his newly polished boot along the mopboard—polish obtained by not a few minutes of labor from Mrs. Jane the night before, while the rest of the family were enjoying the comfortable unconcern of sleep.

"Edwin!" Her voice had a little touch of sternness in it that was unusual.

Edwin turned around. It was seldom Mrs. Jane ever "spoke out." He looked at her curiously; but her pale gray eyes looked out unwaveringly from under the light lashes. He frowned at her, but for once she stood and met his frown without a quaver.

"They're ready, Edwin," she repeated, quietly. There's a bushel of them." Then she began taking the pins from her thin hair. "Aren't you going to hitch up now, Edwin?" she said, and looked up at the clock. It was half past seven.

Edwin Ellis grunted and scuffed out into the middle of the room. "Guess I'll be ready as soon as the rest of ye!" he said grudgingly. He looked around for his hat.

"Aren't you going to change your clothes, Edwin?" Mrs. Jane took the hairpins from her mouth and stood with folded hands before her husband. "Your shirt's fresh ironed, and I've got the buttons in it. Your clothes have been sponged and pressed; they're in there on the bed The children are most ready. 'Twon't take me long to dress."

"I never see a woman yet that could get ready to go any place—" he began, but paused. Mrs. Jane had gathered up her hairpins and gone into the other room and closed the door decisively.

Her husband stood and looked after her with aggrieved wonderment. Never before had Mrs. Jane ventured to speak out so boldly. She had closed the door against his last word. He picked up his hat sullenly from the corner and went out.

Mrs. Jane, standing before the cracked mirror in the kitchen, heard the door slam, and her thin face drew itself into more rigid lines. She smoothed her hair down with hard, steady fingers, and fastened it into a secure little knot behind. Then she went into the bedroom and began to dress.

She had "held out" against Edwin. She took off her every-day calico and hung it behind the door, and then buttoned on her best black cashmere and fastened it at the throat with the cameo brooch that had been her mother's. She tied fresh ribbons on little Marion's hair, and buttoned clean blouses on the twin boys. She did all this with steady, determined fingers. There was an air of victory about her. It had been gradually taking possession of her for a week.

A week ago, they had first heard about the circus, and this was the day it was to be held at Georgeville, and they were going. She had asked, and Edwin had refused. She had pleaded, and Edwin had frowned; but she, Mrs. Jane Ellis, had persisted. After fifteen years of silence, she had dared to stand out against Edwin, and they were going. Her hunger for some small bit of pleasure and excitement, after all her dull, starved, obedient, slavish years, almost frightened her.

She looked up into her own face as she stood before the looking-glass, putting the last finishing touches to her neckgear with a sort of bewildered feeling. Had Edwin really given up to her? A flush crept into her sallow cheeks.

She watched him drive the horses around to the front gate, and her heart fluttered wildly as she saw him coming up the path. Her husband, Edwin Ellis, giving up to her! There was a little quiver about her mouth, and she turned away to hide it as he came in. With not a little consternation in her eyes, she watched him silently putting on his best clothes.

Was it really right for her to stand out against Edwin? Her conscience gave her uneasy qualms. She, a puny, undersized woman and Edwin—She looked over at her strong, brawney husband. Grandma Lewis said a body had only to "look once at Edwin Ellis to see who was head of that house." Really, wasn't it her place to submit, after all?

Little Marion touched her gown. She looked down in the child's face, and that decided her. Little Marion, in her blue best frock, that she had worn so few times, with a look of unchildish patience upon her face, waiting meekly, as she, Mrs. Jane, had waited so many weary years! When she looked at Edwin again, her face had regained its firmness.

She had picked the bushel of huckleberries that was to buy their tickets, walking away on past the cedar swamp after the dinner dishes had been washed, carrying them home in time to get Edwin's supper, bending over the low bushes till her shoulders ached and her head swam. Three

afternoons she had picked berries, in order that going to the circus wouldn't be an expense to Edwin.

"If it 'twas going to cost him anything, I wouldn't stick out so," she told herself. "I'll tell him, too, when we get back, that I guess I can do without any new hat this summer. That'll chirk him up some. I'd planned on having one, but I guess I'll try and get along. I won't tell him now—I'll save it till we get back to sort of chirk him up."

A sense of misgiving took possession of her as she locked the little low front door and led the way down the front path to the wagon. A weight of responsibility seemed resting upon her shoulders. Edwin let her help little Marion up to the high spring seat and clamber in herself, unassisted. Dread apprehension made her almost wish herself back in the homely safety of duties left behind. "What if something should happen?" she kept saying to herself. She felt better when they began to move slowly along the dusty July road.

The cool green of waving oat-fields, the silver ripple of rye and gold of wheat, the crisp emerald of young corn soothed and assured her, They seemed to roll like mighty waves nearer and nearer—great, glorious waves of beauty, till they wrapped and held her in cool arms of rest. How can petty worries and miseries stay in a mind that sees the wind on growing grain?

Wild roses grew in tangled confusion all along the way, and the birds sang as birds only can on dewy mornings in mid-July. Tiny clouds drifted boatwise over the blue of the sky. The air seemed heavy with scents—now clover, now buckwheat, now ripening orchards.

Mrs. Jane sighed and settled back in the high spring seat and tried to forget that she had stood out against Edwin. Little Marion sat obediently straight at her right hand, careful not to rumple her blue frock. One twin sat at her left, the other twin sat up in front beside his father. She looked over her tiny brood with anxious pleasure.

She had got them ready with such painstaking care; she had sat up till the wee small hours sewing buttons on little shoes, darning stockings, brushing and pressing clothes, fastening a bit of ribbon to Marion's outgrown bonnet, and trimming her own faded black straw into respectability. No one to encourage her as she worked, no one to utter a bit of kindly approval now it was finished.

Her eyes sought the dumb black breadths of Edwin's coat appealingly. Her lips trembled to ask for his commendation, but pride kept her silent. She wondered if he had noticed the new ties she had made for the twins from a good breadth of her silk wedding-gown. Did he see the little breeches she had made them by planning and piecing the cloth of his old blue ulster?

She sat listening to the dull rumble of revolving wheels. On and on,

and on and on. It was fourteen miles to Georgeville. Mrs. Jane realized the passing glory in a dumb, dazed way. "See the pretty bird," she said, pointing little Marion to where it sat on a bending alder bush, pouring its little life out in melody. She smiled faintly; then she sighed. She sniffed at the flowers mechanically as they passed. Wild pinks and elder and roses; somehow they smelled all the same. Little Marion's frail hand crept into her own and lay there. She tightened her hold of it, and somehow the birds sang sweeter so.

At last the houses grew thicker; they were nearing Georgeville.

Mrs. Jane stirred uneasily upon the high spring seat. She looked down at the crates of huckleberries by her feet. Would *she* have to sell them—*she*, Mrs. Jane? Would she have to carry the money? She was possessed with misgiving. A dollar and sixty cents. Should she carry it in her hand till it was time to buy the tickets, or would it be safer to tie it up in the corner of her pocket-handkerchief.

She had not owned a pocketbook since she had been a girl. Edwin Ellis handled the money. His wife had grown to feel that in some way she was incompetent to be trusted with it. The thought of doing so now, after fifteen years, filled her with consternation. What would Edwin say? What would the storekeeper think? She reached out and touched the black sleeve before her timidly.

"Edwin!" she said, hesitatingly. "Edwin!"

Edwin Ellis turned partially around.

"If you'd as lief, you can let us out at the hotel. We'll need to dust up some. You'd as lief drive down with the berries, hadn't you, Edwin?" Her voice was wistfully anxious; her eyes watched him appealingly.

He gave a little unintelligible grunt and wheeled back to his former position, but the sound seemed to relieve Mrs. Jane. She sighed and sank back into her seat.

He let her out at the hotel, and she led the children up into the stuffy little sitting-room. From the window she watched Edwin drive away; then she brushed her clothes and the children's, and they all sat down, stiff and uncomfortable, on the corner sofa to wait.

"It oughtn't to take him long just to drive to the corner with the berries, and round to the church shed with the team," she mused; but the minutes crept awkwardly past. Ten o'clock, a quarter past, half past, came and went.

"Ain't we going to the circus at all?" questioned little Marion wistfully. "When's pa coming back?"

"He'll be here in a minute." Mrs. Jane tried to assure herself.

A quarter to eleven; and soon the clock in the hall struck eleven slow strokes. She went anxiously to the window and looked out. Groups of

people crowded every corner, but she saw nothing of Edwin. She watched vainly crowd after crowd as they passed, and little Marion stood with meek patience beside her.

At eleven o'clock Edwin Ellis lingered in front of Hagle's hardware store, to study the operating of a new seeder on exhibition there.

"You see it beats the old ones all to pieces," the salesman was telling him. "See how even it scatters? Ever see any old ones to equal that?"

"Well, I don't know as I have," acknowledged Mr. Ellis, stooping to examine it.

"It's cheap for five dollars. Why, the old ones always sold for ten and upwards! Have you got a good seeder, sir?"

"No, I can't say's I have."

"Tell you what I'll do. I'll make a fair and square offer. You pay two dollars down, and you take the seeder on trial. If you make up your mind between now and Saturday night that you don't want it, bring it back and get your money. How's that?"

Edwin Ellis put his hand in his left-hand pocket and jingled the coins there uncertainly. That they were no more his than the coin in the pocket of the stranger beside him, did not enter his mind. What was his and his wife's, was his. He had never taught himself any distinction. He needed a new seeder. Edwin Ellis's great hobby was farm implements. "It don't pay a man to work single-handed," he told himself. His barns and sheds were overflowing with reapers and rakes and plows of all makes and fashions.

"It's a fair enough offer," he said to himself. "Chances don't come every day to get a seeder on trial. It's all folderol, spending money to see a one-horse circus, anyway!" he told his conscience. "Women have no judgment. This seeder'll save us two dollars, and that circus is money thrown away. "Women ain't foresighted," he repeated. "Women have no sense," and he took a round, hard dollar from his pocket. Then he counted out another in change.

His conscience never told him he was stealing, and stealing not the mere money, but the longed-for joy, the pleasure promised by his wife to his children and her possibility of keeping faith with them. He laid the money on the counter. "Guess I'll take it along home on trial," he said. "I'll drive round for it by and by."

"They ought to see the sense of it," he told himself as he went out. "You can't reason with women folks. She can stay to see the parade come in if she wants to. I should think that'd be enough for anybody."

He walked up and down the street three or four times before he went to the hotel. It was only when he heard the sound of the approaching band that he climbed the stairs to the stuffy little sitting-room.

Mrs. Jane looked up gladly at the familiar sound of his feet. There was a question in her eyes, but Edwin was eyeing the dusty rag carpet and did not see.

"Better hurry down, or you'll miss the parade," he said. His hands groped consciously through his pockets.

What kept you so long?" was on Mrs. Jane's lips; but she only asked meekly, "Did you get the tickets, Edwin?"

Mr. Ellis stood a minute; then he walked over to the window; then he turned around and faced Mrs. Jane. "You have got to know, I suppose. Well, no, I didn't get them. I got a seeder." He spoke harshly.

Mrs. Jane had stood, and was brushing the wrinkles from her scant skirt. She sat down again with a collapsing motion. Edwin turned to the window to shut out the sight of her white, condemning face. Little Marion crept up and touched her gown, but she was silent like her mother.

The room was still. There was only the sound of the hall clock, ticking, ticking. The boys sat huddled together hopelessly. Then Edwin Ellis turned and went back down-stairs.

Mrs. Jane's eyes followed him with dumb reproach. She heard his boots go heavily down the steps and out into the street. Three pairs of eyes sought hers questioningly. She stood up, and her lips ceased quivering; they grew firm. "We'll go down and see the parade," she said. She took little Marion's hand.

Out in the streets a gay crowd had gathered—men with their wives and children, school children in beribboned hats and ruffled frocks, little boys in trim suits. She pushed her way among them decidedly. *Her* children should have a place to see! To the very edge of the sidewalk she led them. The band-wagon came nearer, with sound of horn and drum, the red coats of the brass-buttoned and bespangled musicians; the tinselled banners of the car glittering in the sun; then the closed cars with tiny bars at the top, filled with mysteriousness.

Little Marion's hand in her own fluttered excitedly. Slowly the cars wound past, their glaring yellow walls telling no word of what they concealed—was it bird or beast or reptile? Then the elephant came—a great, gray, moving rock. The twins' eyes opened wide; Mrs. Jane's grew misty to see them.

More cars passed; then a camel, with slow, hunching gate, a gaily-spangled drapery upon him. Little Shetland ponies followed, tossing their glossy manes; trained horses with their performing riders, and a car full of dogs, all sitting up staidly. Lastly, the clown, in funny red and white, followed by a flock of shouting children. Another glittering band-wagon, and the crowd began to move. They had seen the parade.

The last sound of music died away, and still Mrs. Jane stood, holding

fast to little Marion's hand. The streets grew deserted; only a few forlorn children still lingered, and a stoop-shouldered woman in a brown gown. "She hasn't any money to go in with, either," thought Mrs. Jane.

A few farmers' wives plodded after their husbands to where their horses were tied. She watched their unsatisfied faces as they rode reluctantly away. Her face had grown not only firm, but hard. It was white and pinched under her rusty black hat. "It was over now—they had seen the parade," she told herself; still she did not go to hunt up Edwin.

They had been standing in front of the great gilt clock sign of a jeweler's store. "Come on," she said, and the children followed her in. Her step was not the shrinking, uncertain step it had been an hour before. She went up and laid her hard, calloused hands upon the glass counter. A plain gold band shone on one finger. Night and day she had worn it for fifteen years, but she slipped it off unfalteringly; only her thin lips pressed one another with painful firmness, and her light eyes grew almost black with their hidden storm of bitterness.

"How much'll you give me for it?" she said, subduing the quaver in her voice till it was harsh and flat. "Will you give me a dollar for it?"

The man looked at the ring; then he looked at Mrs. Jane Ellis curiously. "I'll give you two dollars," he answered quietly.

Two dollars! She gave the ring, clutched the money in her fingers with nervous eagerness, and went out.

She followed blindly on after the passing people—on and on till the white tents loomed into sight. She bought tickets and led the children inside. With this sudden throb of pain in her heart, she did not mind the the new responsibility of buying and selling.

She followed the crowd around in a dumb, dazed way. They saw the monkeys and the lions, and the sleek, spotted leopards. She pointed out the rhinoceros and the hippopotamus and the orang-utan, and showed them the great giraffe, with his slender neck. She held little Marion up to the cage of gaudy tropical birds, and told them of the frozen region of snow that was the home of the white polar bear.

From cage to cage she led them with trembling determination. She had stood out against Edwin. She lifted her brown, bony hand and looked at the white streak on her third finger, and her face grew more wan and pinched. It was for the children she told herself, miserably; her children and his. By and by she left the three standing before the cage of performing monkeys, and went over to a bench and sat down. She was trembling from head to foot, and a cold moisture stood out on her forehead. What had she done? What would Edwin say?

People passed her by. She was only a tired woman in a scanty black dress and rusty hat.

Some one stopped. She did not look up. Her eyes did not see the passing people or the white walls of the tent. The shrunken white line on her finger was all she saw, and she was thinking of a time when her hands had not been rough—when she had not stood out against Edwin. Some one touched her sleeve, but she did not stir.

"Jane!" It was softly spoken, and it fitted in with her musings. Edwin's voice had not always uttered such harsh words. She kept on dreaming.

"Jane!" it repeated, "It's me, Jane." Then she turned. Edwin stood before her, tall, clumsy. She looked up at him, her lips drawn into a pitiful line of resistance. She expected some rebuke, but none came. "Edwin," she began; then her lips quivered and her eyes fell.

Edwin had taken a seat beside her, and gathered her hard fingers in his own—her bony little third finger with its shrunken white line. He touched it reverently. "I didn't deserve you should wear it, did I, Jane?" His voice was hushed and tender. He stroked the skin, reddened and roughened by hard work, and the touch of it moved him strangely.

"O Edwin!" was all Mrs. Jane could say. All her firmness melted under the warmth of his sympathy, and two great tears fell from her cheeks to her lap.

"I saw you go into Morton's," he told her. "I saw you when you sold the ring."

Then they were silent for a while; only his great horney hand clung to hers beseechingly— she, a puny, undersized woman, and he, a brawny, powerful man.

"At first it made me mad—mad!" he said, in a horse whisper. "It seems as if you were treacherous to your wedding vow, Jane. And then it came over me, all of a sudden, what sort of a life I've led you—and have I cherished and protected you, same as I promised, Jane? I saw myself then, for the first time, just as I am. I've been meaner than dirt to you. The sudden seeing of it was like to knock me down, and I knew what I'd done this day—taking the poor little money you'd earned so hard for the children to see the show." His tones were furtive, for the throng was close about them, and his lips almost touched her astounded ears.

But now the crowd moved on till they were quite alone. He straightened himself up and a flush crept over his bearded face, a flush she remembered from the old days.

"Jane," he said. Something in his manner so earnest with tenderness, thrilled her with sudden gladness. "Won't you try me over, Jane? he went on. "See, I bought it back. Shall I put it on?" His eyes sought hers.

"How could you, Edwin?" she gasped. "O Edwin!" There was a moment of confusion. When Mrs. Jane looked down again, the familiar gold band shone where the white shrunken line had been.

"I didn't need a seeder—not as I needed you, Jane," he told her. It was

an awkward sentence to speak, and his voice faltered strangely. Somehow in the stir and excitement he kissed her.

Little Marion came and crept up between them and slipped her hand in theirs—little Marion, who was meek like her mother. And then the crowd came back.—[*Youth's Companion.*

THE LAW OF KINDNESS.

CHARLES SWAIN.

If advice we would convey,
  There's a time we should convey it;
If we've but a word to say,
  There's a tone in which to say it.
Oft, unknowingly, the tongue
  Touches of a chord so aching,
That a word of accents wrong,
  Pains the heart almost to breaking.

Many a tear of wounded pride,
  Many a fault of human blindness,
Has been soothed or turned aside,
  By a quiet voice of kindness.
Time to me this truth hath taught,
  'Tis a truth that's worth revealing—
More offend from want of thought
  Than from any want of feeling.

LIFE.

ALICE D. LE PLONGEON.

I asked bright Morn—"What dost thou hold
For us, poor mortals of the earth?"
And Morn replied—" 'Tis sadly told
Ye find much woe and little mirth."

"Bring balmy rest upon thy wing!"
To beauteous Night I cried aloud.
The night-wind sighed, low whispering—
"In darkness grieving hearts are bowed."

But stars o'erhead sent down their light;
Creation was so grand, so fair—
I sang—"Dear Faith, take not thy flight:
ALL's well: e'en what is hard to bear."

Brooklyn, N. Y.

AN IDEAL GOVERNMENT.

HOW TO ATTAIN IT.

JANE CAMPBELL.

(The next article in this series will be by Mme. Alice De Le Plongeon.)

PERHAPS no better definition of an ideal government can be given than that famous expression of Lincoln, "A government of the people, by the people, for the people." It expresses everything that a believer in a democratic form of government—the true ideal—can possibly desire. In such a government, the people themselves are the governing power, those they govern are themselves, and they govern for the people, that is for the benefit of themselves.

It was an unfortunate circumstance that the wise and far-seeing statesmen who laid the foundations of the American Republic, were not even wiser and more far-seeing, so that they could have risen above the hampering customs and traditions which had been handed down to them by successive generations of ancestors. Could they have done so they would have seen that their work was but half completed. The conception was good, but had they understood the full, the vital meaning of the terms they themselves used to convey the message of democracy to the world, they would have formed the new nation on almost perfect lines. How noble the words "all men are created free and equal," and how thrilling with its implied threat, "taxation without representation is tyranny!"

The world has never seen a finer nor a more successful rebellion against injustice than that of the American Revolution, and our hearts beat fast with pride when we read of the brave struggle against almost overwhelming odds which the American Colonies made against their contemptuous British foes.

The contest over, victory won, when the young nation, born amid such stirring scenes, and with a love of freedom and equal rights instilled into the people by every battle they had waged or hardship endured, entered upon the prosperous career which has continued almost unchecked for a century and a quarter, what then? It was in theory a democratic government, in which all were to participate, in which all had equal rights. "Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed" was the new doctrine announced to a wondering world. It was an axiom without a flaw, and needed but to be carried out, to make a government as ideal as this world is ever likely to see.

There was, however, one weak spot in the American Democracy, not in the theory, for that was perfect, but in the interpretation of the theory; and consequently in the execution. It is altogether likely that the founders of the Republic never imagined for a moment that there was anything incongruous in asserting that freedom and equality were conditions in which all were created, and then calmly limiting these inestimable blessings to men. Also, when they stated as an incontrovertible fact that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed" it probably never occurred to them that there were others beside men who were governed, and that the consent of these also should be given, if the government had claims to be considered just. Indeed, the idea that women had any concern in government affairs was far from entering their minds.

It is true that New Jersey did take to heart the principle that "taxation without representation is tyranny" and allowed women freeholders to vote. This, however, was only for the first three Presidential elections, for after that, on some trumpery pretext, even women tax-payers were forbidden to exercise the right of representing themselves by their ballots.

Just so far as the government has erred in depriving one-half of the people of the liberty and equality which are its corner stones, just so far has the government suffered. No government is at its best when only one-half of the people are represented. No people are at their best when they are not all represented. It is a mutual loss, the government loses the aid which should be given to it by all the people, the people, who have no voice in the conduct of the government, lose the sense of responsibility, and the wisdom which comes from responsibility. A class which has no direct interest in the government is naturally indifferent to its workings, or if sufficiently interested to make a point of understanding public affairs, is powerless to render any assistance should mistakes occur or evils arise.

Thus it may be stated as a cardinal truth that no ideal government can be one sided.

To mention one of the glaring evils to which a one-sided government is liable, it is only necessary to cite the laws made by the governing class for the class governed. They almost invariably lean to the side of the law makers. Instances of such are numerous in our own United States. Thus, there are but eight States in the Union in which a married mother shares with the father the guardianship of her own minor children. In the great majority of the States, the father is the sole arbiter of the destiny of the minor child, the mother having practically no legal rights whatever.

Another striking example of the preference shown by a one-sided law-making class, is the fact that the United States Government only requires the consent of the father in case of the enlistment of a boy under age, in the Federal Army, that of the mother, unless she be a widow, not being con-

sidered necessary. Certainly the statement cannot with truth be contested, which holds that a mother has as much interest in the welfare of her son as the father. It almost seems like stating a self-evident truth, to aver that were women law-makers as men are, no such one-sided law would be in force.

There are also, other laws which press heavily on those who are governed and yet whose consent is never asked, as witness the intestate laws found on the statute books of most of the states.

Taking Pennsylvania law which is a fair example of the laws prevailing in the other states of the Union it will be found as follows:

"If the husband dies without a will leaving a widow and children, the widow shall have one-third of his and their joint personal property absolutely, andthe use of one-third of the real estate for life; if there are no children, she is entitled to one-half of the personal property absolutely, and the use of one-half of the real estate for life, the collateral heirs taking the remainder. If the wife dies without a will, leaving a husband and children, her personal property is divided between the husband and children, share and share alike; if no children, he is entitled to her entire personal property absolutely, and in either he is entitled to the use of all her real estate during life."

Surely, laws like this which discriminate so palably in favor of the law-making class would never be found in the ideal government of freedom and equal rights!

Giving a glance at the economic side of an ideal government it may fairly be conceded that "a government of the people, by the people, for the people" could never by any possibility discriminate in favor of any one class of its own employees. The ideal government means equal justice to all. How different, however the practice in a government like our own for instance, where only one-half of the people have a share in the public affairs! In almost all the states the men employees of the national, state or municipal governments, receive a greater compensation than the women employees, even though the work is the same, sex being the standard of wages, not the work itself nor the amount performed. We venture to say that were these same women as well as all the other women of the land, voters, and therefore a power to be reckoned with, there would be no such disparity in the rate of wages. To prove that this is no unfounded assertion, Wyoming may be cited, one of whose laws being, that "no discrimination in regard to sex shall be made in the payment of labor by the state."

Wyoming is a State in which women and men vote on equal terms and indeed have done so for nearly thirty years. After Utah was admitted to the Union, coming in as a woman suffrage State, one of the first laws enacted by its Legislature equalized the salaries of men and women public school teachers.

There is scarcely a shadow of a doubt that if, in our eastern States especially, where women teachers in our public schools are paid so much less

than men occupying similar positions, women were allowed a voice in the government, all such unjust discriminations would eventually disappear.

Considering an ideal government from another point of view it may be stated that as a government is but the expression put into practice, of the desires, the wisdom, the experience and the aims of the human beings who compose it, to be ideal it should have the best qualities and characteristics of all those who make up its component parts, always ready to assist it. Communities are composed of both men and women, and men and women differ in many essential traits and qualities. Women have some virtues and talents inherently stronger in them than are the same virtues and talents in men, and vice-versa, men on their side, excel in other virtues and talents. Now, a government to be truly ideal should be a combination of the virtues and talents of all the people, that is of both men and women.

There are many departments of government in which the economical qualities, the attention to small details, the careful expenditure of money, which are second nature to many women, would prove useful checks on the lavish and wasteful outlay which many men consider necessary. So, on the other hand the broader view which men take in disregard of the petty economics and attention to perhaps unimportant details, would be a helpful stimulus to the less ventursome woman. Thus the two would be a mutual aid and a mutual check upon each other.

Again, women are naturally more inclined to peace than war, and who can truthfully deny that man's belligerent qualities would not be held in more restraint were women as potent as men, in the councils of a nation!

It is almost in the nature of a truism to say that no government is ideal which is unjust to one-half of the people, which proceeds on the assumption that all the people are citizens in the tax office and the criminal court, and yet deprives one half these same people of the supreme test and privilege of citizenship, the ballot.

Truly, an ideal "government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed," therefore all the people are asked to give their consent through the ballot box.

"Taxation without representation is tyranny" and so in our ideal government, all men and all women who pay taxes have a voice in determining the amount of their taxes, and in their distribution after collection.

To conclude, an ideal government is a "government of the people, by the people and for the people" and women as well as men are held to be people.

From a Trip Around the World.

BY THE FAMOUS TRAVELERS E. AND E. AND THEIR EQUALLY FAMOUS SERVANTS S. AND P.

THIRD DAY IN PARIS.

THE lover of historic association, the connoisseur, the artist and the casual observer, will not only find his taste gratified, and his longing to look upon the beautiful in art satisfied, by a visit to Versailles, but he will be impressed as never before, with the taste, passion and love of the beautiful so pre-eminently characteristic of the French. He will no longer wonder that Paris rules supreme as the queen of fashion.

Remembering that within the Palace walk we are to inspect five thousand works of art and that about the grounds we are to look upon as nearly an ideal earthly paradise as wealth, power, a most cultivated taste and the greatest appreciation of the beautiful can create; and that within the corridors of the Palace alone, ten thousand guests may assemble without discomfort; and then be told, that the lowest cost to the French nation is over one thousand francs for every hour that the fountains, which cool the atmosphere and beautify the grounds, are allowed to play; and you will gather something of an idea of what awaits you.

The Palace is built on a hill and is faced by a large square, known as the "Place d' armes" or "Parade," which unites three large avennes. In the centre the Paris avenue, to the right that of Saint Cloud, and to the left that of Sceaux.

The whole has a majestic appearance which prepares us for the contemplation of the magnificent residence of Louis XIV.

The avenue of St. Cloud is separated from that of Paris by the "Great Stables," where the king's horses used to be kept, and the avenues of Paris and Sceaux are separated by a similar structure, the "Little Stables," where the carriages were kept. The two stables were designed by Mansart, and have contained as many as two thousand five hundred horses. The entrance court, is separated from the "Place d' armes" by a long iron railing with three gilded bays.

The centre one is surmounted by an escutcheon with the arms of France, a masterpiece of iron work. Let us pass the two sentries and enter this gilded gateway. We are now within the entrance court yard. Our eyes are

at once arrested by the Equestrian Statue in bronze of Louis XIV which marks the entrance to the Royal Court.

The sixteen other marble statues, thirteen feet in height which adorn the court now challenge our attention and admiration. Among these are pointed out to us the four marshals of the Empire erected in the time of Louis XVIII.

Before us is an astonishing array of structures, united in the form of a crescent, the points of which advance to meet us.

It is a mistake to inspect this palace with a crowd, or even a companion who cares nothing for its history.

While all the tourists who have been your fellow travelers in the hour's railway trip from Paris hurry across this courtyard, eager to see the sights and catch a return train, you will do well to pause and let these old walls tell you something of their history. Show them a lttle interest and sympathy, and they will soon speak eloquently of their eventful past. The clock, for example, above the central balcony of this palace, marked formerly, not the time of day, but the hour when the last king of France had died. After such an event, the officer of the royal bedchamber appeared upon that balcony and broke his wand of office, crying, "The King is dead!" Then, taking up another wand, he exclaimed: "Long live the King!"

Who can forget, too, that in this courtyard of Versailles occurred in October 1789, one of the earliest and most significent outbreaks of the Revolution? Seating ourselves upon the balustrade in this historic area, we have but to turn our heads to see the road on which the famished mob of men and women made their way that day to this magnificent chateau to demand bread of their King. Some hours after they had left Paris for this purpose, thousands of infuriated people had assembled here, destitute alike of food and shelter. The King hastily convened a council, which held a session lasting far into the night, forgetting meantime, with characteristic imbecility, to fill the stomachs of the famished multitude. Bonfires were therefore lighted in the courtyard, at one of which a horse was partially roasted and devoured half-raw. It was three o'clock in the morning when the mob gained access to the palace. The young Queen, Marie Antoinette, worn out with terror and excitement, had just sunk into an uneasy sleep, when she was aroused by a dreadful clamor on the staircase, the discharge of guns, the clashing of swords, and the shouts of insurgents.

Her faithful guards had only time, ere some of them were massacred, to cry to her: "Flee for your life!" She sprang from her bed, and rushed to the door leading to the King's apartments. To her dismay, she found it bolted on the other side. With the energy of despair she knocked and called for help. Some moments passed, which seemed like hours, but finally she was admitted. Yet hardly was the door closed behind her when the mob

with yells and imprecations, burst into the apartment she had left. Meantime the Queen, having gained the King's rooms, was secure from all immediate danger; for the royal troops had hastened to the rescue, and forced the assailants back into the courtyard. There all was uproar and excitement. The crowd was now enormously increased, and wild with hunger, cold, and sleeplessness demanded, as with one voice, that the King should go back with them to Paris. With Louis in their midst, they thought that their condition would be made endurable. The King, not daring to resist, consented to return. But what of the Queen? The multitude distrusted her far more than they did Louis. A hundred miscreants were at that moment thirsting for her blood. One man, however, had the tact and energy to save her. He was the noble ally of America in our own Revolution,—the bosom friend of Washington,—the Marquis de Lafayette, as General of the National Guard he now approached the Queen.

"Madame," he said: "his Majesty is going to Paris, what will you do?"

"Go with the King," she instantly replied.

"Come, then, first with me," said Lafayette, pointing to the window.

"What! to the balcony?" she cried.

She had heard the threats and curses of the mob' and for a moment she recoiled; but only for a moment. Then the daughter of Maria Theresa recovered herself.

"Well," she answered, "even if it be to torture and to death, I will go." A moment later, holding her little son and daughter by the hand, she stepped out on the balcony.

Tranquil enough it now appears, but what a scene must all this have presented that October morning, a little more than a hundred years ago. As Marie Antoinette appeared here with her children, an involuntary murmur of admiration at her courage ran through the assembled multitude. Calmly she looked upon that sea of angry, agitated faces. It was the first time she had ever witnessed such a sight, but it was not to be the last. Presently the cry arose: "Pas d' enfants!" [no children!]

Marie Antoinette therefore pushed them back and advanced alone to the balustrade. Folding her arms upon her breast, she stood there like a true daughter of the Cæsars. Several guns were pointed at her, but no shot was fired. Her hour had not yet come. At this moment Lafayette, then the idol of the nation, appeared beside her. He did not speak, for his voice could not have been heard. He did something better. He took the hand of Marie Antoniette and raised it reverently to his lips. The time was coming when an act like that would cost a man his head; but not yet. Lafayette, as it were, guaranteed thus the good will of the Queen; and instantly the fickle multitude gave a tumultuous shout of "Vive la Reine!"

For the time being Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette were saved.

These memories of the courtyard of Versailles are only typical of those which every part of this old palace brings before the thoughtful tourist. In fact, the entire building is now a national museum, designed to teach the history of France and to perpetuate its glories. King Louis Philippe deseervs the everlasting gratitude of his countrymen for having thoroughly restored Versailles and given it to the nation as a school of history. Its splendid rooms and corridors have thus not only been restored to their original beauty of decoration, but have been filled also with an immense number of paintings, statues, and historic mementoes, illustrative of all the men and great events that have reflected honor on the name of France. The principal entrance to the palace or museum as it is now called, is to the right.

Let us enter, but not with the thought of examining in detail the thousands of art treasures here to be found, or even with the thought of traversing all the corridors, apartments and courts, for to do so, we should be compelled to walk a distance of at least seven miles, and we should weary you if we undertook to point out any more than the most striking and interesting features of the Palace.

The first object of interest which catches the eye, as we enter, is the large bas-relief of the Passage of the Rhine, by Louis XIV. We can give this fine work of art only a passing glance as our guide has already hurried on. We enter to the left of the bas-relief where the stall of books and photographs stands the "First Rooms of French History." These rooms contain pictures recalling the principal historic deeds from the the time of Clovis to the Revolution.

Going out at the bottom of the staircase built in 1851 and turning to the right is the Stone Gallery. This contains chiefly pieces of sculpture of the middle ages, casts of the royal statues on the tombs of St. Denis, or marbles executed after these statues. In the centre is the tomb of Ferdinand, King of Aragon, and Isabella, Queen of Castile, a great cast taken from the marble original at Granada. On the right is the entrance to the Rooms of the Crusades.

The pictures in these rooms commemorate the history of the expeditions in the East between the eleventh and thirteenth centuries, made by Christian Europe for the deliverance of Jerusalem and the Holy Sepulchre. The ceilings, friezes and pillars bear armour belonging to kings, princes and knights, who took part in the Crusades. The doors of cedar-wood and the bronze mortar placed in the largest room come from the hospital of the Knights of Rhodes. It would be vain to attempt any description of the paintings.

For example, one of the scenes at which one group of tourists is now looking is sixteen feet in height or about five feet higher than the ceiling is from the floor, in the room of any ordinary dwelling. It is sixty-nine and

one-half feet long, or in other words, it would cover the entire side walls of a large public auditorium.

The soldiers and horses in armour engaged in deadly strife, are all life size. As you look, you draw back in horror at the reality of the scene; here a battle-axe in the hands of one combatant, is cleaving the scull of his opponent; and there another is reeling from his horse, pierced with a lance of his adversary. A little further on a group are holding in their arms the form of a dying knight, over whose now unvisored face the pallor of approaching death is made reality itself by the masterful hand of the artist.

In the background a group of mounted combatants are dashing at full speed to encounter another group equally eager for the affray; and all about is the strife and carnage of the hand to hand combats of by-gone days.

Those who have paid a visit to our own capitol at Washington and have read the history of our own country, as it is told by the pictures on the walls of the Rotunda under the dome, will gather some idea of what has been done on a much grander scale at Versailles.

Let us now go forward and enter the Gallery of Mirrors. This is easily the most imposing room in the palace. On one side there are many lofty windows commanding a fine view of the gardens and fountains of Versailles. Opposite these windows are mirrors forty feet in height and set in gilded frames which so perfectly reflect the scenes from the opposite side of the hall, that the uninitiated would easily mistake the window and garden scene reflected in the mirror, for reality. Louis XIV had this gallery built over a terrace forming an alcove between two pavilions. The decorations on the ceilings, show in thirty scenes, the history of Louis XIV between 1661 and 1678. Each picture is enclosed in a sculptured border richly gilt.

The length of this room is two hundred and forty-four feet and the height forty-two feet. Let your imagination furnish these rooms as it was furnished in the time of the grand monarch. People it with the gaily dressed courtiers and you have a scene of splendor not to be surpassed.

No greater humiliation could the French have suffered, short of the absolute subjection of their race to the Germans, than they were compelled to suffer on January 18, 1871 when in this very room the King of Prussia was crowned Emperor of Germany, receiving here the homage of his subjects.

It is a noteworthy circumstance, showing the advance of civilization and its influence over nations even in the time of war, that although the German army was in full possession of Versailles, not a work of art was injured, not even the pictures portraying former victories of the French over the Germans, were disturbed, and we are told that the finest and most valued paintings were even covered by order of the German commanders to guard them from all harm.

The longest apartment in the palace is the Gallery of Battles. As one

looks down its glittering perspective the effect is dazzling; for the floor, inlaid with variously colored woods, is beautifully polished; the roof is of glass, adorned with elaborate gilding; and the resplendent arches rest on marble columns, before which, on handsome pedestals, are busts of famous generals. But the especial glory of this hall is its remarkable series of historical paintings—all of the admirable works of art—representing the victories of France, and especially, the many battle-fields over which the genius of Napoleon has spread unfading glory.

Among the many objects in this national museum which suggest the past, none is more striking and impressive than Velas' admirable statue, entitled "The Last Days of Napoleon at St. Helena." This is indeed a masterpiece. It is not merely the dying Napoleon whom one here beholds. It is the exile, the dethroned Emperor, the heart-broken captive, forgotten by those whom he had raised from the dust and made illustrious, abandoned by his Austrian wife, deprived of the means of communicating with his idolized child, and stung by daily provocations from his English jailer. Upon his lap the outspread map of Europe lies beneath his nerveless hand. That hand once carved out empires there: it is now powerless to trace his name.

To have been practically the sovereign of half of Europe; to have made and unmade kings at will; to have outrivaled Cæsar in his victories; to have created an imperial dynasty, and then,—to lose it all, yet linger on, chained like Prometheus to a barren rock, his heart continually gnawed by the insatiable vulture of regret; what tragedy has the world beheld to equal it? Better to fall, like the first Cæsar, beneath the daggers of conspirators, than to die by inches in captivity, as did the Cæsar of the nineteenth century!

The immense park of Versailles, with its world-famous fountains and shaded avenues, groves and lawns, peopled with a multitude of statues, is still as beautiful naturally as when its picturesque allies saw, like a company of actors on a splendid stage, the brilliant court of Louis XIV; but even more attractive is that portion of it, known as Little Trianon. For aside from the beauty of rustic bridges, stately trees, and well-kept turf, the grounds and buildings of Petit Trianon recall the joyous, youthful life of Marie Antoinette. This was her rural home, whither she loved to retire when wearied of the tedious ceremonials of the court. In the neighboring palace of Versailles she was Queen, weighed down with grave responsibilities, and fettered by the numberless annoyances incident to fashionable life. But here she was a happy woman, wife, and mother, discarding all formality, even to the extent of ridiculing (unwisely as it proved) the rigid etiquette of old French royalty, dressed in white muslin and wearing a pretty straw hat trimmed with flowers, she strolled along these shaded paths with careless grace, chased butterflies, fed the chickens, fished in the tiny lake, or chatted with the dairymaids as freely as a peasant girl. Upon these lawns she introduced such

games as "blindman's buff" and "fox and geese," and joined in all their fun and frolic. One of these buildings is the rustic mill where Louis XVI assumed the role of miller, and shouldered heavy sacks of corn while Marie Antoinette and her companions played the part of peasants, sitting on benches by their cottage door.

Perhaps the most interesting of the buildings at Petit Trianon is the little dairy of Marie Antoinette, where cream was placed in exquisite porcelain, and milk was skimmed on marble tables by the fair Queen and her friends, many of whom were soon to be beheaded by the populace. Innocent though these pleasures were, they did great harm to Marie Antoinette; for there were many political intrigues at Versailles whose interest it was to injure her as much as possible, and her impatience of the restraints of royal etiquette gave them an opportunity of doing so. Accordingly, each novel act of hers was called an innovation from Vienna, and she was nicknamed in reproach "The Austrian." Her enemies, too, watched eagerly for every indiscreet act and tried thereby to vilify her. The most outrageous calumnies were thus invented; and soon not merely France, but the whole of Europe was filled with stories of her improprieties.

Marie Theresa was so disturbed by them that she privately sent a trustworthy friend to Paris to observe her daughter's conduct and report to her. But he presently wrote to her. "The young Queen is imprudent, that is all." Nevertheless, hundreds of songs were sung about her in the streets, and so terrible were some of the stories circulated, and so readily were they believed, that Marie Antoinette become one of the most unhappy of women. There were times, doubtless, when she would gladly have exchanged the splendor of Versailles, and even the lovely groves of Trianon, for the lot of the humblest peasant in the furrowed field; for to be loved was to her the breath of life—to be hated stabbed her to the heart. "One morning at Trianon," writes one of her biographers, "I entered the Queen's room and found her weeping bitterly. Some letters were lying near her, and her sobs were frequently interrupted with the words: 'Oh, how I wish that I were dead? Wretches! Monsters! What have I done to them? It would be better to kill me at once.'" It would have been better indeed; for these cruel calumnies were sharpening for Marie Antoinette the blade of the guillotine.

Seated among the trees of Little Trianon and looking on these empty and deserted buildings, one naturally thinks of that gloomy prison in the neighboring capital,—the Conciergerie. Within its walls there is one room which no one with a tender heart can look upon unmoved. It has been consecrated by great sorrow. When Marie Antoinette was imprisoned there, the Revolution had become a Reign of Terror. The power rested with the most abandoned. The King had already perished; and now the

daughter of Marie Theresa was doomed. She was still a Queen, but they had driven her from her throne ; a wife, but they had guillotined her husband ; a mother, but they had robbed her of her children ; a friend, but the gory head of her beloved companion, the Princess de Lamballe, had been displayed beneath her window on a pike. Now she was only a poor woman, possessing nothing but her life. This also they resolved to have.

It was four o'clock in the morning when she arrived here from the Temple, where she had been long imprisoned. A tallow candle revealed a slimy floor, a filthy bed, a pine table and a chair. The room itself measured only fifteen feet long and seven wide, yet part of this was reserved for a soldier who never left her, night or day. Her wardrobe now consisted of but two dresses, worn to rags; while her shoes and stockings were almost beyond the possibility of repair. Her hair was snow-white, though she was but thirty-seven. Such was the sequel to Versailles and Trianon.

It was a cold autumnal morning when Marie Antoinette was led from this prison to her execution. With her own hands she had cut off her hair. There, with her arms securely bound, she walked down through the prison with a guard of soldiers. Outside the gateway was a hooting mob. Up the stone steps, however, the Queen advanced as firmly as if she had been going to her throne. But alas ! instead of a closed carriage, as in the case of the king, only the open cart of the condemned awaited her. For a moment she recoiled from this unlooked for degradation ; but, immediately recovering her composure, she took her seat in the cart.

It was in the Place de la Concord. just in front of the entrance to the garden of the Tuileries, and with a view of the park and palace before her, that Marie Antoinette awaited death. She gazed in silence on these scenes of former happiness and grandeur, a few tears rolled down her sunken cheeks. Then, turning towards the distant towers of the Temple, she murmured : "Farewell, my children ; I go to rejoin your father." As she was led to the guillotine, she stepped, by accident, on the foot of the executioner. "Pray pardon me," she said, with as much courtesy as if she were at Versailles. A moment more, and the head of Marie Antoinnette was held before the multitude. Upon the books of the parish of La Madeleine is this item of expense : "Coffin of Louis' widow, seven francs !"

Mental Development.

ALFRED J. HOSKING.

I HAVE often noted the many points of resemblance between blindness and old age. There is generally the same lessened physical power, the same inertia, the same diminished power of self-support, the same compulsory staying-at-home, the same abstinence from those delights peculiar to youth, and, only too often, the same looking toward Heaven as the only possible cure for the present evils and causes of wretchedness. The last has always impressed itself upon me as the most lamentable of them all; for so long as one looks upon his present condition as the snake does upon its skin,—a thing to be cast off, and thereafter to be forever shunned,—he is certainly ill-qualified to adopt himself to his present needs, and to cope with the knotty problems which confront every person forced to struggle for an existence. This very feature has been time and again presented in the case of those religionists whose fervent faith has led them to believe that the world is to end at a definite time within their own power of calculation. Such persons have lived on, heedless of the need of preparing for a rainy day, to say nothing of the usual attempt among ordinary men to achieve fame and success in the many walks of life. On the day before the one appointed for the appearance of the Christ, they have been known to give away all their worldly possessions, reserving not even the tools necessary to the plying of their trades. The appointed day would pass with no appearance of the divine One in person. Then the poor devotee with deep sorrow would be forced to cast about even for the means of applying himself to his usual work.

The result is the same, whatever the cause. There is sure to be more or less listnessness, where there is no hope that vigorous application will be of avail from the thinker's standpoint of profit. There is sure to be a squandering of time so long as one remarks : "O well; it will all be over some day, thank Heaven!" To me such a religious view is worse almost than no religion at all ; certainly the resultant existence is positively worse than no existence.

The great need is that this young old-manishness should be done away with as much as possible. This could be accomplished to a great extent through the medium of concerts, theatricals and the like, and this avenue is widely open to those of beneficent minds in towns where the blind happen to live. It must be done generally through others more fortunate, for all such things cost more or less, and, as is well known, blindness and poverty are usually concomitant. The matter can frequently be arranged with the

managers of opera houses to give passes to blind people; and thus great pleasure is given to those who would be utterly without such enjoyment, if it were sought merely through the medium of their own earnings.

Physical culture or whatever will increase the pace at which they commonly feel bound to go, will also tend in great measure to diminish this oldness so premature. Indeed, it is the lack of sufficient physical training, coupled with the want of aspiration in the average young person, that is the great cause of weakness and illness among the blind. There is no doubt that ways of remedying this evil to some extent could be devised in every town having blind residents. Of course, young people could scarcely be looked to for this assistance; they are many times too thoughtless. The effort must be put forth by those whose age by nature is more in keeping with that forced artificially upon the young blind person.

But to me there is nothing so efficacious to keep the blind youthful as mental development,—a constant dwelling among the books of deep thinkers, or of those of rare power of entertainment.

Without question, the mind is the only part of a blind person which is not at all vitiated by his want of sight. This remains quite as potent as if one possessed his sight. The mind is the governor of the body, the ruler of the universe, the only thing worthy to be called man. Should this important member be so shamefully neglected, as it is in so many, many cases? The languages, mathematics, mnemonics are especially within the scope of every person with a keen mind, including the blind.

This treasure, laying aside the chance of pecuniary gain, is priceless in that it diverts the thoughts from listless broodings; gives one a keener appreciation of all that is higher and grander, and raises one to a plane that is far above that of ordinary existence.

The highest kinds of sight are insight and foresight, both mental powers. To a thinking person, it is evident that these powers are quite as vigorous and keen in one without sight as in one with sight. It is these powers that enable the general, the statesman, the heads of departments, the man of scientific research, to proceed with consummate skill. Zisca, the blind general, Fawcett, the blind postmaster general, Huber, the blind apiologist, are all striking illustrations of these two kinds of sight in the absence of the ordinary power of vision. Appius, the builder of the famous Appian Way, was blind in the latter part of his life, but still retained those faculties which made him superior to even his sturdy sons. Cicero says of him: "Appius, both aged and blind, ruled four robust sons, five daughters, a very large household, and a very large clientage; for he held his mind tense like a bow, nor languished and succumbed to old age; he kept not only the authority, but even the actual command over his people; his serving people feared him, his children revered him, and all men held him in high esteem; the paternal custom and discipline were fully alive in that home."

There are numerous instances of this power developed, or still extant, in the blind, numerous enough, indeed, to make all the world alive to the utility of mental training among the blind, to say nothing of the boundless pleasure experienced in such a pursuit.

It is certainly to be hoped that all our readers will see the vast amount of good that may be done by attention to this mental culture of the blind.

SUCCESSFUL BLIND PEOPLE.

F. E. CLEAVELAND.

In this department, which is dedicated to the cause for the advancement of which this periodical is published, we hope to serve a double purpose. We wish first to call the attention of the seeing world to what it is possible for blind persons to accomplish.

Second, to have this knowledge, by means of the thoughtful kindness of our subscribers, reach the sightless everywhere and stimulate them to make the most of their lives.

Every blind man or woman, young or vigorous, with a favorable opportunity may become self-sustaining. The right amount of perseverance will command the opportunity. All who wish to know what is being accomplished to increase the methods by which blind people may become independent are invited to open correspondence with the American Association to Promote the Education and Employment of the Blind, 3124 Fourteenth St. N. W., Washington, D. C., enclosing stamp for reply.

I accord to Harvey A. Fuller a niche in my heroes' corner, and as I know myself, and my admiration for him, it shall not be in an obscure place wherein I hang his portrait.

He was born near Mansville, Jefferson Co., New York, between sixty and seventy years ago, his mother dying when he was six weeks old. His early years were spent with his grandparents in the east, but there was more or less shifting about of the scenes of his life—passing through a fair share of vicissitudes meeting them as bravely as the average, I think a little braver, for his bright, sunny hopeful disposition with which he was fortunately endowed helped him over many a bad and trying place.

A motherless babe is something to be pitied, a motherless boy an object to be sorrowed over. In his childhood he received a fall which injured one of his eyes, and in time became sightless, as a result of a second accident, a hot cinder from a blacksmith's anvil striking it. His other eye weakened in sympathy and after a few months he became totally blind. This calamity came upon him when he was twenty years old, at which time he was living with relatives in the west.

Suffice to say he has made a brave fight with almost cruel circumstances

and environments and he may be seen to-day, the cheerfulest of the cheerful and the most courageous of the courageous, supporting himself and others, and asking nothing from friend or stranger except for which he gives an equivalent.

By the kindly aid of the students of Hillsdale college, Michigan, who read to him aloud his studies, he was enabled to graduate, and round up in a measure, an education, which before, of a necessity had been more or less fragmentary. Equipped with a more than common education, he entered the lecture field, which he has occupied for many years; while the intention of his lectures is to be sunny and cheerful they are unconsciously invested with a tinge of sadness.

He is the author of a number of books, which have met with splendid favor; their names are, "Where Dark Shadows Play," "Life is a Stage," "Stray Leaves," "Life of Nathaniel Bettes." He numbered among his friends many eminent men, as Oliver Wendell Holmes, John G. Whittier, Robert J. Burdette, Will Carleton, Eben E. Rexford, etc.

The following letter occurs in "Where Dark Shadows Play" which is used with Mr. Fuller's permission.

Amesbury, Mass., Nov. 12, 1890.

Dear Friend:

I have read your little book with great interest, not only on account of its literary ability, but because it is written under great disadvantage and written so well. I can in some sort understand thy trial, for my sight is so impaired, that I cannot write or read much. I am with real sympathy and respect

Thy aged friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

RHODA B. MANSER *in The Young People's Paper.*

Joseph McKevitt is a totally blind man who runs a news stand under the "L" station at Sixty-sixth street and Columbus Ave., New York. He delivers all sorts of papers to people in residences and hotels and has never been known to make a mistake. He uses no cane, making his way through the streets, as easily as a seeing person and finds his patrons with no assistance. He has the remarkable faculty of telling the different periodicals by handling them. He will instantly name any magazine that he has for sale. He identifies the books by touching the edges and by the size—and the wonder of the feat is his ability to carry so many newspapers and magazines in his mind.

He has built up a successful business, makes a good living and is cheerful and happy.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

A Peaceable Dog.

In "A Book of Verse," from the pen of Floyd D. Raze, and published by the "Editor Publishing Co.," Cincinnati, we find the following clever little poem:

He's the only peaceable dog in town,
You never catch him runnin' roun',
He never barks when you're goin' by,
Nor ever even winks his eye;
Just sets there lookin' up at the sky,
But wait, I'll tell you the reason why,
By'm by.

He's a shapely fellow large and stout,
An' rests on a long tail sticking out,
A foot or more astern of him.
His name is, well, I call him Jim;
But he doesn't hear me nor know I'm nigh;
Just wait, I'll tell you the reason why,
By'm by.

He never wags his tail at boys,
Nor starts at any sudden noise;
Won't chase the cows nor do a thing
But hold to a little iron ring,
While curs of all sorts saunter by:
An' now I'll tell you the reason why
This dog won't bark nor chase the cows;
An' why he's never mixed in rows,
But 'tends to business night and day,
A dog that can't be dogged away:
Because—because—I'm sorry I
Must say he's made of iron; that's why.

A TRUE STORY.

OLD Dapple was so tired when haying-time was over that grandpa said he should rest a whole week, with oats for dinner every day.

"You're the faithfullest old fellow!" grandpa said, warmly stroking Dapple's old nose back and forth, lovingly. "Now you shall have a holiday and munch hay instead of rake it. Wait; I'll tumble the big rake under the mow, out of your sight, so you'll forget there was ever any such thing as work."

Then grandpa went in to dinner with grandma and The Twins. Everybody called them Twins, with capital T's in their voices when they said it.

It was quite late in the afternoon when grandpa asked The Twins to lead out old Dapple to the water.

"Let him stay and drink as long as he wants to," he called after them. "You needn't wait. He knows the way back alone."

So old Dapple stood and drank his fill of the clear sweet water and The Twins ran back to their play. But it wasn't long before grandpa saw them coming toward him at a scamper. Both their faces were excited, and they shouted in a little breathless chorus; The Twins usually spoke in chorus. "Oh, grandpa, grandpa, quick! Look up in the mowing field! Old Dappels up there rakin"

hay all alone, 'thout any rake or hay! He's goin' back and forth and back and forth like every-thing."

And when grandpa got on his "fur-offs" and looked, sure enough, there was faithful old Dapple up in the mowing-field patiently trudging up and down, making neat turns at the end of every "bout."

His tired old legs wavered unsteadily, but he kept on.

The afternoon sunshine lay on his rough back and dazzled his old eyes on his return trips, but he never thought of stopping.

Something suddenly dimmed grandpa's "fur-offs," and he took them off. "Faithful old fellow!" he muttered.

"Go lead him back, children, and give him oats for his supper."

And how The Twins hugged him while they were doing it!

TEDDY AND THE COWS.

"Come, Teddy," said Mrs. West, "It's time for the cows to come home."

But Teddy was reading a story about a shipwreck, and did not want to be disturbed just then.

"Oh, mother, wait a little while."

But soon a man's face appeared at the window. "Edward, the cows!" said Mr. West, and when he spoke like that, Teddy lost no time in obeying.

Sulkily he laid down his book and walked through the kitchen, where his mother and sister were cooking the supper.

"I hate cows!" Teddy grumbled, as he walked slowly across the pine floor. 'They're a bother, and I wish we didn't have any. I wish nobody had any. Cows are no good, anyway. I hate cows!"

An hour later the cows were safe in the barn, and Teddy was in a better humor. He was hungry, too, after the walk to the meadow and back.

A fine round of meat was smoking on the table, but there was none on Teddy's plate.

"This is beef," said Mr. West. "I did not give you any, because you hate cows." Teddy opened his mouth, and then closed it again without a word.

"I will not give you any butter, Teddy," said Mrs. West, "because we get our butter from the cows, and you know you hate them so."

Hester poured out the milk for the others, but to Teddy she gave a glass of water.

"Cows are such a bother," she said, soberly. "I know you don't want any milk."

Teddy looked wistfully at the plate of cheese, but it passed to every one but him. And, worst of all, when the custards came in, sweet and brown, in their little cups, Teddy was passed by.

Teddy looked as if he would cry.

"I—I havn't had anything to eat," he blurted. "Just bread without any butter, or potatoes and water. Wish I hadn't said those things about the cows."

Everybody smiled then, and no one objected when Hester slyly passed to him a cup of custard.—*The Youth's Companion.*

A Great St. Barnard.

A lady in Newtown was drawing her little girl on a sled, just after a great snow storm, through a long narrow path to the schoolhouse, the snow being thrown up very high on each side of the path, when midway she met a large St. Bernard dog, a stranger. She immediately addressed him as she would a human being, explaining that the path was narrow, and the snow deep, and that he must turn around and go back. He listened carefully to her explanation, then wheeled about and walked back a considerable distance until he found a place where the snow had been shoveled out a little at the side. Into this he backed, and waited quietly until she passed him with the sled and child. The lady thanked him for being so much of a gentleman, then he wheeled about and started along the path again.—*Selected.*

A story of a bright-eyed, barefooted, shabby little fellow is told by Forward. He was working his way through a crowded car, offering his papers in every direction, in a way that showed him well used to the business, and of a temperament not easily daunted.

The train started while he was making change, and the conductor, passing him, laughed.

"Caught this time, Joe," he said. "You will have to run to Fourteenth street."

"Don't care," laughed Joe in return, "I can sell all the way back again."

A white-haired old gentleman seemed interested in the boy, and questioned him concerning his way of living, and his earnings. There was a younger brother to be supported, it appeared. "Jimmy" was lame, and "couldn't earn much himself."

"Ah, I see. That makes it hard; you could do better alone?"

The shabby little figure was erect in a moment, and the denial was prompt and somewhat indignant.

"No, I couldn't! Jim's somebody to go home to; he's lots of help. What would be the good of having luck if nobody was glad? Or of getting things if there was nobody to divide with?"

"Fourteenth street!" called the conductor, and as the newsboy plunged out into the gathering dusk the old gentleman remarked to nobody in particular, "I have heard many a poorer sermon than that."—*Ex.*

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

An Irish grocer advertises "quart pails of all sizes for sale cheap."

———o———

Bridget (to Mike who had just set up a new stove)—"Don't build a foire in it till Oi troy th' oven, fer if it don't bake well Oi'll hov it sint back."

———o———

After the funeral—Farmer: "Ah well, we've buried a good man when we buried poor Wuzzle? Howsomever, yer can't get no good o' the ground 'thout you put some good in!"

———o———

Mrs. Wigwag—"My husband tells me everything that happens to him."

Mrs. Longbow—"Huh! My husband isn't satisfied with that. He tells me lots of things that never happened."

———o———

Hoax—"Young Addlepate carries his passion for antiques to a ridiculous extreme."

Joax—"Yes; I've seen the girl he's going to marry—45 if she's a day."

———o———

Wiggs—"Do you believe he's as much in love with his wife as he pretends to be?"

Wagg—"Well, he lets her buy his neckties."

———o———

Little Daughter—"Mamma, can folks be put in prison for cheating a baby?"

Mamma—"Why do you ask such a question?"

Little Daughter—"I saw Mrs. Next-door filling her baby's bottle, an' she put some water in the milk."

Sillicus—"Women are all curious."

Cynicus—"And yet the most curious thing in the world is a woman who has no curiosity."

———o———

Willie's Father—"My boy, you learn to paddle your own canoe."

Little Willie—"Whoopoe! When are you going to get me the canoe?"

———o———

"Mamma," queired little Bessie, "what is a widower?" Before the mother could reply, her brother, aged six, who was present, answered: "I know, he's the husband of a widow."

———o———

Mrs. McGorry—"Oi niver was so froightened in ahl me loife. Sure de car-r-r missed me be less than six inches."

McGorry—"Av yez hod gone a step farther dhe children wud hov hod a stepmother."

———o———

"Did you see the first issue of Dobley's new paper?"

"Yes; there was one thing in it that I thought very remarkable."

"What was that?"

"A lengthy communication praising the sheet, and sigued 'Constant Reader.'"

———o———

"You refused him last night, didn't you?" asked Mabel's dearest friend.

"Yes," said Mabel; "but how did you guess it?"

"I saw him this morning, and he had lost the strained, worried look he had been wearing recently."

Mr. Neverwed—"I have just a single aim in life."

Miss Oldgirl—"How interesting. Do tell me what it is."

"Mr. Neverwed—"To remain a bachelor."

———o———

"Talk about New York being the leader," said Mr. Wabash, of Chicago: "New York ain't in it! Why, even Paris is copying after Chicago. I hear they're having a world's fair over there."

———o———

Doctor—"Ah, the little one looks pretty well, the pills seemed to have helped him. How did you take them, Johnny?"

Johnny—"With my air-rifle; I shot sparrows with them, doctor."

———o———

Little Willie—"Say, pa, did you ever have another wife besides ma?"

Pa—"No, Willie. But why do you ask?"

Little Willie—"The family record in the Bible says you married Anno Domini 1877."

———o———

"Is this a fire insurance office?" he asked, as he entered. "Yes, sir," replied the spruce young clerk. "What will you charge me for a policy that will insure me $20 a week in case I am fired from my present situation?"

———o———

"Your peopie seemed to give most of their applause to that man, Billingsly. It struck me that he was the poorest speaker of the lot."

"Yes; but he gave us $20,000 last year, and that talked beautifully."

"Oh! you will fight, then?" gleefully cried the fireeater; "name your weapons."

"Swords," replied the timid man.

"Very good, sir."

"At twenty paces."

———o———

"Sir," said the poet who had left his manuscript the day before, "have, you read my 'Soul Released?'"

"No," replied the editor promptly; "but I'd like to see it."

———o———

Gotrox—"I told the architect who is planning my new house that I wanted granite steps, and what do you suppose he did?"

Silicus—"I dare say he gave you a stony stare."

———o———

"Never was glad for this impediment in my speech but once," said the man from Dearborn, who was in to see the big parade. "When was that?" "Fe-fe-fel-low asked me h-h-how much I would take for a-a horse, and while I-I-I was t-trying to tell him s-sixty dollars, he offered me a hundred."

———o———

The Clerk—"By the way, I see the Anti-Superstition League opens its meeting to-morrow."

The Boss—"Is that so? Mark those $12-dollar overcoats up to $13 in big figures and stick 'em in the window."

———o———

"Adolph where is the letter I left on my desk?"

"I mailed it, sir."

"But I hadn't put the name and address on the envelope."

"That's just it, sir—I supposed it was an anonymous letter."

SELECTED MATTER.

The Point of View.

MARTHA SHEPHERD LIPPINCOTT.

This world is as we make it
I often hear folks say,
If we are sad and tearful,
The world will be that way.
And if we seek the dark side
Where everything goes wrong,
And see mole hills as mountains,
Our lives will seem too long.

But if we look for sunshine,
Some joy to others give,
And gaily climb life's mountain,
As though 'twere good to live,
And overcome disaster,
And gladness 'round us shower,
To render others happy,
Then joy will be our dower.

The world is but a mirror,
Reflecting each one's mind,
If we look at it frowning,
To us 'twill not be kind.
But if we smile upon it,
It will smile back at you
No matter how we see it,
Its reflect will be true.

So when the world looks lonely,
And life seems dreary too,
Just ask your soul in quiet,
If it can better do?
And with the simple asking,
The world will look more bright,
And soon you'll be forgetting,
How dark has been the night.

—*Young People's Paper.*

SEVERAL animals that employ projectiles in capturing their prey are known to naturalists. This may not seem so wonderful in regard to mammals and insects, but when it comes to fish one is apt to wonder what they can use for this purpose. A few drops of water seems hardly sufficient for any effective service, yet this is the main reliance of the toxus jaculator in obtaining its food. He is found in the rivers of India, and lives chiefly on the insects that wander over the leaves of aquatic plants. To wait for them to fall into the water would result in meager fare; to capture them by leaping would be difficult, even if the noise caused by the act did not frighten them away. The toxus knows a better trick than that. He draws in some drops of water, and then contracting his mouth, ejects them with such force and certainty that they rarely fail to bring down the insect aimed at.

There is another fish in Java that acts in this manner and can strike a fly at a distance of several feet. The Chinese keep these curious fish in jars and amuse themselves by making them carry on this little exercise.

THE report of the Inter-State Commerce Commission for the year

ended June 30, 1899, shows that the aggregate length of railway mileage, including tracks of all kinds, was 252,364. There were 36,703 locomotives in service and 1,375,916 cars of all classes. The number of persons employed on railroads was 928,924. The amount of railway capital outstanding was $11,033,954,898.

The number of passengers carried during the year was 523,176,508. The number of tons of freight carried was 959,763,583. The gross earnings of the roads were $1,313,310,618, an increase over the previous year of $66,284,497. The total number of casualties to persons on account of railway accidents was 51,743, the number of persons killed being 7,123.

THE engineer in charge of the improvement of the Yellowstone Park denies that the geysers are approaching extinction. An article to this effect appeared in a French paper and was widely copied throughout the United States. It tends to create an impression that the Yellowstone wonderland, as far as regards the hot springs and geysers, is practically a thing of the past. This is an excellent example of how a scientific observer may draw a wrong conclusion, if he has not studied the subject sufficiently. The names given to such natural objects as geysers are very apt to be misnomers. The geyser action on the shore of Yellowstone Lake is more vigorous than it was ten years ago.

THE "Black Death" was an epidemic disease, first experienced in Europe about 1346, when it appeared in Sicily; it reached Constantinople and Italy in 1347, and Spain, France, Germany and England in 1348. The exact nature of this disease is not known, but it is thought to have been something like the bubonic plague now prevailing in the East, with various elements not present in bubonic fever.

F. W. BRAINERD of the western division of the Western Union time service, has sent a self-winding clock to the Manitou & Pike's Peak railroad company to be placed on the elevation on the top of Pike's peak. This will be the highest elevated clock in the world. It will be 14,700 feet above sea level.

REFERRING to the recent total eclipse of the sun and the probable results of the development of the innumerable photographic plates that were taken during it, Prof. Serviss thinks that some pictures may show the intra-mercurial planet that astronomers are now so diligently seeking.

IT is estimated that there are 240,000 women domestic servants in London, and that 10,000 of these are always out of situations or changing their places.

SIXTY women have taken lectures in forestry in the University of Washington during the last four years.

THE average age of the employees in the Navy Department is a little over thirty-nine years.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE GLOBE-TROTTERS.

CHINA.—Since the middle of August when Peking was entered by the allied armies, the military situation has remained practically unchanged, as far as is known to the outside world. On August 28 the allies marched in parade through the Forbidden City, after which the city was closed and guarded. The political situation is still confused, the Powers being unable to agree and often working at cross purposes. The greatest surprise was Russia's proposition that the allies withdraw their troops from Peking and the declaration that Russia will withdraw without regard to the plans of the other Powers. The plan was considered with the result that the nations were, as usual, divided. France sided with Russia, Germany refused outright, Great Britain did not commit herself and the United States agreed with Russia but thought that if one nation withdrew all must and should. Germany's refusal has put an end to the matter for the present but Russia's future course is unknown. The task of the Powers is made still more difficult by the fact that the question as to what shall be recognized as the Chinese government is still undecided or what person is at the head of affairs. An edict has been received in Washington, signed by the Emperor giving Li-Hung-Chang full power to settle the difficulties between China and the Powers. But a report is current that an edict has been issued at Taiyuen appointing Li-Hung-Chang and three others as peace commissioners. Just what the outcome will be it is impossible to foretell but it seems probable that as far as the United States is concerned the matter is approaching an end and can soon be finished in diplomatic circles as Gen. Chaffee says no more troops will be needed and has himself received orders to be ready to withdraw from Peking at short notice. In that case Mr. Conger will probably go to Shanghai.

GALVESTON.—On Sunday night September the ninth the city of Galveston was almost completely destroyed during a fearful storm of wind and rain which swept the coast of Texas. The city is a complete wreck, the wind blowing the water at the rate of eighty miles an hour, straight from the gulf, and driving the sea water before it in great waves. The gale was a steady one striking the city about five in the afternoon, and continued till after

midnight. Along the water front the damage was very great, large and small craft being blown ashore all along the coast. The city which is on an island is completely cut off from communication with the mainland, the boats being gone, and the railroads cannot be operated. The number of killed and drowned can probably never be fully estimated although three thousand are thought to have perished during the night and the loss of property is estimated to be $20,000,000 at least. The horrors of the situation can never be told, the sufferings from lack of drinking water, clothing and food, and the grave danger of an epidemic of sickness. The most horrible of all is the fearful ravaging of jewels and valuables from the dead in the streets. The soldiers stationed on duty are ordered to kill without question any one found doing this fearful thing. The most of these human fiends are negroes. There has been no time to identify one-half the bodies, most of them being taken in boats out into the bay and buried. This plan has finally been abandoned on account of the bodies being washed ashore again, and cremation has at last been resorted to. Relief is being sent in from many cities, in fact the whole country has been much affected by this terrible disaster, and private individuals are also giving large sums of money which is so greatly needed. The Tremont Hotel which has stood the fearful hurricane has become the home of more than three thousand people whose own shelter has been swept away. Galveston is not the only city that has suffered. The damage was very great at Houston and several other smaller towns are said to have been utterly wiped out.

Assassination of King Humbert.—One of the saddest events in history occurred this summer when Humbert I., King of Italy was assassinated at Monza on the evening of July twenty-ninth. He had been assisting at a distribution of prizes in a gymnasium and he was about to enter his carriage when a man, forcing his way through the mass of people fired three shots at him with a revolver. The king was fatally wounded and died in a very short time. The assassin was immediately seized and overpowered by the people and it was with difficulty that the police were able to save him. In reply to the questions put to him, he gave his name as Angelo Bresci and said he came from America for the purpose of killing Humbert and had just arrived. In searching his quarters they found his home had been in Paterson, New Jersey, and his friends were nearly all anarchists.

Education.—Manila's school system is described by Mr. Frank F. Hilder in the August *Forum*, under Spanish rule he says education was very generally confined to the upper classes of the population. It has been the purpose of the American administration to diffuse its benefits among the masses, this purpose has been as fully accomplished as could be expected in the brief period of the

American occupation. To the credit of Americans the school house follows the flag. As the army advances, and fresh territory becomes safe and peaceful, schools are at once started. Recent as in our occupation of the island of Mindanao official reports received within the last two months indicate that 180 schools will soon be in operation in that island alone. The public school system in Manila embraces 41 schools, with a regular attendance of about 5,000 pupils. Two of these schools are conducted by 28 Spanish Jesuit Fathers, and one for girls by a Spanish sisterhood, of whom 17 act as teachers. The instruction in these schools is conducted in Spanish but great interest is shown in the study of English. The remaining 38 schools are conducted under the auspices of the American government and includes nineteen for each sex scattered throughout the districts and sub-districts of the city and suburbs. English is taught in all these schools, nearly all the teachers of English being Americans and mostly women. Nearly all of these schools are in rented buildings for the most part unfit for the purpose. The American officials in charge of this school system have great faith in the Filipino children of Manila. They describe them as bright, capable, polite, earnest, and derservering. Mr. Hilder was present at the exercises held in several of the schools when they closed for the summer vacations, and was surprised at the proficiency of the pupils especially in English. The proceedings were closed by the singing of "America" in the English language. Lowell's textile school is to be established in a permanent home, thanks to the generosity of Frederick F. Ayer, of New York, who has given $35,000 for the purchase of a site, the gift is to establish a memorial to Royal Southwick, Mr. Ayer's grandfather, who was one of the early manufacturers at Lowell. Mrs. Phoebe Hearst has established a school at Berkeley for the young women of the University of California. It is called The Academy of Lost Arts, and gives instruction in sewing and other domestic occupations.

SCIENCE.—An air-ship invented by the Count von Zeppelin is to have a second trial soon. At its first trial, July 2, at Friedrichshafen, Switzerland, it arose with five occupants and was steered to its destination, Immenstadt, a distance of five and one quarter miles. It was propelled against a light breeze, but drifted before a strong wind. It could not return owing to a rope becoming twisted, necessitating a descent. The air-ship is cigar-shaped, and is 420 feet long. The framework consists of 24 bands of aluminum, and horizontal ribs divide the interior into compartments each of which has a small gas balloon. There are two sets of steering apparatus, one in front, and the other in the rear. Beneath the structure, in aluminum boats, are benzine motors which furnish the motive force. Further trials of the ship will show whether it will be practicable

for military purposes and for general use. Samuel Goss of Chicago has invented a musical bicycle. The mechanism of this is quite simple. A frame is made to fit into that of the machine and on this frame are stretched piano wires while there are some hammers operated by pins on a cylinder and made to strike the wires. The cylinder is rotated by gears, placed at its left-hand end, and driven from the crank shaft by a cord and a pully. The tune may be changed by putting in new cylinders and the time of the air may be quickened by increasing the speed of the wheel. A new high temperature thermometer has been invented by M. Dufour. The glass of which the ordinary thermometer is made melts at a comparatively low temperature. This thermometer is made of a quartz-tin which remains solid, even though subjected to intense heat. It has a scale of from 240° to 580° and it is possible to make one which will reach 900°

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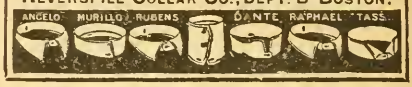

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TALKS AND TALES.

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DEPARTMENTS.—

Successful Blind People
Children's Department
Wise and Otherwise
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To the Patron Members of the American Association of the Blind:

KIND FRIENDS:—This notice is to inform you that your membership fee can be paid to our treasurer, H. R. W. MILES, 915 E. Street, N. W., second floor, this being in lieu of any further charge for the magazine TALKS and TALES.

WE desire to call the attention of the readers of TALKS and TALES to articles which appear by the following occasional contributors, all of whom are blind.

H. R. W. Miles, Mary E. Sanford, Charlotte M. Hinman, Alice A. Holmes, H. Stennett Rogers, Alfred J. Hosking, Alexander Cameron, Roberta Anna Griffith, Rev. Ghosn el Howie, Syria; Helen Marr Campbell, Clarence Hawkes, Mamie Ray, Harry Forrester.

ALICE D. LE PLONGEON.

TALKS AND TALES.

VOL. IV. HARTFORD, CONN., NOVEMBER, 1900. NO. 2

GHOSN-EL-HOWIE.

PEOPLE in this country, throughout the whole of the Orient, are influenced greatly in reference to their neighbors by the form of religion which they chance to profess. Asiatic Jews and Mohammedans know hardly any difference between Church and State, hence their religious views tell directly on their political, social, business and domestic life.

A Protestant wife, for example, does not dream of veiling her face, and may be seen walking by the side of her husband almost with western freedom, while her neighbor in one or other of the oriental Christian communities, is bound by custom to veil herself on many occasions, and if she chance to accompany her husband on a visit to any place she walks not alongside of, but at a distance of many yards behind him.

A Mohammedan husband, again, does not associate with his wife in public, and if he shows any interest in her out-of-doors, it is only to find out if ever she speaks to any man on the road or dares to drop or lift the veil which hides, not only her face, but her entire person.

In some circumstances non-Christian husbands are known (and they do not deny it) to employ a kind of secret detective service to ascertain whether their wives allow their faces to be seen or their voices to be heard by any of the opposite sex. Both in making and administering laws, discrimination is made in favor of one sect to the disadvantage of another.

The terrible scenes which have been enacted in Bulgaria, Armenia, and Crete had their origin chiefly in the differences of religious creeds. It seems therefore necessary to give an account of the religion of an oriental community as a necessary condition for the better understanding of their manners and customs,

The Druses of Mt. Carmel-by-the-sea form a branch of the larger family dwelling in other parts of the East. Their religion originated in Egypt in the 11th Century. El-Hakim, a Mohammedan Fatamite Caliph (sovereign successor), not contented to play the role of a prophet like his great predecessor Mohammed, proclaimed himself as Deity incarnate, employed forty old women who spied the families in the land and brought him correct reports of most secret transactions; then he summoned persons whose secrets he had learned and publicly told them what he knew about them. They admitted the truth and he vociferated that he knew all this by his omniscience as a deity and thus sought to prove his claim to divine worship and homage. This method he used long and effectively until at length able persons asserted their belief in him. The most curious thing about the founder of this sect is that he was destitute of virtue, so much so that even the Emperor Nero is said to have been a humane ruler if compared with el Hakim.

At one time he would watch a public bath until it was crowded with innocent women coming to bathe, and then wall them up and leave them to perish by the slow death of want and starvation. At another time he would sew females he disliked in bags and fling them into the Nile, and so it is said of him "that he reigned a tyrant, lived a madman and died an impostor."

One day, however, the populace sought him, but found him not. He disappeared suddenly and mysteriously, but on the doors of mosques was seen the announcement that Ameer Ilmoumineen (Prince of Believers) withdrew himself from the world to try or prove the Believers' faith.

A right hand of his and a chief of his apostles, Ali-el-Darazi, left Egypt and began preaching the new faith in Mt. Hermon, but soon after he apostatized and began to preach himself instead of El Hakim. He was found out and pursued. He disguised himself and fled, and while he was a fugitive he took shelter in an oven where a number of women were baking. It happened they were of the number which he had converted to the faith of el Hakim. They knew him and being enraged at his apostasy seized him and thrust him into the fire and roasted him to death where the bread had been baking. They got rid of the man, but he had imposed upon them his name, for Druse or Druses is derived from el Darazi, and our Druse neighbors would give anything to be rid of the name, but it seems there is no way of escape. From this it is clear that ladies played a very important role in the origination and establishment of the Druse religion. Their services apparently have been appreciated and the tenets of the Druse religion concede to women the right of religious equality, a fact which is in contrast with other oriental forms of religion.

Since the suspicious disappearance of el Hakim and the death of his apostles, this religion has closed its account with the world, for unlike every other religion it not only does not make but positively refuses new converts,

while on the other hand it holds fast in its grasp its original adherents and their descendants. It holds them by fair means if possible, but it holds them.

A Druse youth strayed into the circle of the American missionaries. He was welcomed, kindly treated and highly educated by American professors at the expense of American Christian. So consistent must have appeared his walk and conversation to his teachers that they ordained him a minister, and the best sermon on Psalm LXXXI, 10, to which we ever listened we heard from his lips thirty years ago. Now, however, he is back to the communion of his fathers, wears the red fez and the white turban twisted round it, the white baggy shirwell gathered about his waist and close fitting at his ankles and over all his short-sleeved striped woolen abba (cloak). His wife dons the black saiey and veils her face with a veil even more black. What the inside influences which drew him back may have been we do not know, but the straw which seemed to break the camel's back was the fact that a daughter of his fell in love with a Christian and married him. He was incensed at this. He flew to the missionaries, raving mad, as it were, and demanded that they use their influence to separate the daughter from the husband and restore her to him. This the Americans could not and would not do, and for this he broke off every connection with Christianity, threw away his situation as a preacher and teacher and publicly threw himself into the arms of the followers of el Hakim.—[From *The Ladies' World*, By permission.

The Last Word.

"I PARTICULARLY object to the whole thing." "But why?" persisted Joan, an angry flush upon her pretty face. "Surely you must have some reason for your absurd, tyrannical objection."

"I have already told you my reason," he answered shortly, and in the effort to keep his temper under control his voice sounded hard and cold.

"You cannot expect me to believe that you are foolish enough to make all this fuss because I shall have to wear a short dress. Why, my part requires it. Fancy a peasant in a train!

This was said with a scornful little laugh that was meant to, and did, sting Frank Clements into answering hastily—

"You know perfectly well what my chief reason is. I am disappointed in you, Joan; I thought that you were truthful and open—"

"Truthful and open!" broke in Joan. Though her tone was indignant, even defiant, the girl knew in her heart that she had not been as candid with him upon this matter as she ought to have been; but this knowledge only made her the more angry with herself and him. "If you think me otherwise—"

"How can I help it. You promised—"

"I made no promise."

"Not in words, perhaps, but I understood—"

"Really, I cannot be held accountable for all that you understand, or fancy you understand."

"I understood," he repeated firmly, "that you would give in to my wishes in this matter."

Joan Dudley and Frank Clements were affianced lovers, and were in reality sincerely attached to one another; but Joan was young and willful, a spoilt child, flattered and indulged, and so accustomed to have her own way that she could not brook the slightest opposition to her wishes, and considered that, if Frank really loved her as much as he professed to do, he would give in to her every whim. But Frank Clements was a man who held strong and decided opinions upon what was right and fitting, especially in regard to women, and had openly expressed the wish that Joan should take no part in some private theatricals that were being "got up" by the Palmers, neighbors of the Dudleys, and had given his reasons to Joan, the principal one of which was that he had a particular dislike to the man who was to take

the principal character, and would, if Joan acted, play the part of her lover.

"Sangster is a cad," Frank had said, in his most decided tones; "not at all the sort of person that I should like to see you on friendly terms with."

"But I need not be friendly with him, Frank."

"It is impossible to help it, in a thing of this sort. Believe me, darling, that I have good reason for my dislike to your joining them."

"Very well; perhaps, if you are very good and nice, I won't."

At this sweet concession, which he looked upon as good as a promise, Frank was delighted; and when, a day or two later, he went up to town on business that could not be postponed, he was under the happy delusion that this wilful little lady-love had given up her own wishes in deference to his; for, spite of her wilfulness, the girl had a true and loving heart and a sweet nature, that all the spoiling and indulgence had not destroyed.

The day following her lover's departure, Joan drove over to call upon the Palmers, to tell them that she could not take the part assigned to her, and had hoped to find them alone; but on entering the drawing-room found quite a large party assembled, all of whom were busily and eagerly discussing the characters and dresses of the forthcoming play.

The excitement and interest of the preparations that were going on so busily helped the girl to put aside the kinder and better feelings that would intrude themselves, spite of the flatteries and praises that were so lavishly bestowed upon her looks and her acting—praises that were very pleasant to the spoiled girl, who liked to think herself the centre of attraction, and to be told that without her the play would be a failure.

In her letters to Frank, Joan had said that Laura wouldn't hear of her giving up the part of Amaryllis, but she added nothing further upon the subject, so that it had been a surprise as well as a disappointment to him to find, on his return to Rosemount, that Joan was—although she knew of his coming—spending the day at the Palmers'.

"Joan would not have gone to-day, but, unfortunately, it was their first dress rehearsal," Mrs. Dudley told him.

"And she couldn't resist going to see it," he answered, trying to hide his disappointment and annoyance.

"She had to go, for hers is the principal part. Between ourselves, Frank, I shall be glad when the whole thing is well over, for I do not care for some of the people Laura has got to help her." Then, catching sight of his face, asked, anxiously, "Did Joan not tell you?"

"That Miss Palmer wished her to take a part? Yes; but not that she had agreed to do so."

"Laura was very pressing about the matter; and you know, Frank, there is no real harm in the thing. You do not object to acting?"

"Not in the slightest; on the contrary, I am very fond of it. But, like yourself, I object to some of Miss Palmer's friends."

"I expect she meant to surprise you, Frank."

"It certainly is odd," he answered, quietly, then turned the conversation to other matters; and Mrs. Dudley hoped that she had been mistaken in thinking that he was annoyed, for she both liked and respected her future son-in-law, and was thankful that her child had chosen so wisely and well, for Joan's wilful way soften filled the fond, weak mother's heart with anxious fear.

"Why did you not tell me, Joan?" he asked, reproachfully, when they were alone together.

"I did tell you that Laura would not hear of my giving it up."

"And Laura's wishes are more to you than mine."

"Don't be cross with me, Frank, the very first time we are together, after all these days," she said, softly. Then, as he made no answer, her manner changed. "I cannot help it if you disapprove," she said curtly. "You will please to understand in the future that I decline to obey your unreasonable commands. I have promised Laura—and Mr. Sangster—to act, and I mean to keep my promise." Then, as no answer was made to this speech, she went on passionately, "I am not your wife yet, and, if this is the sort of treatment I am to expect, hope I never shall be."

"Do you mean that, Joan?"

"Yes; if you expect me to be your slave."

"I have no wish for that; but I certainly hope that my wishes will be of more consequence to you than those of mere strangers."

"And what about my wishes? Are they to count for nothing? We have made a mistake. I give you back your liberty, and claim my own."

Frank Clements' face grew white and set, and Joan hardly recognized his voice when, after a pause, he said,—

"Is that your last word, Joan?"

The girl hesitated, half frightened at the effect of her words. Then came the thought, "He loves me too well to give me up," so with an angry, wilful gesture Joan turned away with the one word, 'Yes," and walked to the window.

At the sound of the opening door she looked round, just in time to see it close behind her lover, and the sight recalled her to her senses.

"Frank!" she cried, springing towards it. "Frank, I did not mean it."

But she was too late. Her words were unheard. Ere she could reach the hall Frank Clements had left the house, without one word or look of farewell, and Joan was alone. "He will come back," the girl told herself; but as each day passed and her lover neither came nor wrote, Joan's heart grew sad and heavy with fear and misery, and she realized how deep and strong was her

love for the man, "whose wife," she had said in her wilful anger, "she hoped she would never become." But, calling pride to her aid, the girl spoke no word, gave no sign of the misery she was enduring, nor did she throw up her part in the theatricals. On the contrary, she entered into the preparations with eager excitement, and was to all appearance full of gaiety and enjoyment, accepted Mr. Sangster's compliments and attentions with an almost reckless defiance, and to her mother's gentle pleadings and remonstrances turned a deaf ear.

"So it is all over and ended," said Joan, in a tone almost of relief, as she and Mr. Sangster stood alone together in the temporary green-room, after receiving the applause and congratulations that had been called forth by the success of the play—a success mainly due to the acting of Miss Dudley and Sangster, so said the audience.

"The play," he answered, drawing nearer to her; "but not the reality of our happiness; that has only begun, Joan," putting, as he spoke, his arm around her waist, and imprinting a light kiss on her cheek; but ere he could say another word Joan had flung herself free, and was demanding, with blazing eyes, "How he dared to insult her?"

"Dared! Why Joan!" with a laugh, "I should have been a laggart indeed if, after all the encouragement you have given—"

"I gave you encouragement!" gasped the girl, horror-stricken at the effects of her folly. Then, drawing herself up proudly, "You forget that you speak to Frank Clements' affianced wife."

"It is not easy to remember," he replied, with a smile, "when the affianced husband goes off for an indefinite time, and not alone," meaningly.

"For an indefinite time! Not alone! What do you mean?"

"And without telling his lady-love, apparently. Is it any wonder if she consoles herself in his absence as you have done, my fair Amaryllis," added he, drawing nearer to her once more; but she waved him back with a look that made him not only pause, but feel decidedly uncomfortable.

"Mr. Sangster, I do not know if there is any truth in what you say about Mr. Clements' movements, but I do know that I am well punished for the mistake I have made in thinking and treating you as a gentleman."

So taken aback was Mr. Sangster by the girl's words, and the manner in which they had been spoken, that he was at loss for an answer; ere he could find one, Joan had left the room.

Stunned and bewildered by the unexpected news of Frank's departure, crushed and humiliated by the insult of Mr. Sangster's words and caress, the girl found her way to the room where Mrs. Dudley was waiting to help her change her dress for the dance that was to follow the theatricals.

"Mother, is it true?"

"Is what true, darling?" she asked nervously, in return, alarmed at the girl's white face and scared look.

"That Frank has left me—has gone away—and not alone?"

In silence Joan listened as Mrs. Dudley told her how only that morning she had received a letter from Frank Clements, telling her he was to start that very day on a yachting tour with his friend, Mr. Duncombe.

"You will know," he had written, "that it is your daughter's wish our engagement should be broken, and therefore there is nothing I can do but submit; but I cannot leave England without writing to thank you for all the kindness you have ever shown me."

"I said I hoped I would never be his wife, but I didn't mean it, mother; for I love him with all my heart." Then, folded in her mother's loving arms, Joan told with much bitterness the story of her wilfulness, and the angry words she had spoken at their last meeting. "But it was cruel of him to believe me. He knew I loved him, and that I was only angry."

"Write and tell him this yourself, Joan. Don't wreck your happiness from a sense of false pride," urged her mother; but to humble her pride, confess herself to have been in the wrong, and ask forgiveness, was not easy all at once to spoilt, wilful Joan. No one can overcome the habits of a lifetime in a moment, and Joan was no exception to the rule. She waited and hoped. was now repentant and humble, again proud and wilful. Some day she would write, or perhaps Frauk would. And so the days passed, until there came one on which tidings reached Rosemount that broke down for ever the last remnants of Joan's pride and wilfulness.

The wreck of Mr. Duncombe's yacht, the Waterwitch, with the loss of all on board, was reported in the papers, and Joan bowed her head and felt that her punishment was greater than she could bear. Yet the girl found that she had to bear the burden of her sorrow, for grief does not kill the young and strong. Daily life had to be followed and daily duties done, but Joan's bright color faded and her eyes grew dim with weeping, and the girl's gay spirits were sobered and chastened, not only by the sorrow of her loss, but by the remembrance that never left her, of the false, cruel words that she had spoken to her lover at their last meeting. If only she could tell him how bitterly they were repented of, how true her love for him had really been, the weary heartache might be lessened. But it was too late now—the opportunity had been lost forever. The thought that she had departed from him with a lie upon her lips, that he had died believing her false, haunted her continually; and she was so sad and dejected that the mother's kind heart ached with pity and sympathy, and she would gladly have welcomed back some of the old wilful spirit.

The long spring day was fading into twilight as Joan stood, her arms resting upon the rails that divided the flower-garden from the orchard, every

tree in which was now flushed and beautiful with blossoms. Dreaming, she watched the rays of the dying sunset as they faded one by one away, watched until the first faint star peeped out in the darkening sky.

"How quiet and calm it is, like the silent land where Frank now is, and from which there is no return, spite of all our wishes and all our prayers!"

As Joan said this she turned, to see coming towards her through the fast-gathering shadows of evening the form she had thought never again to see—the form of Frank Clements. Her prayers had been answered. Another opportunity to win forgiveness and peace had been given her. With a low cry she stretched out her hands to him, "Frank! Frank! forgive me! My last words to you were false! I loved you then as now! Frank, forgive!" She then fell senseless to the ground.

"Mother, God has let me see him. Frank knows now that I love him, and always did," whispered Joan, with returning consciousness.

"God has indeed been merciful to us all. Tell her yourself, Frank, how—"

As Joan struggled up, strong arms were thrown fondly round her, and the well-known and well-loved voice of Frank Clements whispered,—

"We will thank Him together, my darling, will we not?"

It had been no spirit that had come to Joan in the gloaming, but living flesh and blood. The Waterwitch had truly been wrecked, but those on board had taken to the boat, and had been picked up by a sailing vessel, which had brought them back to England. On his return Frank had found a letter from Mrs. Dudley, that had been lying at his club for many days. After reading the news it contained, Frank had at once returned to Rosemount, Joan and love.—[*Waverly Magazine.*

"Patient Waiting is No Loss."

MAMIE RAY.

(Concluded from October number.)

"Many a shaft at random sent
  Finds mark the archer little meant,
Many a word at random spoken
  Will heal or crush a heart that's broken."

The summer months were gliding swiftly away, Cedar Hall had for many weeks known naught but noise and confusion. Mrs. Stewartte's friends like many others grew particularly fond of her during the summer season. They would run away from the hot bustling town to find rest and health in the quiet country. This summer especially she had friends without number. "I am growing so weary of this gaiety," said Bella to her lover one evening as they sauntered homeward. "How gladly will I welcome old winter and its solitude again."

"My dear Bella," said Stanley placing his hand on her head as they paused for a moment at the gate before entering, "I beg you once more to come to me just as I am, take me, Bella, I know I am very poor, but I will always love and protect you." She looked up into his sad blue eyes and saw there the truth of what he had said. He also saw the troubled look on her face, and said, "O my dear, it is selfish in me to ask you to sacrifice your pretty Cedar Hall for my happiness, isn't it?"

Her only reply was, "Wait patiently a little longer, Dear Wallace." "Let us go up to the house" said she.

"No, not to-night," replied he, extending his hand. She gave him her's and noticed how cold his seemed to be, it was trembling too, she had never before known Wallace Stanley's hand to tremble. She gave him a sly, quick glance; he was pale and haggard.

"Good night," he said and bent to kiss her cheek. She drew back a step or two resenting his affection; he stood a moment and looked at her, then with a sneer curling his well shaped mouth he bade her a careless good night and swiftly walked away.

Bella watched the manly figure disappearing in the fast growing twilight. "Have I wounded his feelings?" she questioned. "Why should he be offended at what I have said. Did he not say this very evening, he had a great desire to travel on the continents and visit the art galleries in various

countries. Should I send forth my arrow of trouble and bring down his bird of hope with a broken wing?" She stole quietly to her room and was soon lost in sweet slumbers.

Stanley soliloquized thus: "Bella is unhappy, I, what a fool I am, have at least offered myself to her twenty time; she ever says, wait patiently a little longer. She is proud and desires me first to obtain a name that will never fade from the pages of a world's history. Yes, I will have fame and a name!"

The next day was warm and sultry and the members of Cedar Hall were compelled to content themselves on the piazza and in the grove. Bella, occupied herself in the morning by collecting her books, for school would reopen the following Monday. After dinner she paid a visit to a sick friend, on her way home, a little boy crossed her path and thrust into her hand a sealed package.

"I wonder what this contains," thought she; "but I will not satisfy my curiosity now." On her arrival at the Hall, she found it in great confusion as some of its inmates was making great preparations to return to the city that night. She sought her own room and threw herself back in a large arm-chair which stood before the open casement. As she sat there idly dreaming of the future, she remembered the letter and drew it hastily from her pocket and read it with great interest. It dropped from her hand, she sat like one petrified, a mist seemed to veil her eyes and hide from view the golden and tinted clouds that fringed the horizon. What did it mean, Wallace had gone, how could he receive a letter stating that she did not love him but had given her heart to Carl Thorn. A sharp rap at the door brought her to her senses; she answered the summons and found to her relief a little girl with some flowers for her, she thanked the child kindly and placed the flowers in a glass on her dressing table. She closed her door and resumed her seat at the window. She did not weep as most girls are said to do when overcome by sudden grief. She retired for the night but balmy sleep would not come to her rescue. She tossed through the long, dark hours that dragged wearily along, at last signs of gray morning were seen in the distant east making a path which the sun's rays would soon follow then. Bella arose and slowly dressing herself in her white morning gown, she stood for a moment before the mirror, but started back at her own image. Could one night work such a change! Pale, haggard and worn.

"Bella Stewartte," said she to herself, "did I think you would ever come to this? Last night I said that Wallace Stanley was a hypocrite, and here I am grieving for this very man. Shall I continue doing so?" "No, I think not," she said impatiently opening her door, "no one will ever know under what a weight of sorrow and grief I am laboring."

By this time the drawing-room was reached, she opened the piano and dashed with spirit into some waltzes. She would find herself often wander-

ing dreamily over some sweet, sad strains, which expressed her feelings,—but she would check this and try to think only of the open pages before her. Monday at last came and with it troops of little boys and girls wending their way toward the little school house, where their much beloved teacher patiently awaited their arrival. She worked diligently with her pupils daily imparting fresh knowledge to them, and implanting seeds of truth that could never be erased from their memory.

The flowers had begun to fade and the trees were attired in their autumnal robes. Bella was so occupied in her school duties, that she had become in a manner reconciled to her grief; but new trouble awaited her, for in early autumn her mother passed from this life. Her mother had incurred debts which she could not pay, so Bella who had a high sense of honor, sacrificed her happy home for another in order to clear the debt. She advertised for a situation as governess, which was soon answered by Dr. Franklin of New York. She found a hearty welcome in this household. Florence the eldest daughter was a bright, laughing girl of nineteen, with dark blue eyes and golden curls. She like many others loved Miss Stewartte at first sight, and Bella loved the gentle little maiden as well she might. She found her task very easy, and the little ones—three in number—very interesting; Bella and Florence became fast friends, confiding in each other, but Bella never let the one secret of her life escape her lips. They studied together, Bella taught Florence what little she knew about painting, and she improved rapidly under her instructions. It must be understood that Florence had graduated the year previous, with great distinction at a woman's College in New York; but unfortunately, like many girls of the period had only a limited idea of science and art. She possessed what is generally termed fashionable requirements.

"She has a great talent for painting, if it was only cultivated, and I am not capable of instructing her farther in this art," this Bella would often say in answer to the old doctor's inquiries. He would as often say:

"Ah Bella, you have been more than money to my family, my little ones love you as they did their mother, and Florence is attached to you, she will now pursue her studies with interest, whereas, heretofore, she would declare to me that study was a bore."

One evening as she and the doctor were standing before the study fire, the gray twilight was fast gathering. Florence had slipped away to pay a call, and the three children had been sent to the nursery, the doctor said:

"Bella, is that winter scene a specimen of Florence's work." Bella glanced in the direction to where he pointed and replied:

"It is."

The old gentleman relapsed into silence for a long time, then suddenly exclaimed, "Bella, I am going to Europe this very winter, where my daugh-

ter shall have this talent fully developed and you, my dear, must accompany us, for Florence would not be inclined to go without you."

"Thank you, sir," replied Bella. "I am sure I shall enjoy the visit."

So it was arranged that the doctor's family should travel during the winter, and ere long a steamship bound for Liverpool, had among it's passengers Dr. Franklin's family. Upon the day on which they left the American shore for that of Great Britain, Florence put her arm affectionately about her friend's waist as they stood together on the dock watching the waves break around the ship. "Bella," said she, "Two years ago this very day, you came to me in New York; I wonder what will happen before we return."

Bella made no reply but looked steadfastly over the dark waters. Little of importance occurred during their voyage; they arrived at Liverpool and took passage for London where they remained a fortnight. While in England they improved the time in sight seeing, they visited the old graveyard in which was written the elegy by Gray, here Bella told to her pupils the story of the poet's life, and made them listen attentively to the elegy, which she recited. This little graveyard is a secluded spot—beautiful in its natural scenery. It is not far from Windsor Castle. They also saw some of the Druidical ruins. The young teacher brought to the mind of the children the story of the Druids and their forms of religion. For Florence's benefit they visited numerous art galleries and attended many lectures on this subject. They traveled through France and Switzerland, then passed on to Italy, where the doctor expected to remain for a time. They took lodgings in an Italian hotel. A few evening's after their arrival, Bella and the children had been out searching around and making discoveries. An Italian girl came up to her and in broken English begged her to buy a picture. It had the painter's name and place of business on it, so she secured the picture and took it to her friend, the doctor, who seemed much pleased with it and after much persuasion on the part of Florence it was decided that Professor Skitchia should be called in.

He came and found in Florence an apt pupil and she declared to her confident that night that she was perfectly charmed. He has such beautiful blue eyes, only they are too grave and sad, and he has light curls, and she hated curls. Her friend smiled at her simplicity. Every evening the professor taught at the hotel. At that time Bella was out with her pupils making plain to them the pages of Roman history of which they had so long read with little interest, consequently she never had a chance to see the much admired artist. One day about three months after their arrival, Bella suggested a visit to Pompeii and Mount Vesuvius. It was readily agreed upon and they set out immediately for the burning mountain. Their guide showed them the old crater and gave them a graphic description of occurrences during his time. From thence they went down to Pompeii where the work of excavation was

in progress. Bella described to the children the destruction of this ancient city. They were greatly interested, and Clara exclaimed with enthusiasm:

"Oh, Miss Stewartte, I will never say that I hate History again, especially Ancient!"

"Do you remember Bulwer's work entitled 'The Last Days of Pompeii?'" asked Bella.

"Oh, yes indeed I do," exclaimed Clara.

At the mentioning of Miss Stewartte's name a young man started and looked up from his book and pencil. He had been standing unobserved by our party, but now he stepped from his place of concealment and took a closer view of the speaker. The momentary light faded from his eyes and a look of disappointment took its place.

"Florence is making great progress in her work," said the doctor that evening to Bella, as they sat on the veranda, watching the sunny Italian day dying. "She has gone to the ruins of Pompeii with the Professor, he brought her a sketch of the place which he made this morning, and desires her to make a painting of the city."

"Oh! that will be splendid!" exclaimed Bella. At that moment the merry laughing girl skipped up to them her cheeks aglow with health and pleasure and her roguish blue eyes sparkling with success. She displayed to them a sketch of the ruins which she had drawn herself.

"The Professor has pronounced it perfect and that is all I desire." That night before retiring Florence said: "Dear friend, I have a confession to make to you." She drew her to a seat at the window and nestled close to her side. "Bella, if I am wrong correct me please." She then poured forth the story of her love for Skitchia, and concluded by saying, "I consented for surely no man could make such professions if they were not true. What do you think of it, Bella?"

"Well, what of his family and fortune, Florence?"

"Oh, dear!" retorted she, "I don't know anything about his family; he hasn't any he told me to-day; that his mother was buried in America, and his father was lost at sea. I said I was sorry and called him Professor. He gently checked me, and said, I must say Wallace. He then looked grave and said in almost a whisper, 'Florence, I once loved a beautiful girl in America, and she always called me Wallace.' Next week there is to be an exhibition of paintings from all the best artists, Wallace expects to exhibit his work of Pompeii. He will at that place make his debut and then, O Bella, he will take me!" "But, my dear, are you ill? you look so pale!"

"Oh, no," replied Bella, gently stroking the sunny curls. "It is only a slight headache," but she failed to add a severe heartache. She too had a vivid remembrance of a Wallace. Could it be the same? Could it be that her friend's beloved teacher was her old lover. No that would be impossible.

On the third day of the following week this happy family started for London to attend the exhibition. Professor Skitchia's work was pronounced superior to any, and his long years of toil were at last crowned with complete success. Florence was more than happy. She had hoped to present her future husband to Bella at this place. But he kept from public notice.

"Oh, Bella," said she one day bursting into the parlor, "Wallace has just gone, he gave me four tickets for the opera to-night, where we shall hear Sleepy Hollow. Papa, Clara, you and I must certainly go, he said, won't you."

"Certainly, my dear," replied Bella.

That night the opera house was filled to overflowing; only a few boxes near the stage remained unoccupied. Two men sat about middle way of the hall intently watching the crowd which now began to press near the stage.

"I say, Wallace, I expect your fairy queen has accepted another one's tickets."

The hot blood crimsoned his brow as he said: "No, Arthur, she would never do that." Just at that moment Arthur gave a low, suppressed whistle.

"I say, Wallace, by Jove, look at that beauty."

The person addressed looked in the direction where his friend was pointing, and beheld his bride elect, robed in Dresden silk, with drapery of Spanish lace. Her hair fell in curls about her shoulders, caught loosely back with a spear set with Rhine stones. Her coquettish blue eyes peeped out from under a row of tiny curls on her fair forehead. She was small and exceedingly bewitching, she followed an elderly gentleman with beard and hair like snow. Wallace did not fail to whisper: "There she is, isn't she a picture for an artist's easel?"

"Yes, but are those ladies her sisters?" pointing to the two who followed Florence.

Clara, resemhled her sister, was attired simply in dress of white opera flannel. The last was Bella, her costume was black velvet with Spanish lace cuffs and collar; a single diamond fastened at her throat comprised her stock of jewels, a few moss rosebuds were the only ornaments of her hair. As they reached their box and were ushered in, Arthur shrunk back in his seat remarking with a smile:

"Old fellow, you displayed miserable taste, when you took that doll baby in preference to that noble woman, I own the first is the prettiest;" even while he talked, he was looking straight at Bella, so did not see the blanched hue of Skitchia's face.

"Had he seen her before?" A loud crash of the orchestra put an end to his reverie, the last scene was beautiful, after which was played St. Patrick's march by the orchestra. Then what a meeting of friends.

"Arthur, come this way, I want you to meet the future Mrs. Skitchia." With this, Wallace stepped into the aisle directly in front of Florence.

"O, I thought you had left us," she said.

"Oh, no, Florence, allow me to give Mr. Laiten his heart's desire. He wishes to speak with you," he said laughingly."

Florence looked up into the stranger's fBce, and said: "Certainly; but Wallace, you must see my friend, 'Bella,'" she called but Bella was engaged in conversation with a friend. She turned as Florence spoke, "Bella, I am anxious that an acquaintance should spring up between you and Wallace, so Professor Skitchia, this is my confidant, Miss Stewartte."

Florence's attention was immediately withdrawn by young Laiten, so she did not see the look of surprise and confusion as Bella, with reproach and disdain flashing from her eyes, advanced and addressed him as Mr. Stanley. They did not meet again until after the wedding, when Bella bade Florence and her husband good-by. "Wallace is going to settle in America," Florence had said.

A few months after the wedding Dr. Franklin concluded that he would take to himself another helpmeet, so, Bella finding that her services were no longer needed, applied for a situation in a Musical College which she readily gained. At this place she again met Mr. Thorn, who was proprietor; he offered to her his name and wealth which she stoutly refused. Bella heard regularly from Florence the first five years of her married life, then letters grew few and far between, because Mr. Stanley, she would say is traveling, and I know not to what place you must direct my letters. Bella often wondered why Wallace Stanley had ever borne a false name, she could not define his motive for doing so.

When Bella had been teaching in this College about seven years she received a letter from a lawyer in Goldsberry stating that Cedar Hall had been recently purchased and refurnished for her benefit. Could that be possible. She was requested to take possession, which she did and engaged for her housekeeper, old Mrs. Brown of whom we have heard. It was a bleak, chilly night in December, just ten years from the night of Florence's marriage; a bright, hickory fire was crackling on the hearth, Bella stepped to the window to draw the blinds for the night, when she saw a carriage stop before the door, and a gray-haired man alighted with a little girl who skipped briskly up the broad, stone steps to the door. Bella went forward to meet the strangers. As she opened the door, the little one said sweetly:

"Is this Miss Stewartte? Papa said you were here."

"Yes, but who are you," asked Bella.

"Why don't you know papa and me. My name is Florence and his name is Wallace." Bella then recognized in this man her old friend Mr. Stanley.

"This is a pleasant surprise," she coolly said, as she ushered them into the drawing room. Tea was soon prepared and the tired travelers enjoyed the modest repast. Mrs. Brown cleared away the tea things, and Wallace seated

himself comfortably before the fire; Bella took the chair directly opposite, and the little one threw herself languidly down at her feet, resting the curly head on her lap. Wallace briefly related to his friend all that had happened.

He told of his Florence's death four years ago, "and now, dear Bella, will you refuse to grant my Florence's dying wish: 'Be a mother to my child." It is needless to say that I love you still, I thought I should never trouble you again with my love, but a year ago I received a despatch from Carl Thorn, requesting me to come to him instantly as he had a confession to make to me as he was dying. I did so; he told me of his love for you, how he and your mother had planned our separation. She wrote that cruel letter bearing your name, which I received about two hours before I left America, and I thought it of course true, as you had treated me so strangely the night before; so, you see the mystery has been untangled."

"Wallace, why did you bear the name of Skitchia?" inquired Bella.

"Because," he said, laughingly, "I was afraid that I would fail in my work, and I did not wish my right name to be known. Now that you know my history, will you not accept me just as I am," he said crossing to her side and fondly kissing the rosebud lips of the sleeping child. "Love me, for her sake," he said.

"I will love you for your own," was the crisp reply.

"Nobly said," exclaimed her lover. "You and I have again after many years of toil and hardship met never to part, I hope; I have at last regained my first love. I have learned many useful lessons during our separation, and it has been plainly pointed out to me that, *Patient waiting is no loss.*"

Mrs. Purdy's Parquisites.

ONE day, some time since, we were summoned to the parlor to see a visitor who had sent up neither card nor name. As we entered the room, an undersized, wiry, active, elderly, quaint-looking woman rose to greet us. We were struck at sight with the brightness of her dark, handsome eyes, and the russet redness of her thin brown cheeks. Her dress was of calico, starched and ironed to a miracle, and she wore an indescribable air of independent out-of-fashionness, which took our fancy at the start.

She was living on a ranch not a very great way from San Francisco. She was born in England, had come over to this country in her girlhood, had spent some years in Connecticut, had married a man in Pennsylvania, had tried her fortune in the West, and had finally drifted to California—all of which we learned in the course of after conversation, and noted that her speech bore evidence of her wanderings. She stood for a moment confronting us while she darted forth a keen look from under her great round hat which was tied down, Canada fashion, at the ears, and projected immensely fore and aft.

"Be you the woman that writes in the *Pacific?*

"I take charge of a column in the *Pacific* for the Woman's Board. Won't you sit down?" The interview promised to be interesting.

She dropped suddenly into her chair, and revealed as she did so a good-sized covered basket which stood by her side.

"Well, now, I am mighty glad I have found you! My old man he takes the *Pacific*, bein' brought up a Congregational, and I read it for my Sunday readin'—leastway your part in partikeler, and very often permiskus too. So I felt kind o' acquainted with you like; and thinks I to myself, the very first time I go to San Frisker I'll take a run over to Hoakland, and see if I can make her out."

"I'm very glad to see you—very glad you like our column so well; we want all our friends to like it."

"Wall, when you first begun that column, all about the missionaries and sich, it kind o' took me, and I detarmined I would do all I could to raise a little money. I've knocked 'round the world consider'bly myself, though not doin' it for the heathen, which ain't sayin' I hain't never found none; but that hain't here nor there. But I know by my own feelins' what it is to be

in a strange country, and everything queer and homesick like—let along the language, which must be powerful discouragin', especially if a body's hard to learn, which I don't s'pose the missionaries is, but some of 'em may be. We live on a ranch here always," with a jerk of the head, "and my old man he's tolerably close; and no wonder, bein' we've twice burned out, and moved three times, and hain't no children to look arter us byme-by, and old age a comin', if we live, and our sheep dyin' off the last year or two"—and she made a sudden halt and looked at us intently.

Here was evidently a warm heart, one that had learned sympathy for others by its own experience; one that was too loyal likewise, to cast reflection on any one else in doing its duty.

"I dare say," we replied, seeing that a reply was expected, and not knowing very well what else to say.

"Wall," she resumed, in a tone of good-natured toleration. "I knowed *he* had enough to see arter, and so I detarmined to raise what money I could myself, and give him no trouble about it. And of course I made my own butter. So, arter that, when I churned, I puts away a little in a missionary jar, which I called Mexico, and we neither of us ever missed it; and arter a while Mexico was full of butter, and we no wus off. Says I to myself,"—and a smile came into her eyes—"that's my parquisites. Everybody has parquisites in these days, and why shouldn't I?

"Which was all the same about eggs, and says I to myself: 'How shall I parquisite two layin' hens?' which I concluded to pre-empt two young layin' hens, me namin' 'em Japan and Turkey, and bein' lonely like out there on the ranch, and no one to talk to, I convarsed with 'em, as if they were folks. And I declare for't I reely think they understood me, for arter I had told 'em two or three times that they was parquisite hens, and must lay accordin', and shouldn't have no excuse about grain and gravel, 'cause I would give 'em plenty of both, them two hens went to layin' to that degree that I couldn't have done better myself, and they cut-cut-ca-da-cut-ed me out to them nests that much and that reg'lar, that it reely seemed as if they had the missionary on the brain. And they laid me forty dozen of eggs, did Japan and Turkey last year, and I got two bits a dozen for 'em all—which was pretty parquisiting for two hens—and the money put away with the fust—do you see?" And she came to the usual sudden stop; and waited for us to speak.

"Certainly. What wonderful hens you must have!"

"Yes, that *was* pretty good, And then there was my calf, which my husband, bein' so keen for money, of course we doesn't eat our own calves, but sells 'em. And one of our cows she dropped a calf that was a poor, puny little creatur', and the butcher wouldn't give nothin' for it, and my husband he said it would cost mor'n it would come to to raise it, and he was for

knockin' it on the head, and sellin' the pelt, which I begged him agin' it, and said I would raise it on skim-milk, which wasn't good for nothin' to nobody, if he would let me have it; and he said I might if I wanted to, and was a gre't fool for my pains. So I took it; and the rains came on and I went missionaryin' out to the shed every mornin' and every evenin', and het milk to carry to it—which it almost sucked the ends of my fingers off larnin' to feed—and wet my feet and slipped down into puddles, and got rained on tremenjus, and had the rheumatiz dreadful, me feelin' afraid all the time that I shouldn't make nothin' of her, but determined to try. And after some months of such work she took a start.

"And the way that calf growed when she set about it, beat all you ever see, besides making me into a woman's right woman, which I have believed in ever since, and shall as long as I am in this world—and in the next, too, if the men have all the say there as they do here, which I don't believe.

"And the calf was another parquisite, and shortly she began to act as if she understood all about it, and growed and growed till she had got to be the sleekest, han'somest creatur' on the place. Wall, as I said, Parkie—that is the name I called her by—acted as if she knowed her mission, and was a thinkin' it over, while runnin' after me whenever I came where she was, and a rubbin' her nose on my shoulder, and me a tellin' her how much butter she would be givin' me bymeby, and what a stiddy income she would be for the missionaries; and one day a man rode up to the door, and jumped down from his horse.

"Wall, my husband he took him all over the ranch, and they looked at Parkie a long time, and seemed to be talkin' her over; and I was awful proud (gre't fool) 'cause I thought they was admirin' her. Then the man he stayed outside, and my husband he came in and went through the kitchin where I was, and says he, careless-like: 'I'm thinkin' of sellin' the young heifer.' 'What young heifer?' says I, never thinkin' of nothin'; and says he, kind o' sharp like, 'The calf;' and says I, jumpin' up, 'What, my calf?' and says he, mighty scornful, '*Your* calf? It's *my* calf, I'd have you know,' and then he went out to the man ag'in.

"I sot right down and burst out cryin'. My husband is awful sot, when he *is* sot, and I knew it wasn't no use to say nothin', and I just cried like a baby; and with tears all runnin' down, I watched the man drive away my Parkie, and she a-hangin' back, and he a-whippin' her—and she never struck before in her life. And just then my husband came in, and says he, as if he was makin' up for all, 'You can have $10 of the money, if you want it;' and that made me mad. I didn't say nothin', but I just looked at him; and he didn't have no call to stay in *that* kitchen the rest of *that* day, I tell you. And I took on two or three days all by myself, and I got mad every time he spoke or came a'near. And one day as I sot by the kitchen table, with my

work done up and a clean apron, he walked in and threw a $10 piece into my lap, and says he, 'There is the money I promised you;' when I caught it and threw it right back at him just as hard as I could, and it hit him and fell on the floor; and he laughed and went out milkin.'

"By that time I had got to be awful wicked, and I sot thinkin' to myself about St. Paul, and how he says Sarah obeyed Abraham, calling him lord; and I hain't had no patience with St. Paul ever since. We get the other side of the story in the Old Testament, which it is pretty easy to see how Abraham had to give up to Sarah, and let her have her own way; and what would she have said if he had gone and sold her pet camel, I would like to know?

"Wall, the money laid on the floor three days, and me a sweepin' around it. Which at last I make myself go and pick it up, and put it with the rest of my parquisite money, and me a blubberin' while I did it. And maybe it won't do no good to the missionaries, on account of not behavin'—which I did ask the Lord's pardon for gettin' mad over it, and hope to be forgiven. But all along of that calf I shall always believe in wiman's wrongs—and all the ole bachelors may preach until they are black and blue. And St. Paul never was a married woman, and never had no idea what they have to put up with—and never brought up a calf neither, not as I ever heard of—did you?" And a smile spread over the worn, rugged face.

"No, I cannot say that I ever did," I replied, smiling back.

"And here is the money," said she, suddenly producing her purse; "and I hope you won't refuse it because I acted so. And if you have a mind to make me a life-member with it, there will be some to spare." And she placed in my hands $30, in three shining gold pieces—the fruit of how much toil, self-denial and pain! "And," said she, sinking her voice, and swiftly lifting up and uncovering her basket, "I want to know whether missionaries likes hard-biled eggs! I have brought some down, and if you think them three lady missionaries would like 'em I want you to send 'em to 'em. They'll keep, for I biled 'em myself fifteen minutes by the clock. And it would please Jap and Turkey most particular if they could understand, and I shall tell 'em, and they're all I got now to talk to, butter not being alive-like, and Parkie bein' took away. And if I should tell 'em that their own eggs which they've cackled over is hard-biled and sent to the lady missionaries, it would encourage 'em like, maybe. Which, if you can't send 'em to 'em to heathen lands, p'r'aps the Board would like 'em—leastways the yolks, as many does who won't eat the whites."

As she spoke, she rapidly emptied her basket on the table near, and hurried away, leaving me gazing in a half dazed condition at the hard-boiled eggs, while I held the shining eagles, her generous donation, clasped stupidly in my hand.—[*The Pacific.*

One Kind of Mission.

SALLY CAMPBELL.

"YES, Yes, I will; I won't forget!"

The impatience in Winnie Corbin's tones was quite perceptible, and the emphasis with which she shut the front door behind her amounted very nearly to what she called a "bang" when her brother Dan did it.

"I do wish I could get out of the house once," she said to herself, "without somebody calling a commission after me. I wish for one afternoon I could go straight to where I start out to go and not dovetail in a single household errand along the way. But it's to match a spool of silk here and leave a book there and deliver a message somewhere else; so that I have to go zigzagging from one side of the street to the other with a thousand things on my mind and never can walk serenely on to my main object."

Here Winnie stopped at a shop. When she came out again she took up her grievance where she had left it.

"Our family is so big and our funds are so small that we are obliged to be always making ends meet; we can't let our thoughts wander. Even an afternoon out must be utilized. Well, any way, I do my share of it all."

This was true. Winnie was a business-like, capable young person, who might be relied on to do thoroughly and skilfully what she undertook. The Corbin family had a great respect for abilities, from Grandmother Pickett down.

Winnie's "main object" this afternoon was a missionary meeting. She "wound up there finally," as she put it to herself, "late of course, and all out of tune, too bothered with her own one little corner to care much about the wide world." She slipped into a back seat and some more minutes passed before she could bring herself to listen.

When the meeting was over several of Winnie's friends joined her and they walked down the street together.

"You were late to-day, Winnie Corbin," said Ruth Bryce. "You ought to have heard what the president said about coming on time. She was so eloquent with us that I about decided to start out right after breakfast next month so as not to disappoint her."

At first Winnie's face clouded, but by the time Ruth had finished it was clear again.

"Do, by all means, and let me join you," she said. "Then, no doubt,

the others will profit by our shining example. Its outrageous to be so late as I was; but dozens of things happened at the last minute. I'll just have to leave a wider margin for them."

"As for Florence Hooper, over there," Ruth went on, nodding a salutation to a girl across the street, "she has skipped three meetings. I am afraid that her heart is not in missions."

"Are you really?" said Mary Keever. "How descerning you are! Who would ever have thought of that but you?"

They laughed, and Mary went on:

"I really think that Florence lifts up her soul into vanity more than any girl I ever knew. I guess all the serious thoughts that she has in a year would go on a sheet of note paper easily. I wonder what makes her so different from the other girls here in our town?"

"Perhaps the other girls' mothers," said Winnie. And then, in the little silence that followed her suggestion, she added, "I know my mother's daughter ought to be lots 'different-er' than she is from everything that's not the best."

"Wasn't Winnie queer this afternoon?" asked Mary when she and Ruth had turned off at their corner.

"How do you mean?"

"Why, I mean she didn't rail at life and she didn't take up a reproach against her neighbor even when I was bad and gave her a good chance. Winnie's a dear. I'm very fond of her. I suppose Winnie Corbin is what you might call an uncommon girl. She can do so much, and she never spares pains. But sometimes she's—well, sometimes she is a little———"

"Sharp," said Ruth, nodding her head comprehendingly. "I know."

"But this afternoon she wasn't a bit," said Mary. "Did it just happen so, I wonder, or why was it?"

When Winnie got home she went first to Grandmother Pickett's room.

"Here is your spool of silk, grandma," she said. "And here is one single violet that I found blowing in the sunshine. I picked it for my own dear little grandmother, and hope that she will accept it with my best love and duty. Don't you think you can like it nearly as well as if it was a bunch of orchids?"

"Indeed I can!" cried Grandmother Pickett. "I'm too old-fashioned for orchids, my dear."

It was only four or five minutes that Winnie stayed chatting. Grandmother had been feeling a little dull when she came in, but when she stooped down to kiss her good-by the sweet old face was as bright and smiling as the sweet young one.

Ta Winnie went to give account to her mother of the housekeeping errands, which she did in her usual clear and complete fashion. She ended her statement somewhat in this way:

"I ought to have a balance of twelve cents, and here they are. But besides all that, you know, even if we aren't the richest family in town we are the nicest—heaps and heaps the nicest! And the mother of us is a pearl."

The connection between the two wings of her remarks might not have been apparent to all, but, judging from her mother's look, it was eminently satisfactory to her.

After supper Dan hung around Winnie's chair for awhile with a good deal of desultory talk on a general topics. Finally he said with some diffidence:

"Look here, sis, all the fellows at school have got a new kind of necktie. They are just fine. And Bob Marshall said that his aunt made him one herself. He said he would lend me the pattern if—if I thought——"

"If you thought your sister was as clever as his aunt," supplied Winnie. "I hope you showed proper family pride. Bring on your pattern and I'll prove my ability to all and sundry."

Dan produced the pattern at once and with alacrity from its hiding place under a newspaper.

"Now, just wait and see," said Winnie, "whether I shan't compose a necktie that will bring tears of admiration to Bob Marshall's eyes."

Dan giggled expectantly.

"Hooray!" he said. "It's prime to have a sister that can do everything.'

Winnie laughed at the comprehensive compliment and answered, "Well it's pretty nice to have a brother who can split kindling and carry coal, and who generally whistles while he does it."

Dan was much pleased at this, though he had nothing to say openly. Only he confided to the pages of his Latin grammar:

"I didn't suppose she thought it was anything to see to the fires. A fellow doesn't mind working a little, but he likes it to be noticed some."

The days and the weeks and at last even the months passed until six of them were gone. It was a Sunday afternoon. Dan was half sick with a cold and Winnie had been reading to him. But the twilight crept on and for the last few minutes they had been sitting silent in the gathering dusk, At length Dan spoke:

"I say, what's made you change so much lately?"

Winnie looked up startled from her thoughts.

"Have I changed?"

"Any amount," answered Dan, positively. "You always could get more done than all the other girls I know put together. But you used to do it with a whizz and a bang that made everybody want to turn out and give you the road for fear of damages. A fellow never knew when his head might be taken clear off."

"What a lovely picture!" cried Winnie,

"But true to life. Not any more, though. It's altogether different, uow. What's the cause of it?"

"A missionary meeting that I went to last fall," answered Winnie promptly.

"Missionary meeting!" repeated Dan, skeptically. "I didn't know they had anything to do with sewing a person's buttons on for him in love, right in the midst of Christendom. Was it home or foreign?"

"Well, I don't know, exactly. That's a very mixed question. But listen, and I'll tell you. One afternoon when our society met I was late, and I was upset by it and cross. So I didn't hear much at first, and wasn't much edified. But finally somebody was reading a little story out of a missionary's letter and it caught my ear. It was about an old Chinese woman, oh, as old as the hills, and dreadfully———"

"Heathenish," prompted Dan.

"Yes, very; with a vixenish temper. But she heard the Bible read and sermons preached, and she changed about and joined the Christians. The letter said the 'religion of Jesus Christ had transformed her from a scolding shrew to a veritable household angel.' I don't know what else the letter said; I stopped there. I had had what the old worthies called an arrow of conviction, and I had to wrestle with it."

"What was it?"

"You see, something inside me took occasion to remark, 'You claim to have the religion of Jesus Christ, and how much has it transformed you?' Whereupon I proceeded to look at myself in the lump, which was bad, and then in detail, which was considerable worse. Finally, I concluded that I was not a household angel, that I was a scolding shrew to the present moment, and that, therefore, I must be a heathen."

"Oh, not quite," remonstrated Dan.

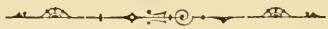
"Well, what sort of progress is it to be 'not quite' one? Any way, I made, up my mind at the missionary meeting that I would improve. And—and I've tried."

"You've succeeded, too," said Dan, with genuine brotherly approbation.

"But what kind of missions was it?" asked Winnie knitting her brows. "Not foreign, for that would mean evangelizing China, but this was China evangelizing me. And it wasn't exactly home missions, either, was it?"

"Maybe any kind means all kinds," said Dan. "Doesn't one of those poetry-making chaps talk somewhere about there being no 'near or far?' I guess missions are that way. The good that everybody does everywhere mixes up together and nobody can tell what'll become of it."—[*A True Republic.*

A Proposal by Proxy.



MY brother's trouble was summed up in these lines:

> I swear I adore her each morning I rise,
> Yet when I'm before her all my eloquence flies.

All this he confessed to me, his sister. To think of Jack being afraid of a girl was simply rich, and I could not help giving vent to my mirth. Jack, however, could see nothing funny in loving a girl, and being completely tongue tied in her presence, and he left my room, slamming the door behind him in no gentle fashion.

Later, I went to my brother's room to put away his things from the laundry. I patted, admiringly, his clean "ducks." I never wanted to be a man except when I saw my brother in all the glory of white ducks. A temptation came over me to put them on, and a few moments later found me transformed into a dazzling summer man.

We were strikingly alike, my brother and I. In fact, when he borrowed my cicycling suit for his part as a "new woman" in a play, every one thought it was I, until he undeceived them by attempting to put his hands in pockets in truly masculine style.

A brilliant thought! My brother had gone to the city, and would not return until midnight. Why not go and propose for Jack? I would watch out for Marian, wait under the old apple-tree until she stole from under the eye of her father, who did not approve of Jack, and then propose in the most lover-like manner.

The difficulty lay in the prospect of being unceremoniously ejected by Marian's father. I now really appreciated the difficulties of a man forced to court surreptitiously.

Love of adventure spurred me on, however, and casting a last admiring glance at myself in the glass, I ran down-stairs. I was much encouraged when auntie called to me: "Why, Jack, I thought you were in town!"

Everything went beautifully. I lay in wait, and was soon rewarded by the appearance of the lady, for the time being, of my heart.

I had always thought what a perfect proposal I would make were I a man, and I think I did. I led up to it in the most approved manner. and at the proper place drew her head tenderly to my manly bosom, and kissed her hair, her hands, her lips.

She remarked that she had never noticed how much alike my sister's voice and mine were, but she was evidently unsuspicious. I own I felt a little guilty; she was so loving, so glad that I loved her!

I was enjoying my novel experience quite as much as Jack could possibly have done, and time flew rapidly as I made plans for our future. I have often wondered how Jack—but that's another matter.

We were suddenly brought to earth by a noise a few feet away, in the direction of a hedge. She begged me to fly, and I needed little urging. Jokes concerning the popular methods used by fathers to dispose of unwelcome suitors flashed through my mind, and the "flesh" was "weak" enough to tremble as I pressed her to my heart in a last fond farewell.

When I reached home a light was burning in my brother's room. Had Jack returned? Running hastily to my chamber, I let down my hair, slipped into a dressing-gown, and surveyed, ruefully, the once resplendent "ducks." Why hadn't I remembered that Jack always spread a handkerchief before he sat down, and that even a proposal would not make him so far forget himself as to lean against a tree? However, the deed was done.

I went to Jack's room, and peeped in. He was lying face down on the bed.

"Is that you, Sis?" he called.

I went in, and when I saw his face, was thoroughly frightened.

"Jack," I cried, "what is it?"

After a few minutes he said: "I told you about Marian. Well, it was a dream. I came out on the nine, and went over, intending just to sit under the old apple-tree, where we always meet. I reached the hedge, and saw her with her head on some lucky fellow's shoulder. Of course, she's not to blame, and I am not worthy of her, but—oh, Sis, couldn't you have helped me?"

I drew a deep breath, and waded into my confession, not pausing until even the ruined clothes had been owned up to. I pass over my brother's reception of the news.

He took "the goods the gods provided," and "they lived happily ever after;" and she thinks the nicest proposal a girl ever had was the one under the old apple-tree.—[*Boston Post.*

A NEW SONG.

C. M. HINMAN.

(When the writer was young and the popular songs of the day more readily found their way to the responsive heart, one lay was especially dear. Not from the sentiment, which was not and never will be mine, but for a certain breezy buoyant swing it had, which could not be resisted. This song was the Pitcher of Beer. Fearing I might so far forget myself, as to attempt rendering it with proper gusto, the following parody suggested itself, which, while not closely following the text of the original, answered the purpose.)

I'm a friend to the poor man, where e'er he may roam,
His money I don't want to take,
I don't want to sadden his bright little home
Or the hearts of his family break.
So come, the pledge sign and drive out the wine,
How happy dear friends, we shall be,
When united all stand, for the good of the Land,
For Temp'rance, the cause of the Free.

Each day in the week, each week in the year,
Work for Temp'rance, we've nothing to fear,
Oh, let the beer pass, when it foams on the glass
And drink from the cold water clear.

There's many a man in this beautiful world,
So generous, so good and so kind,
Whom the demon of alcohol holds in his power,
Dethroning his will and his mind.
But we'll not be afraid to lend him our aid,
Good Samaritans ne'er turn away,
But they do what they can, for a poor, fallen man
Who has met with a thief on the way.

Be joyous and happy, this life's but a day,
So live for the good and the true,
And keep from the rum shop forever away,
You'll find its the safe thing to do;
Then draw up a chair and drive away care,
By the side of a friend good and brave,
Trying all your life long, with a word or a song,
Some poor man from drinking to save.

AN IDEAL GOVERNMENT.

HOW TO ATTAIN IT.

ALICE D. Le PLONGEON.

(The next article in this series will be by Lillian M. N. Stevens.)

IN view of the great number of voluminous works that have been penned and printed on the subject of government it seems difficult to express any thought that has not been already uttered several times over, and this by such capable and conscientious persons that to attempt to add anything seems superfluous. The trouble is that few of the wise things written are put into practice.

Modern conditions, constantly changing as they are, certainly create new necessities, and government has always been, from its most primitive beginning, an outcome of conditions that induced communities of human beings to make earnest endeavors toward mitigating the embarrassments which beset them on every hand as their methods of living became more complex.

The higher the civilization of a people, the more numerous its wants, if not its necessities, for the one is not indispensably the other: man may want a palace, he needs only a shelter.

An increase of mental capacity opens new avenues to attainments and pleasures, and in reaching out for these the human race makes all kinds of efforts which result in complications and refinements that would be entirely beyond the comprehension of primitive man.

In a modern city, where well educated persons are numerous, it is as difficult to draw a line with absolute certainty between need and desire, as it is to decide exactly where instinct and intelligence in the animal kingdom have their dividing line. The same desire that may be a mere whim in one individual may be a genuine necessity for another. For instance, there are temperaments to which music is so truly a necessity that to be deprived of it absolutely, has a depressing effect upon the general health of the person. But music is by no means essential to the well-being of all who claim to love it.

The happy mortals who can satisfy their necessities and distinguish between these and fanciful wants are on the high road to the truest philosophy of life.

Necessity, then, was the parent of government as it is of all other unfold-

ments. It began at a very early period after family ties were recognized. The physically strong perhaps resorted to cruelty to force submission from the physically weak. This is done to-day by some males, unworthy the name of man, among the rougher classes in our grandest cities. Hundreds of inoffensive, long-suffering women are chained by law to men whom they once loved but now only fear. Here is one of the thousand wrongs that government is supposed to right. And even in our highest social conditions the father of the family is by law vested with legal authority over the other members of his household; which seems just, as long as he also bears the responsibility, by no means a light one in the majority of cases, of providing for his offspring, until they are of an age to desire independence.

As regards the support of a wife—the man who wins the heart of a conscientious woman and marries her, makes an investment that will save him thousands of dollars in the course of his life, though he may not realize this. On the other hand, a selfish, extravagant woman is a life-long tax upon any man who must work for all he obtains. Between two extremes every variety can be found. But in all cases where the man is the money-earner, though the wife works just as hard at home, largely in his service, he can give or withhold by law; and the wife who has to beg for a dollar is not happy: upon this subject much might be written.

So complete was the paternal authority in primitive times that the father became a sort of deity after his death as is proved by the prevalence among the ancients of ancestor worship, which even yet holds the first place in the religious observances of the Chinese.

Originally it was the oldest member of the family that controlled all the others in the most absolute manner; but a gradual progress in thought resulted in general recognition of the fact that age is not inevitably coupled with wisdom; and finally it dawned upon certain clever individuals that public affairs might be improved by placing the ablest, instead of the oldest, man at the head of each community. This was the first departure from patriarchal government.

The confederation of families, such as that which existed in Homer's time, might really be regarded as a precursor of the confederation of states; the embryo of a great and complete system.

In studying the history of governments one lingers with pleasure over those pages which relate to Solon who in 594 B C. was made, by the Greeks, Archon Eponymus. Solon possessed the desirable qualities of experience, acquired by age; unquestionable courage; strict honesty of purpose and conduct, and a fund of wisdom, as far as humanity understands this. He was called upon to face a crisis, and for this reason was granted extraordinary powers, because all parties believed in his ability to formulate a constitution that would benefit all concerned. He proved himself highly worthy of this

confidence and left undone nothing that might insure the future welfare of the state.

To the poor who were in bondage for debts they could not pay, Solon gave freedom and annulled their debt; at the same time making it illegal to imprison a debtor. In fact all his first efforts were in behalf of the most oppressed portion of the community, his intention being that all men, regardless of their social standing, might better themselves if they possessed the right personal qualities for accomplishing this.

Before Solon had dreamed of becoming a statesman he had traveled in various countries as a merchant and in that way had acquired much information that in his important position, proved of great value to him.

A popular assembly was one of the reforms he instituted. Here, every citizen might vote, and the magistrates were elected by the assembly; to its vote, also, certain subjects had always to be submitted. Superior to this assembly was a congress of four hundred who first regulated everything that was to be sent in for its consideration. In the highest tribunal, the Senate of the Areopagus, Solon made important changes, constituting it a "supreme supervisory authority whose duty it was at once to watch over the collective administration; the behavior of the magistrates in office; the proceedings of the popular Assembly; and, in cases where it was required, to interpose; while at the same time it was bound to deal with the public discipline and the regulation of conduct in the most general sense of those terms; and in consequence possessed the right of bringing private individuals to give an account of objectionable behavior on their part." (Schömann, p. 332.)

This was an ideal arrangement inasmuch as it made corruption difficult, provided the members of this highest tribunal were themselves incorruptible.

The constitution of Solon made wealth a necessary element, a qualification in the acquirement of power, and it is unnecessary to indicate the evils to which this may have given rise. Possibly this is one of the reasons which prevented the constitution of Solon from being a success in every sense. Some parties thought he had done too much, others declared he had not done enough. But, although his own nephew, Pisistratus seized the power and held it, contrary to Solon's principles, to the end of his long life, and passed it to his sons, Solon's constitution outlived it all and was the basis of many excellent and enduring reforms.

Evidently, then, since his conscientious endeavors worked permanent good, Solon was the right man for the occasion and the place he filled.

The reformer who, actuated by the same genuine desire for justice to all men, completed Solon's work, was Clisthenes. He did not even reserve as Solon had done, the chief offices for the aristocratic Eupatrids; and his whole work tended toward an increase of democratic methods and principles.

Perhaps the most startling law enacted by Clisthenes was that of Ostra-

cism which provided that any statesman who might try to obtain a stronghold upon the community with a view to his personal aggrandizement or to a point which might create a spirit of bitter rivalry, could, with the Senate's consent, be temporarily expelled from the State. Six thousands votes in favor of the banishment of an individual made him an exile from Attica for ten years. This prevented the growth and domination of what Americans call bosses.

The reforms of Clisthenes proved to be a permanent success, for under his constitution Athens saw her best days.

Surely the secret of this was that justice for all classes was aimed at, if not fully realized. The ideal is never quite attained.

The Spartans endeavored to prevent political corruption by having all men engaged in the service of the state sufficiently well off for them to feel no desire to acquire more wealth, the purpose being to have their undivided attention centered upon their political duties.

Among the Spartans communism was really practiced to an extent; for the state took upon itself to re-distribute property from time to time; and obliged rich women to marry poor men, also making wealthy individuals adopt poor persons. Heiresses who were unlucky enough to fall in love with rich men might not marry the men of their choice. After this system was abandoned the population became gradually divided into two classes; the few very rich, and the many struggling for a living—a condition only too general at the present time.

Within historical times on the American continent there has been one government which, in some respects was ideal; certainly so for the time, place, and people to which it was applied. But the same methods would be totally unsuitable to the communities now at the head of what is called civilization, not that this civilization comes anywhere near our ideals, but because the condition is a little more polished and refined than some others existing on the earth.

The government referred to would be inapplicable for many reasons, but principally because the spirit of the age is one of pitiless competition, and the Inca systems allowed no room for this.

Each subject of the Peruvian Incas was granted an equal share of soil to cultivate for his or her maintenance, and to serve him as a foundation for his home. At his death the land reverted to the commonwealth. As there were no private capitalists, all enterprises and public works and improvements had to be undertaken and carried out by the government.

Such a being as a pauper could not be found in the entire empire, for it was a law that the land of the aged, weak, and infirm should be cultivated by the strong and healthy, these being bound to give their first attention to it, even before working the lands of the Inca himself.

For a moment one is almost tempted to regard a Government which provides against the possibility of any person lacking the necessaries of life, as fairly perfect; but it is doubtful if the poorest people among us would accept the conditions imposed under that regime, which gave to every man, woman, and child enough, yet cut off every possibility of their ever acquiring a superfluity that might increase and become a capital. We repeat that in many respects the system was ideal. It afforded no room for the growth of certain passions which make men odious to their neighbors. Extravagant ostentation, pride of possession, covetousness, envy, the contracting of debts for unnecessary luxuries, and a host of other silly human frailties, had no chance to develop. The Inca government was then ideal in some respects, for its time and its people.

A government must meet the necessities of the period and of the community whose interests it is intended to serve. Governments are the product of human thoughts, and if ever an ideal people develops on this earth, that people will frame for itself an ideal government. Whether the ideal can be attained by humanity is questionable, but it is always advisable to strive after it: indeed, we cannot avoid doing so, for this is a law of being.

In considering Roman and Greek history our attention is inevitably drawn to the fact that the masculine half of humanity alone was active in the formation of government and the making of laws; nor has it been otherwise in modern societies, not even among the French, though their ancestors the Gauls allowed women some share in affairs of state.

There are indications that among the most ancient nations of America, perhaps more particularly the Mayas of Central America, women took an active part in government; and the future may develop a condition where again on this continent the feminine portion of humanity will have a voice in framing the laws they are bound to obey. If the slowest evolutions are those which reach the highest point, perhaps woman will even improve upon what man has accomplished.

It would certainly seem that all classes should be represented by the best of each, regardless of sex or, perhaps better yet, by the best of each sex. Class is supposed not to exist in a republic; but as there is no such thing as equality in any department of nature, it cannot be found in the human family; and the most radical democracy can never prevent that grouping of people which results in the formation of classes. Like seeks like, a similarity of tastes, capacities and means, will always draw persons together. Water seeks its level and all life obeys the same universal law.

But although every class should be represented, it ought to be by the *best* of each. Where ethics reach their highest point, there the government will more nearly approach perfection. Christian communities say many flattering things about themselves; but as a matter of fact the various religions

existing among mankind and to which, according to his place of birth, each pins his faith, do not largely effect government. Elevating philosophy and liberal principles have done something toward purifying politics, but mere dogma and creed have accomplished nothing. The politicians of Christian nations do not set an example of incorruptibility to those called pagans.

The United States government is based on that of England, as the English was on that of Rome. Yet each new nation has the advantage of weighing results obtained by its predecessors, and should therefore be able to improve upon them. But nations, like individuals, seldom profit by the experience of others, preferring the old path of costly errors, each gradually working its way to such perfection as it is capable of attaining—seldom a high standard from an ideal point of view. Nevertheless, as humanity progresses so does its methods. For instance, the Romans had no Representative Assemblies; and this is a point that carried England far ahead of Rome: in justice, it must be added that Teutonic influence developed this.

Aristotle took into consideration only three forms of government; monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy: he wrote a great deal regarding their cycles of degeneracy and revolutions. Now if it be true, as Oriental philosophies teach, that humanity turns in a circle, it may surely be supposed that the circle is also spiral; and if mankind ascends as it circles, there is a progress which creates variations. The evolution of humanity, as a species, develops fresh necessities which demand new conditions. Democracy, in the broadest sense of the word, is increasing and extending on all sides among the more advanced nations.

As the end of government is to facilitate the aims of society, no government should ever lose sight of its duty to work for the greater good of the majority, the community at large, in whose service it has been organized. One of its first duties would seem to be the protection of those whom the powerful seek to oppress. Does any government make this a leading duty? Not unless it takes measures to prevent a too great monopoly of wealth.

Rome at one time set a limit to the amount of wealth each individual might accumulate; and taxed all old bachelors, as France, a few years ago, decided to do. At another period any citizen of Athens who squandered property in dissolute living was heavily fined. There too, as among the Spartans at a certain epoch heiresses were obliged, by law, to wed poor men.

The care of the poor and incapable is one of the duties of a government, but its proceedings are involved in such a network and knotting of red tape, that were it not for private charity the unfortunates would fare badly indeed.

The regulation of labor is another important function of government, but in reality labor is never regulated, except on paper—how can it be? Take the simple instance, well known to everybody, of legal holidays. On these days employees cannot be compelled to work; but if the employer

requests them to do so they comply with his wishes in order to avoid giving offence and exposing themselves to dismissal.

Leaving aside the question of employers, who are often harder worked than any of their employees, labor cannot be regulated, because the greater number of human beings succeed in making only a bare living by constant toil and economy. This means that apart from the labor for which they receive a cash payment, they have much other work to do; they must attend to all their own needs being unable to pay another for any kind of service. In this matter women are much more heavily taxed than men, not only owing to fantastic fashions, but also because, generally speaking, the raiment of men and boys is not kept in repair by themselves, but by the woman to whom they are most closely allied.

There are thousands of young women working from eight o'clock in the morning to six in the evening for a dollar a day. Do these stop work at six o'clock? Certainly not. They must use their energies in other directions. They are more tired on arriving home than on leaving their place of business. After the evening meal they must do the things they cannot afford to have another do for them.

Is child labor really regulated? Enter the home of any poor man and, wherever there are children, you will find little girls toiling from morn til. night. Does the mother exact this? No, but the little tender hearts are so sorry for the pale, weary mother, that the small hands are eager to help. Is this the fault of government? Let wise heads decide. Or is it only because man does not love his neighbor as himself? If some mortals have no leisure hours others pass their days in idleness. If some lack money for the necessaries of life, others are loaded with superfluities. Can this be regulated? Here indeed is a problem worthy of the earnest consideration of statesmen and philanthropists.

The definition and chastisement of crime is another function of government. In fact the greater number of laws are to suppress or to punish; to right some wrong, or deter would-be evil-doers. Another big subject this; right and wrong. Yes, there is a simple little rule that all can understand: that which hurts me would hurt another. But the persons who do exactly as they would be done by, all the time, in thought, word, and deed, are pitifully few!

From another standpoint right and wrong is largely a matter of geographical boundery; for humanity is so strangely constituted that the same act which to one set of people may appear quite correct will by another community be harshly condemned. It would be easy to specify some such acts, but they will occur to the reader who pauses to reflect.

Thought, conscience, and opinion on religion and morals are so extremely varied that the less governments undertake to meddle in these

matters the better it will be for all concerned.

But there are certain acts which all men know to be bad and cruel and they who commit these may justly be called wicked, whatever be the cause that made them so. Unhappily law is not always justice. Many a one has languished in prison for several years and then been "pardoned" (!) for the crime at last confessed to by the real culprit.

Are not prisons, except as temporary lock-ups, one of the greatest blunders of modern communities?

Within their walls are sheltered and fed a great number of objectionable characters, to whose maintenance the honest over-burdened toilers are forced to contribute. Legislators might surely do better than this for their fellow citizens. If wilful crime were to be punished by perpetual exile there would be less of it and life would be more pleasant for upright characters in our great cities, which badly need a wholesale clearance of persons detrimental to the common welfare.

Any country that needs soldiers, and all do at the present time, and will more during the next few years, might do worse than empty its jails into the battlefield. Many criminals have an abundance of physical courage and in war times are prompt in begging for permission to go to the front. There, they would redeem themselves or die; they would serve a purpose. In prison they are only a burden to themselves and the community, contributing to a focus of moral infection.

It is difficult to understand by what peculiar method of reasoning it was decided that, if hundreds of men are to be laid low by a foreign foe, the flower of the land, physically and morally, shall be the first sacrificed to Mars, while the most ignoble shall be kept alive to repeople the soil. Physical valor is an instinct hard to suppress—Heaven forbid that it should ever be diminished! But may not wisdom guide it into higher paths? Will it be impossible for the best men to curb their heroic impulses and hold themselves within bounds for better work than wholesale slaughter?

The worst men of the nation might be sent to the front ranks to die first. France and Mexico wisely send their *Companies of Discipline* to the posts of greatest danger. The best should be induced to live as long as possible for the benefit of the community. A dead good name is of little use. An incorrigible convict who falls in the ranks has put himself to the best possible use. And this is a very different thing from capital punishment—which is simply cold-blooded murder—for every soldier has a chance to cover himself with glory.

Education is a function of government, at least so far as free schools are concerned, and is one of the highest importance. But governments, being composed of individuals are liable to many errors, and the educational systems are far from perfect. Cramming is a poor way of educating. Every

pupil is made to learn something that will never serve him. Self development is the great need of the individual. Everyone has more capacity in some directions than in others and if the mental force scattered over a broad field and vast variety of subjects, was permitted to center on the particular lines for which each mind is best adapted, the results might be more satisfactory. Cramming is detrimental. General knowledge is good to an extent, but many of the subjects upon which scholars are forced to pass an examination, never serve them.

Education is the pivot upon which civilization and progress hinges; but education can not be confined to book learning. Sometimes it appears as if the modern intellect is being cultivated at the expense of generous and kindly sentiments. Pupils are urged to outstrip one another; emulation is laudable enough; but they are also rebuked for helping one another over difficulties. Is this well? Schooldays go, and the same spirit impulses men in every walk of life to strive unceasingly to get ahead of their fellowbeings —in art, in science, in all the professions, in commerce, in mechanics, and in politics.

Here we return to our subject.

Can an ideal government be even hoped for as long as politicians are self-seeking? Office hunters want a salary, or power for personal ends; their chief aim is not to serve the best interests of the people who elect them. A government composed of such individuals cannot be expected to do more than keep up an appearance of interest in its duties.

There can be no ideal government without ideal men, and although these can be found, their self-esteem and lofty principles deter them from entering a field where they would inevitably come into contact with contemptible actions and much corruption.

All constitutions planned, penned, and signed by men are full of flaws and need amending again and again. To expect any constitution to stand unamended, especially that of a growing nation is about like asking a man to wear the garments made for him when he was a lad. The truth of this is exemplified in the fact that fifteen amendments have already been made in the Constitution of the United States. Others will naturally follow; and it seems reasonable to suppose that one of the very first changes made will be that the President shall no longer be supreme commander of army and navy. War should be left to the management of those who have made a lifelong study of the subject.

It would seem too that as long as incompetent men are elected to the presidency the entire executive power should not be vested in the President. It is a dire calamity for any country to lack a great man at its head in an emergency. Great men can be found at all times, in every land; but these do not force themselves upon public attention; nor would the populace

welcome them, because the populace is generally blind to its own truest interests.

There would be some progress toward an ideal government if self-respecting citizens, of both sexes, should vote, and the less desirable element be prevented from so doing. To draw a line between the two would be no easy task; but no great ends are reached without much thought and labor.

Woman, not open to citizenship, and therefore classed with criminals and imbeciles, has no voice in the framing of the laws she must obey, no share in politics. The most highly educated and noble woman in the United States counts for less, politically, than the meanest male voter in the Republic. We say nothing about color, for in this great land there is every variety of complexion from many climes.

Would the best class of women vote?

This question may be answered by another.

Do the best class of men vote?

The writer personally knows a few who fail to comply with this duty because they have no respect for the parties nominated; but an immense concourse of incorruptible men do vote, thank Heaven! and so it would be with the women.

There are occasions where woman's co-operation would be a godsend to the nation. As a case in point: if a woman, or several women, had been entrusted to provide food and raiment for the soldiers who went out in the cause of Free Cuba, the mortality in the army would have been not nearly as great as it was. Every woman's heart would have warmed to the work of considering each item that could have comforted and guarded the lives of the boys far from home. Not a woman, no matter how poor, would have put money in her pocket, to the detriment of the defenders of the Stars and Stripes.

What do sordid speculators care whose son, whose brother, falls? Speculators and contractors must not lose opportunities!

O, this thirst for wealth, this love of "getting!" It is the curse of this earth! the root of corruption, the vice of the age; to be ahead of others, no matter who is trampled under foot in the mad rush for power, for distinction, for wealth, for admiration, for pleasure, for any and everything that each individual considers most desirable. It is this spirit, dominating the thousands who build up the governments, that makes anything like an ideal government an impossibility for the present.

Nevertheless, a time must come when humanity will learn, by experience, that true happiness can be secured only through working for the welfare of all; and then, if this old globe continues to whirl through space, smiled upon by Sol, its inhabitants may enjoy an ideal government.

From a Trip Around the World.

BY THE FAMOUS TRAVELERS E. AND E. AND THEIR EQUALLY FAMOUS SERVANTS S. AND P.

THERE are two rivers, rich with historic memories; and travelers journeying in the part of the world where these rivers are located, never fail to mention them as giving direction to their travels. One is the Nile, and the other the Rhine.

Other rivers there are, of as much and more importance, but they are alluded io incidentally. But no traveler through Germany and Switzerland, fails to speak of his trip up or down the Rhine.

It would be difficult to write a description of such a trip with a expectation of saying anything new. Nevertheless, to write of a journey around the world and not give a description of the Rhine, would be like the play of "Hamlet," with Hamlet left out. The Rhine is the great avenue of central Europe, and on its silver thread, for seven hundred miles, are strung the pearls of love, adventure, romance, tragedy, and comedy, till one may fancy it a necklace of transcendent value, rich, like the "page of knowledge," with the "spoils of time."

It is, in fact, its constant succession of beautiful and historic objects, each crowned with its appropriate legend, that gives to this great stream of Germany its matchless charm.

Navigable, for more than six hundred miles, through the very heart of Europe, its dominion has been battled for throughout the centuries. Its banks have echoed to the shouts of warlike Gauls, Teutons, Romans, Franks, and Normans, and on its surface have been cast the shadows of the world's great conquerors and chieftains,—Cæsar, Attila, Charlemagne, Napoleon, and Von Moltke. But to judge of the power and beauty of the Rhine one should not view it at random, but rather mark its origin and trace its growth along that path which leads it from a mountain rivulet, to an imposing and majestic stream.

Its birthplace is in the heart of Switzerland. Its parents are the sun, and a monster Alpine glacier. The traveler can behold it at the glacier's terminus, leaving exultingly its ice-bound cradle, as though rejoicing in the thought of freedom. A few miles farther down its course, we find the youthful river rushing on, apparently eager to prove its new-found strength and

speed. Just before reaching Lake Constance, the Rhine receives its first tributary, the Tamina, which hurries like a race-horse, through a deep and picturesque gorge, as though in haste to join the youthful Rhine in its onward journey to the sea. The beautiful lake, about one hundred miles in circumference, is bordered by five different countries, Bavaria, Baden, Austria, Wurtemberg, and Switzerland.

Upon a gently sloping hill above Lake Constance, is an old-fashioned, modest country-house, which several times within the present century has stood forth prominently on the political background, not alone of France, but of the whole of Europe. It is the Chateau of Arenenberg, for years the home of Josephine's daughter, Queen Hortense, and her son Napoleon III. It was in 1817, while Napoleon was still a captive at St. Helena, that Hortense, exiled from France by the decision of the allied Powers, came to this quiet resting-place, hoping to end her troubled life with a few years of such tranquil happiness, as it had not yet been her fortune to enjoy.

Here, in her exile, that devoted mother welcomed as guests the famous men, who, during the first empire, had filled the world with their renown; and they, in turn, in this comparatively humble home of ex-Queen of Holland, loved to recall the triumphs of their Emperor, and tell the stories of his wonderful campaigns.

This chateau, therefore, was a school for Louis Napoleon's ambition; and since it was from this, his mother's residence, that he went forth to become President of the French Republic, and finally the acknowledged sovereign of France, Arenenberg may be regarded as the starting-point of that astonishing political cycle, in which Napoleon the Little strove to imitate Napoleon the Great. The Rhine soon leaves its native country and enters Germany, to which thenceforth its splendor and its fame belong. As it advances, it deepens and broadens. It is soon to encounter resistance, for at Schaffhausen, a monstrous ledge of rock, three hundred feet in width rises to bar its further passage, but as though laughing in derision at this attempt to stop its onward course, it rushes forward, bounds over the cliff and falls eighty-five feet, but as though this leap was but a frolic it shakes from its brow a billion glittering drops which sparkle in the sun like clouds of diamonds, and sweeps along unharmed and free.

A few hours atfer leaving Schaffhausen, the traveler in Rhineland reaches, by a trifling détour, the former paradise of gamblers, and the still charming health resort,—Baden-Baden.

Should the reader ever visit this place we advise him to select a hotel not far from the music, gaiety and beauty of its famous park; for that is the spot where the pulse of Baden-Baden beats most rapidly.

The Hotel Messmer, where for many years the old Kaiser William and the Empress spent a few weeks each summer, and mine host, Herr Messmer,

will furnish you a delightful, homelike resting place at a moderate charge, where you will be in a position to enjoy all the attractions of this delightful retreat. Step upon a balcony of this hotel and survey the scene before you, On all sides are graceful hills, dark with the splendid foliage of the Black Forest, from which, at frequent intervals, in striking contrast to their sombre background, emerges, to glitter in the sun, the white walls of some pretty villa.

One is the residence of a Russian prince, who long before the frozen arms of the river Neva release St. Petersburg from their prolonged embrace, forgets here, amid opening flowers and the song of birds, the chill and gloom of Russia's capital.

In the foreground, so near, in fact, that we can toss a coin into it from our balcony, is the Casino Park, lined on one side with an enticing restaurant and the "Conversation House," and on the other with a row of tempting shops. In front of these stands the pretty music-stands, where, three times a day, at early morning, afternoon, and evening, a well-trained orchestra affords enjoyment to attentive listeners. An Oriental sovereign, well versed in pleasures, once decreed that he should always be awakened by music.

Each morning, about seven o'clock, we are gradually roused to consciousness by the inspiring harmonies of a German choral; and then, for a full hour, half sleeping, half awake, we will enjoy a concert, just far enough removed to make its strains seem echoes from the realm of dreamland, just near enough to let us lose no portion of its melodies.

"But if the weather be rainy," you may ask, "are we to be deprived of music?" By no means. The visitor, in such a case, may leave his hotel balcony and enter the "Conversation House," to find himself in a superbly decorated hall, where dazzling chandeliers rival sunlight, and waxed floors tempt visitors to dance in rhythm to the music of the orchestra, which has come in from the pavilion. Very different, however, was the scene displayed here thirty years ago. The "Conversation House" was then the famous "gambling hell" of Baden-Baden, where green baize tables and the fascinating roulette-wheel lured thousands of the butterflies of wealth and fashion to their ruin, like moths to a flame. But now, since gambling is no longer allowed, Baden-Baden has become virtuous by compulsion. Despite its loss, however, the place is still attractive. The beauty of its situation, the healing properties of its springs, its lovely park, and the adjoining forest draw admiring thousands to enjoy the scenery, and listen to the charming music, which, hour after hour, floats upon the air. The only persons who will tell you they regret the prohibition of gaming are the shop-keepers, who, naturally enough, desire the good old times when fortunes, made or lost in a night, were spent with fabulous rapidity.

One can hardly imagine how gay and animated is the scene on which the

tourist gazes from the windows of the Hotel Messmer, especially at night. The long, brilliant avenue is then filled with promenaders, the chairs on either side are occupied, waiters flit about, dispensing light refreshments, and during the pauses in the music the air is filled with the hum of conversation. Seated at such a time upon the private balcony of your room, you look down on that scene, as on the stage from a proscenium box, able to view and listen to it all with perfect ease, and, literally, if you choose, attired in dressing-gown and slippers.

Not far from the "Conversation House" is the Drinking Hall, a handsome structure nearly three hundred feet in length, whose noble portico, adorned with frescos representing the legends of the Black Forest, makes it a most agreeable promenade for those who come here for the cure. In the rotunda of the edifice rises the celebrated spring of Baden-Baden, the virtue of which have been sung for centuries. As its waters have a temperature of about one hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit, it is not surprising that such a covered gallery has been provided, where invalids can walk, and wait with patience till the liquid cook. It may perhaps console them to remember that, nearly two thousand years ago, people were doing here precisely the same thing. For when the building was in process of construction, extensive relics of Roman baths were discovered, proving that those old conquerors of the world had learned the efficacy of this spring, and had erected their votive tablets to the gods.

Seated at the window in our hotel and looking off beyond the town, about three miles, we see a ruin of enormous size, crowning the summit of a wooded mountain. It is known as Das alte Schloss, or the Old Castle, and was the residence of the lords of Baden, who in the Middle Ages ruled this region with a rod of iron. Two hundred years ago the French dismantled it, and then, for half a century at least, it lay neglected in the forest solitude. But now a visit to the Old Castle is the favorite excursion to be made from Baden, and every pleasant afternoon a score of tourists, who have approached it by long walks or drives completely shaded by gigantic trees, may be seen standing on its ruined walk, gazing with delight upon the scene below. The entrance to this castle is a narrow portal beyond which one can see a winding passage, resembling a street in an old Oriental town. The outer gate was only the first of many similar portals which followed one another, like successive doors in a safe-deposit vault. A handful of determined men could easily, therefore, have resisted here an army of invaders; for, in addition to the ponderous gates, the walls were pierced with narrow loop-holes, through which the garrison could with safety fire upon the enemy. To-day how great the transformation! The massive walls are roofless, and visitors may enter fearlessly a corridor, which no doubt, in the period of the castle's glory, frequently echoed to the clang of arms and tramp of horse's feet. Where

mailed watchmen stood guard, a peasant woman keeps a booth of trinkets.

Many warlike deeds are said to have been performed in ancient times in and about the Old Castle, but it is not necessary to go into antiquity for thrilling scenes connected with its history. One day, as we were climbing to the highest portion of the building by some rock-hewn steps, Herr Messmer told us of a tragic incident of which he had been personally cognizant. When gambling prevailed at Baden, almost as many suicides took place in the Black Forest as now occur at Monaco. Among the visitors here, in 1863, were a young Russian officer and the lady of his love. They had eloped from Moscow. Their funds had become exhausted. The money on which the young man counted was refused him, save on condition that he left his friend and came bark to his family alone. Unwilling to do this, in his despair the officer tempted fortune at the gaming table. In vain!

In one brief hour he had lost the little money that remained to him. Leaving the brilliant hall, he plunged directly into the Black Forest, and made his way to this castle. It was a glorious night and moonlight lent enchantment to the place; but its beauty offered him no consolation. Meanwhile, alarmed at his delay, suspecting his design, and acting upon the information given her by a servant, the lady followed breathless in his footsteps. Again and again, in the darkness of the wood, she called his name, but met with no response. At last, when she had dragged her trembling limbs almost to the entrance of the castle, a pistol-shot rang out upon the air.

Half frenzied, with recovered strength, she bounded up the ruined battlements, to find her lover dead beside the wall. She did not hesitate a moment. Pressing a farewell kiss upon his lips, still moist and warm, she took the pistol from his hand and in an instant more fell lifeless by his side.

It is, of course, for the interest of the people of Baden to make the place as beautiful and inviting as possible. Accordingly, the authorities leave no thing undone to render it attractive. In addition to its magnificent bathing establishment, and the Casino Park with its frequent concerts, illuminations, and select entertainments, the town itself resembles a lovely garden, in which a long avenue, called the Lichtenthal Allée forms a delightful promenade, adorned with fountains, flowers, and shade trees, among which flows the little river Oos, spanned by a multitude of pretty bridges, and bordered by superb hotels and charming villas. An attempt was once made on this promenade to assassinate old Emperor William. One day, when he was walking here, a miserable wretch sprang behind a tree, aimed a pistol at him and fired. Instead of hitting him, however, the bullet entered one of the adjoining elms. The tree, in consequence, came very near suffering the fate of the famous willow which overhung Napoleon's grave at St. Helena,—that of being carried away piece-meal by relic hunters. Accordingly the town authorities encased its trunk in a stout coat of canvas painted black. But

even this did not suffice. The tourist's knives cut through the canvas and attacked the tree. Herr Messmer then suggested the idea of covering the two adjoining trees also with canvas. This plan proved perfectly successful, for strangers, being at a loss to know which tree was the historic elm gave up all hope of relics, and retired in confusion.

One of the charms of Baden-Baden, is the great variety of forest drives and walks in its vicinity. Thus, within a few hundred feet of the Casino Park, you can enter the Black Forest and stroll for miles beneath imposing trees on paths which, for a considerable distance from the town, are carefully swept every day by old women.

It is necessary to see a German forest to comprehend its beauty. Before going to Germany the reader will have very little idea of what a well kept forest is, but after spending a few delightful days in the Thuringian and Black Forests, the many German songs and poems which describe them are readily understood and heartily appreciated.

The Black Forest, for example, on the edge of which Baden-Baden is situated, is ninety miles in length and twenty-five in breadth, and tourists can drive through it on finely graded, macadamized roads, amid thousands of majestic trees which foresters keep free from underbrush and useless limbs; while, here and there, a ruined monastery or romantic castle cuts its profile sharply on the sombre background. Moreover, trailing in and out, like silver threads among the stately pines, are little streams which fill the air with freshness and the cadence of a song. What wonder, than, that no part of Europe is richer in poetic legends than the Schwarzwald?

Books have been written merely to describe them; a hundred castle walls preserve them still in fresco, or in tapestry; and the quaint dwarfs and giants, princesses and fairies of whom we read with bated breath in childhood, were all of German origin, and usually played their parts good or ill within the limits of this forest.

It is not long ago that the good, simple-minded people of this region firmly believed that these dark-hued pines were once inhabited by golden-haired sirens, so fair and white that they seemed born of the water-lilies, and that, when the moonbeams turned by their caress the surface of the rivers to a silver pavement those fair nymphs danced thereon the whole night long, until the first pale streak of day came glimmering in the east, when they would vanish like a dream. Absurd, of course, these legends seem to-day; yet who will deny that, in a poetic sense at least, the world is poorer by their loss? Hidden away from the world, in the cool depths of the Black Forest, within the shade of stately trees and within easy distance of some beautiful cascades, is the once famous monastery of All Saints.

That all who lived within its walls were saints, we would not affirm; but it was certainly a noble building in its prime, five hundred years ago, and

held its place as one of the richest institutions of the kind in Germany.

At the very beginning of this century, however, its property was confiscated and the site abandoned. A miserable fortune then awaited the monastery, since it was purchased for a cotton-mill. Apparently the gods protected it from sacrilege; for, on the very day when its new owners were to take possession, the lightning bolt set fire to the massive edifice and made of it the ruin which we see. No lover of the beautiful, however, can regret it; for now, instead of a prosaic factory, the tourist finds in this delightful spot one of the finest ruins to which luxuriant ivy and romantic legends ever lent their charm.

Soon after leaving Baden-Baden another charming feature of the Rhine-and greets the traveler in Heidelberg. Here we will rest beginning our next article with a description of the famous Heidelberg castle.

LIFE'S HAVE-TO.

M. L. FOSTER-PARKER.

Every one's life has a great *have-to* in it,
We can't always do what our hearts love best,
Work if inclined to, and stop any minute,
For pleasure, or profit, or freedom, or rest.

There's one great master ever stands in our way,
And which we sooner or later must claim;
Sometimes it is pleasant, but oft hard its way
And *Force of Circumstances* is its name.

Human nature's a natural lover of ease,
And never from choice does it willingly work;
Its bent inclines to the do-what-you-please,
And all unpleasant things it would shirk.

How brave and strong must our hearts then be,
To meet the rough edges that line the way,
Of that path called duty for you and for me
That we must travel day after day.

The Dawn.

SUCCESSFUL BLIND PEOPLE.

F. E. CLEAVELAND.

In this department, which is dedicated to the cause for the advancement of which this periodical is published, we hope to serve a double purpose. We wish first to call the attention of the seeing world to what it is possible for blind persons to accomplish.

Second, to have this knowledge, by means of the thoughtful kindness of our subscribers, reach the sightless everywhere and stimulate them to make the most of their lives.

Every blind man or woman, young or vigorous, with a favorable opportunity may become self-sustaining. The right amount of perseverance will command the opportunity. All who wish to know what is being accomplished to increase the methods by which blind people may become independent are invited to open correspondence with the American Association to Promote the Education and Employment of the Blind, 3124 Fourteenth St. N. W., Washington, D. C., enclosing stamp for reply.

The following biographical sketch, prepared at the request of the editor of *The Problem*, by Henry J. Soerheide, associate member of the Committee on Membership, School for the Blind, Lansing, Mich., is reprinted for the readers of TALKS AND TALES.

Ambrose Milton Shotwell, Editor, Author and Teacher, was born on a farm in western New York on May 30, 1853. It was early observed that his sight was defective and that he could discern large objects in bright light only; and some years later even this power failed him. He was sent to the country district school at the usual age, where, through the aid of his older sister and the kind interest of his teachers, he made creditable progress in such studies as it was thought he could most successfully pursue. He early manifested a great fondness for the sciences, and at the age of ten displayed his rare mathematical ability by demonstrating—or as he at the time imagined, discovering—quite independently several well-known geometrical theorems, and at the age of fifteen had completed the study of trigonometry.

At the first opening of the New York State School for the Blind at Batavia, his country seat, in September, 1868, this diligent and enthusiastic student entered that institution, and five years later graduated with first honors and with the respect and confidence of all.

Having moved to Concord, Mich., where he still resides, he there made brooms for two years, and in 1875–6 he taught the same trade to the boys of the Wisconsin School for the Blind.

In the autumn of 1876 Mr. Shotwell entered the State Normal School at Ypsilanti, Mich., where, having taught successfully in the school of observation and practice, he graduated with high honors from the full English course two years later. During the next two years he labored zealously for the establishment of a state school for the Blind separate from that for the Deaf Mutes at Flint; and his efforts were rewarded by the passage in May, 1879, of the bill which he had drafted for that purpose, with some amendments, and by the consequent opening of the present school at Lansing in September, 1880.

During the summer of 1879, Mr. Shotwell acted as secretary of the first reunion of teachers and pupils of the New York State Institution for the Blind and a few months later began the publication of a small periodical in the interest of the Blind. For three years 1880–83 he taught with marked success in the Arkansas School for the Blind; afterward experimented with the calling of bookseller and newsdealer; and for five years served as an observer for the Michigan State Weather Bureau.

In the autumn of 1892 he entered the School for the Blind at Lansing to acquire the art of piano-tuning and repairing, and subsequently accepted the position of official stereotyper for the same institution, which position he has acceptably filled for the past six years.

In 1886 Mr. Shotwell began the compilation of a geneological record of the Shotwell's in America and certain allied families, visiting Ohio, New York, New Jersey, and Ontario to gather information for the work, and publish the results of his investigations in 1898. He established beyond question his lineal descent from four English kings, including Alfred the great, three French kings, two grand dukes of Russia, and one emperor of Constantinople; also from the great grandfather of General Nathaniel Greene, of revolutionary fame, and from the maternal grandfather of Benjamin Lundy, the distinguished anti-slavery leader, etc. Yet a more thoroughly democratic republican reformer and friend of the people in principle and practice, it were not easy to find.

He modestly says that the chief genealogical difference between himself and his neighbors consists in his having the names and more or less satisfac tory records of a hundred or more of his ancestors, while few of those about him can name more than eight or ten of theirs, adding the mathematical deduction that England had not in the time of the Norman conquest inhabitants enough to constitute any young person's entire ancestry, unless possibly by reason of consanguineous marriages, while the total population of Europe in the time of Alfred the Great was not sufficient for any man's purely divergent ancestry of thirty generations.

Mr. Shotwell has taken a lively interest in moral reforms and philanthropic causes generally, aad particularly in the work of the American Blind People's H. E. and G. I. Association, which organization, in the autumn of 1898, placed him at the head of a committee to endeavor to secure from any available source the necessary funds to enable capable and worthy alumni of the special schools for the blind in the several states to pursue and complete courses of training for larger spheres of usefulness in life through existing colleges, conservatories, and universities of their own selection. And largely through his efforts, the Nolan Bill—House Bill 4347—for this purpose, which his Committee of Five has had introduced in Congress, has won the favorable consideration of true friends of the Blind in various states and territories.

Mr. Henry Campbell, of North Baltimore, Ohio, is a blind man who has acquired sufficient wealth to be able to live at ease. He did a successful business as a broom-maker, investing his surplus in land that after he purchased it, developed oil. His industry and his judgment have combined to prove that men need not always be limited by blindness.

Dr. Howie, a blind man of Mt. Lebanon, Syria, whose writings occasionally appear in TALKS AND TALES, with the assistance of Mrs. Howie arranges on white cards about 4x6 inches, pressed flowers and ferns which he calls "fragments of the Holy Land." The work is beautifully done, the delicate flowers retaining their colors. The proceeds from the sale of these cards help towards the support of Dr. Howie and his family. They are mailed prepaid 10 for $1.00 and can be secured by addressing Dr. Howie at Shweir, Mt. Lebanon, Syria. They would make fine Christmas gifts and so serve a double purpose.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

JOHN MILTON.

When I consider how my light is spent
  Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
  And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
  My true account, lest He returning chide:
  "Doth God exact day labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask; but patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies: "God doth not need
  Either man's work or His own gifts; who best
    Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best; His state
Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
  And post o'er land and ocean without rest:
    They also serve who only stand and wait."

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

The Baby Choir.

KATE W. HAMILTON.

"Now all you tots sit in a row,
'Cause you are the big church choir,
And I'll stand here to lead, you know;
And when I wave my stick—just so—
Then you must all sing higher."

But Roy sang of a "choo choo" car,
And Gracie of "nice weather,"
While Rob's and Bessie's "twinkie star"
Went wandering high and low afar—
They couldn't keep together.

The little leader's eyes grew wet,
And then a smile o'erran them;
"You see, mamma, they can't do it;
They can't sing songs the leastest bit,
And so they singed an anthem!"

BURYING THE HATCHET.

ROB, with box in his arms and a spade over his shoulder, had slipped quietly around the house and into the garden. He hoped Dot would not discover him until her unfortunate chicken, which lay in the box covered with roses and clover blossoms, were safely buried.

The chicken during its brief life, had not been a source of unmixed joy to any one but Dot, for it was a motherless chick, that she had found and brought into the house, and as soon as it was strong enough to run about, it followed her everywhere with its ceaseless "chirp! chirp!" in a way that was very inconvenient. It was constantly under foot, endangering its own neck and making people uncomfortable; but, as Dot's pet, it was tolerated by everybody but the cat. Tabby failed to see any reason for treating it with respect, and so one day she pounced upon it and choked it out of existence.

Dot had covered her favorite with tears and flowers, and Rob, at his mother's suggestion, had tried to spare the small maiden the grief of witnessing the burial. But the attempt was vain. A shrill voice called, "Rob, what are you doing?" and in a moment Dot's inquisitive eyes were taking in the whole scene. Fortunately she found it so interesting as to lighten, in some degree, its mournfulness.

"I'm glad you're making it in such a pretty place, Bobby," she said. "I s'pose chicky was a good deal in the way—mother says so—and any way she'd have been a big hen pretty soon, and that wouldn't have been so nice. But I'll never like Tabby again, not one bit."

"Oh, see here now, Sis, Tabby didn't know any better!" said Rob,

in good natured expostulation. "She's only a cat, and she didn't understand that you'd made a pet of this particular bunch of feathers. Being cross at her won't bring chicky back again, so you'd better bury the hatchet, and be friends."

"What would I bury a hatchet for?" asked Dot, more impressed by that strange advice than by her brother's reasoning.

Rob laughed.

"That means to stop quarreling—not to be angry any more. When Indians have been at war with each other, and are ready to be friends, they bury a hatchet. That's a sign that they're willing to stop fighting."

"Do folks always stap fussing after the hatchet is buried?" asked Dot.

"Of course; that's what it means!"

Dot watched the smoothing of the ground with a thoughtful face, and walked back to the house by Rob's side in unusual silence.

The family had finished dinner when Fred, Rob's senior by two years, came to the door with a sharp call.

"Rob, where have you put the ax?"

"Nowhere; I haven't had it," answered Rob, promptly. But the reply did not satisfy Fred.

"Yes, you have; you must have had it, if you'd only take the trouble to think. You're always carrying things off and forgetting where you put them. Come out and hunt it up!"

Fred was in a hurry and decidedly impatient, and Rob's face flushed at the order.

"Hunt it up yourself, if you want it. I tell you I haven't had it—I don't know anything about it."

"But you must have done something with it," persisted Fred, "for it isn't in the tool house, and I know I left it there."

"You know a good many things that you aren't sure of," retorted Rob.

This sort of jarring was far from uncommon. Fred was inclined to be dictatorial on the ground of being the elder, and Rob was so determined not to be imposed upon that he was often irritating and disobliging by way of showing his independence.

"Boys!" interposed the mother's grieved, reproving voice. But anything more that she might have said was drowned in a wail from Dot.

"It didn't do it! I tried, and it isn't true. Rob said if you buried a hatchet folks wouldn't quarrel any more. I couldn't find any hatchet, so I dragged the ax down, and buried it 'side of Chicky. And now you boys fuss worse'n ever!"

The boys looked at each other with a shame-faced smile gradually displacing the flush of anger.

"Where did she put it?" asked Fred, in a tone that had lost its sharpness.

"I'll show you," Rob answered.

There was very little trouble in finding the missing implement, for Dot was not a success at digging. Then Fred met his brother's eyes, and laughed.

"I'm afraid she didn't get it deep enough for a lasting peace. But I say, Rob, we might be a little better tempered without hurting ourselves. I'll try it if you will."

"Agreed," said Rob.

And to this day, when clouds arise in the Lincoln household, some one is sure to ask, "Isn't it about time to drag the ax into the garden?"—*Selected.*

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE GLOBE-TROTTERS.

CHINA.—The outlook in China has improved during the past month. The Powers seem at last to have come to an agreement. Germany has withdrawn from her first position. This is evidenced by her note of October 2, in which she accepts an edict of the Chinese Emperor, ordering the punishment of those guilty of instigating the Boxer outrages. Russia and France offer no objection to this program but they propose, however, that the shipment of arms into China be prohibited hereafter, that China pay an indemnity and give guaranties for future good behavior, and that the road from Peking to the sea shall be kept open by foreign military occupation. Russia has formally declared that the report that she had annexed a part of Manchuria is entirely without foundation. The efforts of the United States to induce the Chinese Imperial family to return to Peking has drawn from them the statement that they are restrained by fear of the allied forces there. The members of the Imperial family intend to abandon Jaiyuen and to proceed southwestward to Singan, the capital of the province of Shensi. This place is strongly fortified and here they will be for a time practically inaccessible to every Power but Russia. Two hundred thousand Chinese troops have already been gathered together in the province of Shensi.

PHILIPPINES.—The Philippine Commission, in a recent report to the Secretary of War, describes officially and in detail the present conditions of the islands. Its character can be seen from these few extracts: Large numbers of people are reported desirous of peace. Nearly all the prominent generals except Aguinaldo have already surrendered and taken the oath of allegiance. Disturbances in various parts of the island do not indicate an unfriendly attitude of a majority of the people, but the activity of small insurgent bodies issuing from the mountains for night attacks. All northern Luzon except two provinces is substantially free from insurgents. Railway and telegraph lines from Manila to Dagupan, one hundred and twenty-two miles, have not been molested in five months. Economy and efficiency of military government have accumulated a surplus fund of six million dollars, which should be expended in much needed work. The Commissioners are formulating plans for the improvement of taxation, providing judicious custom laws, reasonable land tax, and proper corporation franchise tax, which will be sufficient to pay all the expenses

of the government. They are also preparing stringent civil service laws giving equal opportunity to Filipino and American with preference to the former. The difficulty respecting this report is that it is given to the government in response to its request, in the midst of a presidential campaign, and will therefore be somewhat discounted on the assumption that it has been prepared for political effect, and that its optimistic tone is inconsistent witn accounts of serious military encounters such as are given in another paragraph. The insurgents have unexpectedly renewed their activity in certain of the districts which according to the report of the Taft commission are supposed to be pacified. Near Manila, along the railroads, and in some of the provinces there have been a number of skirmishes. Aguinaldo's reply to Senor Buencamino's peace proposals have been received at Manila. He declines to consider the proposals and declares that no compromise will be accepted by him. The period of amnesty expired on September 21, and conditions are again in the old state. According to native accounts of the disaster in the Island of Marinduque, the soldiers landed on the coast on September 14, and were surprised by three hundred armed insurgents. The Americans fought desperately until their amunition was exhausted, and then surrendered. It was reported that the gunboat Villalobos which carried Captain Shields and his company had fallen into the hands of the insurgents but was afterwards denied by Rear-admiral Kempff. Two American officers, Captain G. W. Brandle and Second Lieutenant A. S. Perkins have been found guilty by court-martial of torturing Filipino prisoners. They have been sentenced to be publicly reprimanded.

Coal Strike.—Although at time of writing 140,000 miners of the coal mines of Pennsylvania are out on strike, the general spirit is more conciliatory and it is hoped that a joint conference of miners and operators will be soon held and all differences adjusted. Many of the independent operators made an offer of ten per cent increase in wages and a reduction in the price of powder. While this did not succeed in ending the strike it showed a spirit of concession on the part of the operators which may lead to good results. The miners at the Markle mines have aroused a great deal of hostile criticism by inaugurating a sympathetic strike in spite of an agreement signed by every employee that all disputes should be settled by arbitration. About 2,500 men are usually employed by the Markles.

Presidential Campaign.—The national campaign has already reached the final stage. Only a few more days remain to stir up enthusiasm and appeal to voters. Mass meetings are being held throughout the length and breadth of the land of the northern United States, in many places nightly. On the oratorical side, Mr. Bryan and Governor Roosevelt continue to monopolize attention. The present campaign differs from any of

its predecessors in many essential points, the greatest of all being brought about by the Spanish-American war and the growth, prosperity and development of the country since the election of President McKinley, and the vital question of imperialism. President McKinley's policy is, of course, expansion and the gold standard. Mr. Bryan's letter states that his platform is the same as during the campaign of 1896—free silver and miscellaneous resolutions, such as the election of senators by the people, the establishment of a department of labor with a cabinet officer at its head, the construction of the Nicaragua Canal under the ownership and control of the United States government, the admission of Arizona, New Mexico and Oklahoma as states, economy in public expenditures and the income tax. Mr. Payne of Wisconsin, vice-chairman of the Republican National Committee has issued a statement representing a forecast of the Republican managers. Twenty-two states are claimed for McKinley and seventeen for Bryan. He claims that there is no possible way of figuring out Bryan's election without New York, and that state is as safe for the Republicans as Wisconsin. The Democrats repudiate these forecasts with scorn. It is commonly understood that both parties will spend more money in this year's campaign than has ever been before in the history of American politics, The Democrats charge the Republicans with swelling their fund by gifts from the trusts and Republicans claim that Tammany Hall is raising millions by its own peculiar methods. Most of the money, however, is being used to pay the expenses of printing and distribution of documents, and public speaking.

VENEZUELA AND FRANCE.—Venezuela is trying to induce the United States to use her influence in patching up the strained relations of France and herself. About ten years ago while Venezuela was in the throes of international dissensions, the foreign ministers after consultations amongst themselves, wrote to their respective governments that Venezuela was unable to govern herself. The matter inadvertently was made public in Italy, and on learning of their actions, Venezuela promptly gave the representatives of these Powers their passports, not including the United States who had had no part in the scheme. Since then these powers have settted amicably with Venezuela, excepting France. Friendly relations with France is very desirable owing to the large amount of goods purchased there and the prospect of making her a larger buyer of Venezuela's products, France at the present time importing about one-third of her products.

CUBA.—Cuba is gradually emerging from a military-governed country to a civil-governed one. Trial by jury has been inaugurated, the writ of habeas corpus established and commissioners have been appointed to determine the property rights of the Church. Great expectations are hoped for the sugar and tobacco

crops, over six million dollars' worth of these products being in preparations for the market. Many new agricultural machines have been bought, and the large influx of Spaniards from Spain and the Canary islands have immediately found employment in the rural districts on the plantations. These same immigrants have, it is claimed, been the cause of the present fever epidemic. They are not immunes and readily fall victims to the fever. Heroic efforts are being made to stamp out the disease, but the number of cases are increasing daily.

HALL OF FAME.—The Hall of Fame is now nearing completion, and is to be a part of the New York University. In this Hall are to be inscribed the names of fifty of America's most illustrious sons. The judges have announced their decisions, but according to reports only thirty have as yet been selected. In the list we find our most beloved poets, statesmen, philosophers, philanthropists, and writers. Nearly all of their names are household words, and our schoolboys and girls can tell readily for what they are famous. The donor of this Hall of Fame has not been revealed, but rumor has it, that it is Miss Helen Gould.

OJIBWAY INDIANS AND LONGFELLOW'S HIAWATHA.—Longfellow's Hiawatha has recently been dramatized by ethnologists and performed by the Ojibway Indians on their reservation on the north shore of Lake Huron. The play was performed in a natural amphitheatre near the village of Desbarets. The Indians played their part well, and showed great interest in their work. Several members of the Longfellow family were present at some of the performances, and were entertained by the tribe for nearly two weeks. They were formally adopted into the tribe during their stay. On their departure they were accompanied by the braves in war paint to the village of Desbarets, and singing a farewell,

DRAMA.—Francis Wilson is playing his last week in his very successful opera, "Monks of Malabar," at the Knickerbocker Theatre in New York. On the fifteenth of October Miss Maud Adams opened her season in Baltimore in her new play "L'aiglon" by Rostand. Her appearance in male attire (as she impersonates the eaglet, Napoleon's son) and the difficulties attendant upon such a venture has aroused much curiosity. Her success, though, is not doubted. Later in the season the American public will have a chance to see the play in the French language by Mme. Sarah Bernhardt herself. Jerome Sykes will begin his starring tour in a new comic opera by Reginald de Koven and Harry Smith. The opera is called Foxy Quiller. Grace George and Frank Worthing are playing at the Manhattan in "Her Majesty," a play written from the novel of the same name, by Elizabeth Knight Tompkins. William Crane is drawing a large house nightly in the recently dramatized David Harum.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Assistant—"How shall I catalogue this book describing a hunter's adventures"

Librarian—"Among inventions."

———o———

"Jed, did you get a new wheel this summer?"

"No; but we've got a ball-bearing lawn-mower that my wife can run."

——— o———

Lady (to Sunday school)--Yes; Hope and Charity is right. But what is the first thing we all need to make us happy?"

Small Girl—"'Usbands, miss.'

———o———

"Mistress (anxiously)—What wages do you expect?"

Prospective servant, loftily—"I suppose you refer to my salary, Mum?"

———o———

Husband—"Maria, wake up, quick! The house is on fire. You save the baby!"

Wife—"Oh, my wheel, my wheel!"

"Come on. I carried that out first."

———o———

Indignant Parent—"You are a very naughty boy, Tommy, telling a fib like that! I never told fibs when I was a little boy."

Impenitent Son—"When did you begin, father?"

———o———

Hix—"I guess your friend Meek is coming out on top, after all."

"Dix—How so?"

Hix—"I saw him purchase a bottle of hair restorer in a drug store the other day."

Larry—"Bedad, Dinnis, that ould hen's atin' tacks!"

Dennis—"Maybe she's goin' to lay a carpet."

———o———

"I saw you kissing my daughter. I don't like it, sir."

"Then you don't know what's good, sir."

———o———

Cholly (splashing about in the briny)—"Oh, girls, I love the ocean. It does me good."

Miss Pert—"Yes, and the salter the better."

———o———

Treetop—"A dollar for pulling one tooth?"

Dentist—"Yes; you took gas."

Treetop—"How much a thousand do you charge for that?"

———o———

Miss Gabby—"What is the hardest part of writing poetry—finding the rhymes?"

Amateur Poet—"No. I think the greatest strain is in filling up between hem."

———o———

"The pastor of the church has been trying to boss the choir for six weeks, but they have won."

"What did they do?"

"Got his wife to join."

———o———

"How is your brother, Tommy?"

"Sick in bed, miss; he's hurt himself."

"How did he do that?"

"We were playing at who can lean farthest out of the window, and he won."

He—"Now, in this coming Presidential campaign—"

She—"I thought it was only a Vice-Presidential campaign! The only men I have seen mentioned were running for, or away from, the nomination for the Vice-Presidency."

———o———

Proud Mother (discussing her daughter, who is singing in the next room)—"Such enormous sums as we have spent on Clara's voice!"

Sympathetic Neighbor—"And can you really do nothing for it?"

———o———

Mrs. Brown-Jones—"So sickness in the family made you late with the washing, eh? Well, that's too bad. Nothing serious, I hope?"

Her Washerwoman—"Oh, no mum—only the smallpox!"

———o———

Extreme Cases.—"Bredren," said Parson Black, earnestly, "dere am some folks in which de still, small voice ob conscience keeps a-gettin' stiller an' smaller, until at las' it'd hab ter l'arn de deef an' dumb langwidge if it wants ter attrac deir attention!"

———o———

"Poor fellow, you have a weak stomach," said the ship's physician to an Irishman, who was seasick.

The Irishman bristled up at this in indignation.

"Oi don't know about thot," he gasped. "Oi notice Oi'm throwin' as far as anny av th' rest av thim."

———o———

"Forgive me, my dear," said the gossip, humbly, "but I thoughtlessly mentioned to Mrs. Brown the things that you had told me in strict confidence."

"There is nothing to forgive," replied the wise woman, pleasantly. "It was for that very purpose that I told them to you in strict confidence!"

Mamma—"I don't see where you get your red hair. You don't get it from your papa, and you certainly don't get it from me."

Little Dorothy—"Well, mamma, can't I start something?"

———o———

Saleslady—"This glass dipper is so strong you can drive nails with it."

Purchasing Agent—"But why should I want to drive nails with a dipper?"

Saleslady—"Mebbe you wouldn't but I expect your wife might."

———o———

Mr. Duffy—"Miss Kelly, it pains me t' inform yez thot yure hoosband has jist bin blowed oop boi a doinamoite carthridge. We found his head in wan lot, an' his body in another lot, an' his ligs in another lot, an' his arms an' fate in another lot."

Mrs. Kelly (proudly)—"Begorrah! thot's Moike all over!"

———o———

An officer in the army, seated at the table d'hote, of an hotel, looking significantly at a clergyman opposite, said: "If I had a son who was an idiot I would make him a clergyman."

"Evidently your father was not of that opinion," quietly responded the clergyman.

———o———

Optimist—"It'll be a great thing for Cuba when we inaugurate new systems and stamp out the yellow fever forever."

Pessimist—"I guess it won't make much difference in the death-rate, for we will probably introduce the bicycle and the trolley."

———o———

Knew the Game—"Oh, yes, I understand the game now," exclaimed the girl in the grand stand, beaming on her escort with a glad smile. "The man you call the umpire says something and then everybody yells at him. It's very simple."

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To the Patron Members of the American Association of the Blind:

KIND FRIENDS:—This notice is to inform you that your membership fee can be paid to our treasurer, H. R. W. MILES, 915 E. Street, N. W., second floor, this being in lieu of any further charge for the magazine TALKS and TALES.

WE desire to call the attention of the readers of TALKS and TALES to articles which appear by the following occasional contributors, all of whom are blind.

H. R. W. Miles, Mary E. Sanford, Charlotte M. Hinman, Alice A. Holmes, H. Stennett Rogers, Alfred J. Hosking, Alexander Cameron, Roberta Anna Griffith, Rev. Ghosn el Howie, Syria; Helen Marr Campbell, Clarence Hawkes, Mamie Ray, Harry Forrester J. Newton Breed.

AN OLD ELM.

TALKS AND TALES.

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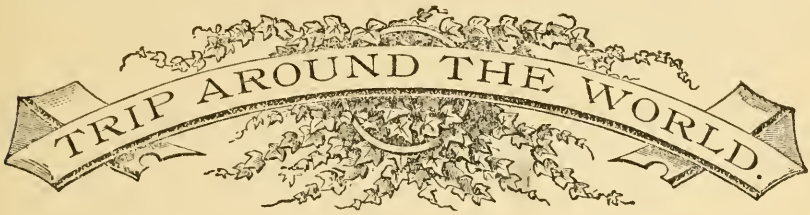


BY THE FAMOUS TRAVELERS E. AND E. AND THEIR EQUALLY FAMOUS SERVANTS S. AND P.

THE great attraction of Heidelberg is the castle, emerging from the forest, three hundred feet above the river, this stately old ivy-mantled ruin stands ever ready to tell you its story of the past, when in the glory of its strength and pride it furnished a safe retreat and a sure defence from the attacks of the foe. It recalls the days when the proud barons and feudal lords seized upon and fortified every natural stronghold and because there were so many of these natural, almost impregnable vantage grounds for the erection of castles along the Rhine, the Rhineland was divided into many petty sovereignties. Each a prince in his own domain levied tribute at his pleasure on all who came within his power and he in turn was lawful prey to any who could successfully assail his castle.

Thus it comes about that no land is richer in ruined castles and legendary lore than this same Rhineland. Sailing down the river, the tourist listens to legend after legend connected with these old ruined monuments of by-gone days.

The building of Heidleberg castle, its many alterations and additions covered a period of over three hundred years. On entering the courtyard of the castle, a great variety of achitecture is noticeable. You gather some idea of its strength when your attention is called to a portion of the wall, still standing twenty feet in thickness.

The elaborate statues and stone-carvings give you an idea of the former grandeur of the place and you say surely the lords or princes who ruled here must have been great and powerful in their day.

Your guide will not allow you to leave until he has taken you into the cellar of the castle to show you the largest wine cask in the world. This great tun is said to have a capacity of more than two hundred and fifty thousand bottles of wine. But for over one hundred and eighty years this cask has held no wine.

A story is told of a court jester who was constituted a guardian of the spigot. He performed his duties so faithfully that he could not be persuaded to leave his post until the last drop of wine was gone out of the cask. He soon died of grief requesting, with his last breath, that his body should be buried under the spigot.

There are three modes of traveling on the Rhine. The first and fastest is, of course, the railway; but this, while good for business purpose, is rarely taken by the tourist. The second is the steamboat, which is both rapid and agreeable. The third and last is the long line of splendid carriage-roads which wind around the bases of the mountains and skirt the borders of the stream Ninety-nine out of every hundred travelers, probably, take the steamboat journey, and thus glide rapidly in one day past the famous Rheinish villages and castles; but there is no time in such a trip really to observe anything. The most delightful way to travel through Rhineland is in a carriage or on foot.

Mayence is usually the starting point of tourists. Though this city, founded by the Romans, has been many times conquered and laid waste and though there clusters about it many historical associations, it is chiefly noted because a humble citizen, by the name of John Gutenberg resided here, when he invented the art of printing with movable type, an invention which revolutionized the world and set the wheels of progress in such rapid motion that at no time since his day has any great invention taken precedence in the influence which it exerts to uplift mankind.

The citizens of Mayence point with pride to the statue and the workshop of the man whose life-work makes their city so distinguished among the cities of the world. One of the most marked features of the Rhine is the grape culture everywhere predominating as a means of livelihood. Miles upon miles of terraces constructed one above the other up the steep banks may be seen, the soil being held in place by walls of solid masonry, which in some places almost present the appearance of hanging gardens. Sometimes the slope is so precipitous that the soil in which the vines are planted has to be kept in baskets to retain it, and much of the soil, and all the dressing it receives, must be carried up the hills upon the shoulders of the laborers.

Now we begin to come in view of some of the castles about which we have read when we were children; listening with breathless interest to legends like the following: In one a mean and miserly bishop had stored up great

quantities of grain which he sold at such a high price that the famished poor found it impossible to buy.

This castle of which we are speaking still bears the title of the Mouse Tower. This wicked bishop, it is said, locked a multitude of women and children in one of his barns and then set it on fire. "There" he exclaimed, as he saw the flames, "I have burned up a lot of miserable rats that were good for nothing but to eat corn." Hardly had he uttered the words, when a servant came running to him and announced that thousands of rats were coming that way. In terror, the bishop hastened to this tower and, barring every hole and window, thought himself secure; but in vain,

"In at the window, and in at the door,
And through the walls by thousands they pour,
And down through the ceiling and up through the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and before,
From within and without, from above and below;
And all at once to the bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the bishop's bones;
They gnawed the flesh from every limb;
For they were sent to do judgment on him."

At the union of the Rhine and one of its smaller tributaries, lies a town which the lines of a poetess have made more widely known than almost any other on the river,—

"Fair Bingen on the Rhine."

It is impossible to look upon it without a pitying thought of the "soldier of the legion," who "lay dying in Algiers;" and as the boat glides by it in its courses one finds himself repeating some of the familiar lines:

"Tell her, the last night of my life, for ere the moon be risen
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison,
I dreamed I stood with her and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine."

Just opposite Bingen the glasses of all tourists on the steamer, are eagerly turned toward the German National Monument, which stands at a height of seven hundred and forty feet above the river, on the brow of a wooded hill known as the Niederwald. It is a colossal bronze statue of Germania, designed to keep alive the fires of patriotism by commemorating the German victories in the Franco-Prussian War, which laid the foundation of the present empire.

Aside from the impressive memories that it awakens, it is an imposing work of art, for the entire monument is more than one hundred feet in height, —the majestic figure of Germania, holding a crown and sword adorned with laurel wreaths, being itself thirty-three feet high. Around the pedestal are the portraits of Emperor William and the principal princes and generals of

Germany, as well as fine reliefs portraying scenes in the campaign; and on the side facing the river, the sculptures represent the "Watch on the Rhine," the words of the noble song being appropriately inscribed beneath.

The Rhine, in its capricious windings, gives forth its treasures, one after the other, each awakening new delight. Among the pretty villages thus revealed is Bacharach, the most conspicuous feature of which is a ruin known as St. Werner's Chapel. The origin of this building was peculiar.

Saint Werner, it appears, was a young boy, who four centuries and a half ago, was murdered by the Jews at Oberwesel. His body was flung into the river, but, instead of floating down the stream, it came miraculously up the current for some miles, and was finally washed ashore at Bacharach, scaring the murderers into confession. After such an aquatic exploit the young man was declared a saint and the inhabitants of the town could do no less than build for him the pretty chapel, the ruins of which still grace the borders of the Rhine.

The town of Bacharach has also an eventful history. Some eighteen hundred years ago a Roman settlement was established here, and, very early becoming famous for the wine which it produced, it was called Ara Bacchi, or the Altar of Bacchus. Even to-day an altar to the god of wine might well be erected at Bacharach; for, on sipping the golden produce of its vineyards, we seem to taste in every drop a ray of imprisoned sunshine, and recollect the German proverb which declares:

"At Wurzburg on the Stein,
At Hochheim on the Main,
And Bacharach on the Rhine,
You find the best of wine."

Not far from the town, one sees before him, in the middle of the river, a singularly shaped structure, which certainly can lay no claim to beauty. It has a most inhospitable air, since its entrance is six feet above the rock on which the building stands, and even this is reached only by a ladder. More than six hundred years ago, this structure served as a convenient toll-house, which no boats were allowed to pass without paying tribute, and that it was also used as a prison is evident from the fact that dungeons still exist beneath it, below the level of the river. It was even capable of sustaining a siege, being supplied with water from a well dug deeper than the bed of the surrounding stream.

All the legends of the Rhine are by no means pathetic. Thus it is claimed that in the castle of Schonberg there once lived seven handsome daughters, who were such incorrigible flirts, and persistently broke so many hearts, that Providence finally interfered to avenge the Romeos of the Rhine, and changed the sisters into seven rocks, which stand here to this day, a

warning to all pretty voyagers of the consequence of such cruel actions.

"Of love they ever made a jest,
For a stony heart was in each breast;
Now, sunk in the Rhine for their sins to atone,
They are changed into rock and senseless stone."

At one point on the river, German students love to perpetrate a standard joke, at which all travelers have laughed for twenty years, but which still causes merriment. The echo here from either bank is exceptionally fine, and students often shout the question, "What is the Mayor of Oberwesel?" The echoed answer comes back from the hills, "Esel," that is to say "an ass."

The Rhenish village of St. Goar derives its name from an old saint of the most remarkable character and habits, who flourished here eight hundred years ago. Professionally he was a boatman, and ferried people back and forth across the Rhine; but not content with this, he sought to convert the heathen of this region to Christianity. His methods, however, were peculiar. One day, for example, as he was rowing a traveler across the Rhine, an idea suddenly came to him like an inspiration. Ceasing to row, he asked his passenger if he were a Christian. The man replied that he was not. Whereupon St. Goar immediately rushed upon him, plunged him over the side, and baptized him ere the astonished man had time to catch his breath. Then, for fear that such a quick conversion might not last, he left him in the Rhine to drown, so that he might go at once to Paradise. The legend adds that the same night the soul of the drowned man appeared to St. Goar, and, far from reproving him for his rough treatment, thanked him for thus securing to him the joys of Heaven. Thenceforth the valiant saint doubted no more his vocation, and hardly a day passed without an immersion. It is true the bishop of the town reproved him for his undue violence, but the saint immediately wrought a miracle by hanging his hat on a sunbeam, and the bishop could not say a word. Nevertheless, this system of compulsory baptism lasted only a short time; for, naturally enough as soon as his habits became known, each passenger, when in the middle of the stream, would always make the sign of the cross and swear with chattering teeth that he was a Christian,

In our next article we will continue our journey down the Rhine.

Miss Ruth's Charge.

"SO, you see, Miss Paul, I came round to find out how many you would take," said good Mrs. Manly, the plump, matronly minister's wife, and she smiled assuringly at Miss Ruthie's grim face.

But Ruth Paul wasn't to be smiled into anything in any such fashion.

Why, Mrs. Manly, I don't know any more about children than a cat does about Sunday!" was her dry answer.

"Never mind that, Miss Ruthie, you could learn. And this is just the place for a poor, tired, hungry little child. You have a big empty house, a great, cool, shady yard, plenty of fresh milk, fruit, a big garden, chickens, ducks, everything a child loves! You might take three or four."

"And they would chase the ducks, worry the chickens, pull the flowers, waste the fruit, spill the milk, racket and upset all over the house! I would as soon go to the asylum and be done with it, Mrs. Manly."

"But, Miss Ruth," urged the minister's wife gently, "we ought to be willing to put up with a few little inconviences for the sake of brightening one of these darkened little lives."

"I didn't darken 'em," said Miss Ruth grimly; "I ain't responsible."

" 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me,' " murmured Mrs. Manly softly.

"Can't help it," responded Miss Ruth. 'If I took one of 'em, I should not know what on the face of the earth to do with it. I would worry it, and it would worry me. It ain't no use to waste words over it."

Mrs. Manly rose to go, with a disapointed air.

"Then you will not take even one, Miss Ruth?"

"Not even one, Mrs. Manly," returned the grim spinster.

"Well, I am sorry, but you are the best judge, of course."

"I'd like to oblige you, Mrs. Manly. But what to do with a young one I wouldn't know, I'm sure. I couldn't do it."

"Then I will not urge it, Miss Ruth. Of course if you change your mind between now and the time the children come, you can let the committee know. There is always room."

"All right. But 'tisn't at all likely I shall change my mind," said Miss Ruth, grim as ever.

But, after Mrs. Manly was gone, Miss Ruth felt uneasy. All day long her thoughts were dwelling on the poor sickly children in the city, whom the

ladies' relief society were going to send out into the cool, green country for a few weeks, wherever the could find a kind heart or a hospitable home ready to take in a poor little waif.

Miss Ruth had plenty of means, and not a soul to fill that great old house excepting herself, her stout maid, Betty and the colored boy who acted as general factotum.

But she had never had anything to do with children in her life. She didn't like them. Their fingers were always sticky, and they always got into mischief, and left things lying about, and—oh, she couldn't think about it.

But it was provoking. Everything Miss Ruth touched that day seemed to harp on that one subject. If she took up a paper, there was a picture or poem of pretty child life under her eyes.

She went into the kitchen, and the first thing Betty had to say was that the neighbors on both sides were going to take one or two children for a month from the relief committee, and Betty thought it was so nice to have the darlin's running around to keep a body from getting lonesome.

She got a letter from her niece that morning, and it enclosed a picture of the niece's baby, and told what a darling he was and how any one could be so hard-hearted as not to love and be kind to little children.

Then worst of all, in the afternoon Betty required a certain muslin bag for straining jelly, and it could not be found, strange to say, in that methodical house-hold. Miss Ruth had to go up to the garret for a piece out of which to make another bag. And so she chanced to open a certain trunk in the garret, by the side of which she sat down and sighed.

For there, preserved in camphor and lavender, through so many years, were the garments belonging to the being Miss Ruth had most loved on earth, the little sister who died when she was only ten years old, and was buried down there in the old graveyard, nnder the willow trees.

Perhaps, if she had lived, Miss Ruthie wouldn't have been the hard, grim woman she was. "Sour old maid," the Abbott children next door called her. But Miss Ruth had her good points, after all.

Honest and truthful to the core, strictly just, yet generous when she found occasion, there was a warm heart hidden away under the shell which so few had pierced.

It seemed as if, while she sat on the floor in the old garret, she could see Tilly's blue eyes looking up into her face, and hear Tilly's tender voice saying, "Sister remember the time when we played together, and do it for my sake." Miss Ruthie got her muslin, shut the trunk and marched down-stairs to the kitchen.

"Betty," said she, "do you think we ought to take one of those children?"

"Law, yes, Miss Ruth! Why don't ye?" said Betty, her plain face lighting.

"But children are nuisances, Betty."

"Yes, Miss Ruth, but they're kind o comfortin' after all."

"Well make your jelly, Betty. Mind and don't let it burn."

Miss Ruth walked out of the kitchen, up to the great sitting-room, which seemed so lonely and empty. She sat down to knit upon the interminable black silk stocking which was intended for her own wear, and wondered how it would seem to knit pretty little stockings, soft red and blue zephyr and saxony, for pretty, dimpled feet. And Miss Ruth sighed, and Tilly's picture on the wall looked down mournfully at her with its tender blue eyes.

Next morning Miss Ruth walked deliberately into the office of the ladies' relief committee.

"I'll take one!" she said, sternly.

"All right. Miss Haskins, put down one for Miss Paul," said the lady in charge.

"Ask her if she wishes a boy or girl," said Miss Haskins, as she wrote the name.

"A girl," replied Miss Ruth promptly. "Lord knows what I'll do with her, though; I don't!"

The ladies exchanged glances, which were not lost on Miss Ruth.

"Be at the depot Tuesday morning, next week, to receive your charge," said Miss Haskins.

"Very well." Miss Ruth turned round and walked out. "They think I'll eat the child!" she muttered to herself. "But I won't!"

"Will it do, Nellie?" asked Miss Lewis, doubtfully, indeed, after Miss Ruth was gone.

Miss Haskins smiled.

"We'll try it awhile, anyhow. she has a grand old home, and plenty of everything."

On Tuesday morning the people who had promised to take children were at the depot. So were a great many others, prompted by curiosity, and, when the train came in, Wellsville had never seen such a crowd.

And oh, the children that came pouring out of every car! Pale and sickly, every one of them, clad in faded calico dresses and old hats and sunbonnets, some with their bundles, some with nothing, every style and complexion—black-haired, brown-haird, yellow-haired, red-haired—all ages, from five to thirteen, and all so surprised and delighted to be in the real country, where everything was so green and fresh.

Names were called and places assigned as fast as the efficient committee ladies could do it.

"Miss Ruth Paul—one girl—here!" came at last. And Miss Ruth marched up to the platform to receive her charge. A little thing of eight, with yellow curls and blue eyes and a white face, dressed in a blue calico dress, wearing a

hat which had evidently been the property of some young lady, was assigned to Miss Ruth, with ticket No. 44.

"Come on!" said Miss Ruth, leading the way to her carriage. She had driven herself to the depot, simply because she would not be seen in the village with the child following her. Not yet at least!

"Climb in!" she said, loosening the pony's straps. The little one was inside directly.

"Oh, what a pretty carr age!" she said, patting the soft cushions. Is it yours?" and she smiled up into Miss Ruth's face.

"Yes. What's your name, child?"

"Tilly."

"My goodness!" Miss Ruth gave a start.

"Tilly what?"

"Tilly Truax."

"Is your ma in the city?"

"I hain't got no ma, nor no pa."

"Who takes care of you, then?"

"I live with Aunt Lou."

"She is poor, isn't she?"

"Yes'm. She's got three children of her own. They wanted to come, but they was too big. Aunt Lou washes for folks."

"Humph! No wonder you look half starved! Is that all the dress you've got?"

"No'm. I've got a pink dress, that a lady gave me, in this bundle. Aunt Lou said it wouldn't do, but it's real pretty, I think."

"Undo your bundle and let me see."

Tilly unrolled the paper, and showed the remains of a child's pink tarlatan party dress.

"Humph! You can take that to dress dolls with!" said Miss Ruth, with a sniff of disdain.

"I haven't got any doll," said Tilly.

"I'll get you one."

"Oh, will you? I do want one so bad." And the little thing's face was so bright that Miss Ruth actually smiled at her.

"This is the place," she said, stopping the carriage. "Jump down child!" She couldn't say Tilly yet—but she would after awhile!

"Betty," said Miss Ruth, walking into the big, clean kitchen with her visitor, "here's the child. Get her a bowl of bread and milk."

"Law, M'ss Ruth! Did you really take one?" And Betty's hands went up in surprise.

"Yes I did. Do you like milk, child?"

"I don't know," said the baby shyly.

"Don't know! Didn't you ever drink milk?"

"No, ma'am. I've seen it, but I never tasted it."

"Betty, be quick! Leave the cream on! Come here, Tilly, and see if you like pure country bread and milk."

Tilly proved that she did by eating the last drop in the bowl. Miss Ruth would have offered her more, but she did not want to make the child sick the first thing.

"Are you tired?" she asked, when the bread and milk were finished.

"Oh, no, ma'am."

"Then here is a sunbonnet; you may go out in the yard and play. Do you like to play on the grass?"

"I guess I *would* like it?" said Tilly sweetly. "I never tried it."

"Good Lord! Is there no grass in New York?" asked Miss Ruth.

"Yes'm. Lots of it in the parks. But the police don't 'low you to step on it."

"Well, you can step on it here. Go out now, and do—do just whatever you're a mind to!"

When she heard that said, Betty laughed to herself, and when Miss Ruth's back was turned, Betty said:

"She's a-goin' to 'tother extreme now! That'll be a spiled young 'un afore a week!"

Miss Ruth gave Tilly a little bedroom next to her own, and undressed her with her own hands.

"'Where's your gown, child?" she said.

"I haiu't got no gown," replied Tilly.

"What do you sleep in?"

"This."

"This" was a thin underwaist, which, with a small petticoat, completed, the child's underwear.

"Well!" Miss Ruth didn't know what to do. "I'll get you some to-morrow," she said. "Say your prayers and jump in."

"Prayers!" echoed Tilly.

"Yes, don't you say any?"

The child shook her head.

"But I will, if you will tell me what to say," she said brightly.

So Miss Ruth had Tilly kneel down by her lap, and lay the yellow curly head on her knee, and taught the child to repeat the simple "Now I lay me down to sleep."

"That's nice, I think," said Tilly, as she jumped into bed. And Miss Ruth, with a queer feeling in her throat, bent over and pressed a kiss on the little white forehead. Instantly the child spoke:

"I love you! And I love to stay here."

And something was the matter with Miss Ruthie's eyes just then.

The next day Miss Ruth said:

"Betty, that child has absolutely no clothes. I'll get her some, and you must help me make 'em."

"'Tain't much use, for such a little while, is it?" asked Betty.

"She's got to be decent while she stays," said Miss Ruth resolutely.

So they bent to work. And the next Sunday, when Miss Ruth led her little charge to Sunday school in a blue "Motner Hubbard" and big white hat and new shoes, people said:

"Miss Paul must have visitors, else who is the pretty child in her pew?" And they never knew it for the little waif who came out on the relief train, last Tuesday.

Tilly had been there two weeks, when one night there was a thunderstorm, and Miss Ruth was awakened by a call at her bedside.

"Aunt Ruthie! Aunt Ruthie!" She had taught Tilly to call her that, and the child's voice roused her.

"Well, what is it?" she asked.

"I'm afraid of the thunder, Aunt Ruthie. May I come in your bed?"

"Yes."

The iittle figure crept in, and cuddled up close to Miss Ruth, the small arms wound round her, and she felt the warm breath on her cheek. And somehow Miss Ruth remembered Betty's words, "children is kind o' comfortin' a'ter all," and felt a strange sensation of warmth at her lonely heart.

After a while the mouth was up, and the ladies notified those who had children to have them at the depot ready to return to the city.

Mrs. Manly and Miss Haskins called on Miss Ruth.

"Am I obliged to let her go?" asked Miss Ruth.

"Unless you keep her at yonr own expense. Our charge ends this month."

"Well, I want to keep her."

"How long, Miss Paul?"

"Always. She has grown into my old heart, and I can't let her go. You know where she came from. See her folks in New York; there's nobody but an over-worked aunt, anyhow; and let 'em know I'll adopt her, and leave her all I'm worth."

"Is that really your wish, Miss Ruth?" asked Mrs. Manly.

"Yes, it is. I want her for good."

"We can get her for you, no doubt. You will be rewarded for your kindness, Miss Ruth."

"Tilly is her own reward," said Ruth.

And so the child stayed to be the light of the home which was no longer lonely, and to make happier and better Miss Ruth's advancing days.

And as to Betty, she never grew tired of singing Tilly's praises, or of

doing something for the pleasure of her pet or favorite. Miss Ruth softened and sweetened greatly. The Abbott children forgot to call her "sour old maid," but teased every day to go over to Miss Paul's and play with Tilly, because Miss Paul always had something nice to give them.—[*Selected.*

WHAT IS WORTH WHILE.

W. E. CHANNING.

To live content with small means;
To seek elegance rather than luxury,
Refinement rather than fashion;
To be worthy, not simply respectable;
And wealthy, not simply rich;
To study hard, think quietly,
Talk gently, act frankly;
To listen with open heart to birds and stars,
To babes and sages;
To bear all cheerfully, do all bravely;
Await occasions, never hurry—
In a word, to let the spiritual life
Grow up through and above the common—
That is my "symphony of life."

Little Calico's Run.

CHARLES ADAMS.

A SOMEWHAT bulky registered package for which the postoffice desired a receipt arrived with my other mail a few mornings ago. The strings, knots and wrappings with which it was secured had a homely look, as if it had been tied up by unaccustomed hands. Through the wrappings, too, the package felt softly pliable, as if possibly composed of paper money; and I cut the many strings with some curiosity as to whether or not I had unexpectedly fallen heir to a small legacy.

I became still more excited when, on removing three successive wrappings of paper, I found enclosed a large, old leather pocketbook which at once dissipated my dream of inherited wealth. It was, alas! quite empty of banknotes, checks, or deeds of gift, and contained only a slip of paper on which, in a cramped hand and in very dim ink, was written the following quaint legend:

"This is the wallet which your grandfather, Stephen Root, brought home the 'surplus' revenue money in from Portland, when the highwaymen chased him across Long Pond. Your grandpa left it to me. But I am getting old and shall not live much longer, and I want you to have the wallet.

Your Aunt, Rowena Root."

Ah, yes, how often Grandpa Root had told me that story when I was a boy! The wallet and the story of that horseback journey to Portland on "Little Calico" date back to the time when Andrew Jackson was president. Grandpa Root was then a young man twenty-two years old, and had but recently come to Maine to clear up his farm. At the usual town meeting in March of that year the settlers had elected him town treasurer and tax-collector, one reason being that he owned a nimble little "calico" mare, and could ride about easily over the then imperfect roads.

When, therefore, word came later that season that the amount assigned to Maine had arrived at Augusta, and that everybody was to have his or her share, a special town meeting was held, and the treasurer was deputed to go to Portland—where the money for the western part of the state was to be deposited—and bring back to town the amount allotted to its inhabitants.

The story of the distribution of the "surplus revenue" is one of the most interesting episodes of our early political history. The government, previous to the civil war depended entirely upon customs receipts, or "the tariff," for its revenue, save when the revolutionary debt was unpaid and during the war

of 1812. During the administration of Andrew Jackson the receipts from this source exceeded the ordinary expenses of the government.

Along about 1832 or '33 there was great speculation in land, and the sales of government land in the west were enormous. The receipts ran up from an average of two or three millions a year to almost fifieen millions in 1835, and almost twenty-five millions in 1836. The public debt was paid off, and there was no way to dispose of this money for any ordinary purpose.

The politicians—perhaps they were statesmen—conceived the idea of distributing the surplus money to the states in proportion to population, and thus restore it to the channels of business. The scheme was very popular because it meant the restoration to the people of the sums that had been taken from them by taxation. The deposit of this money with the states was arranged to take place in four installments, and two such installments were actually paid, but before the third could be made, the great panic of 1837 struck the country, and the distribution was never completed. Moreover, in accordance with what was probably the intention of Congress when the distribution was voted, the states were never called upon to refund that which had been "deposited" with them.

Each state did what it pleased with the money; some used it for internal improvements within their own borders; some used it to reduce their debt; and in some states the money was distributed directly to the people. As has been said, that which was to be used for this purpose was sent to the state of Maine, and a part of it was distributed from Portland. The sum which was to be paid to each person was hardly more than a dollar and a quarter, and yet there are old people still living who gratefully remember it.

Grandpa Root, then a smooth-faced youth of twenty-two, weighing only one hundred and fourteen pounds, rode to Portland on Little Calico's back, and he bought the calfskin wallet at a shop on Congress street to bring the money home in. There had been delays in getting the cash ready for distribution, and it was now late in November.

He spent five days in the city before bills and silver enough accumulated at the bank to supply the amount due him, and meantime he probably became known to a considerable number of people. It would seem so, at least, from the family story of his journey home, and of what occurred on the evening of the second day.

Litfle Calico was a light mare. She tipped the scales at only 650 pounds, I think; but she was strong and agile. Bad as the roads were, she made fifty miles a day easily with Grandpa Root on her back, for he was of light weight himself.

The first half day out of Portland, two men came to the wayside tavern where Grandpa Root had stopped to get dinner and bait his horse. He paid little attention to them, and did not even notice which way they had come.

Nor did they seem to notice him. One rode a large chestnut horse, the other a white one.

On the forenoon of the second day Little Calico cast a shoe, and he stopped at a blacksmith's shop to have another set; for the weather was cold and the road hard frozen. While the shoe was being fitted on, the same two men whom he had seen the previous day came up and passed the blacksmith shop; and when he rode on, he in turn passed them at a tavern six miles farther along, where they had called for a drink.

Still, he thought little about them; they had not spoken to him, and apparently gave him no more than a passing glance.

Either the little calico mare had grown tenderfooted on the hard road, or else the blacksmith had been careless in driving the nails in her hoof. Shortly after noon that day she went lame, and before evening was limping badly, and as a result Grandpa Root got on more slowly than he had planned. The country was much less settled than that near Portland, and there were long stretches of forest and of tamarack swamp.

The route was familiar to the young treasure-bearer only as he remembered it from his outward trip; but he knew that he was approaching the Androscoggin river, and hoped to reach a tavern on the other side of the ferry where he had spent a night the previous week.

The weather was cloudy, and by five o'clock it began to grow dark. The mare had then become so lame that he dismounted and led her by the bridle. He did not know how far on it was to the river, but supposed that it was five or six miles. He passed two settlers' houses a little away from the road, and would have turned in and asked the people to put him up for the night; but as he wanted to reach a blacksmith, he concluded to walk to the ferry.

It began to snow as he plodded on, with Little Calico limping behind him, and by this time it had grown so dark that he could not see objects more than a hundred yards away. Just then, however, he heard horses' hoofs behind, approaching at a canter. By the sounds, he judged that there were two or more horses, and he led his mare out of the middle of the road to let them pass.

The horses soon came into sight: and having keen eyes in those days, Grandpa Root distinguished them plainly enough to make out that they were the two travelers who had been on the road with him ever since he had left Portlaud. On first recognizing them, he felt rather glad than otherwise, for it was a dreary night and a lonesome road: he thought that he would speak to them.

Apparently they did not see him until they had come up within one hundred feet. Then they both pulled up short, and one of them said something to the other in a low tone.

Thus far Grandpa Root had not entertained a suspicion that they were

pursuing him with evil intent, but something in their manner of stopping and speaking to each other when they saw him filled him with sudden apprehension. He thought of his walletful of money; and in an instant it flashed through his mind that these men had been following him all the way, and meant to rob him.

He sprang into his saddle, his first thought being that, lame or not, Little Calico must do her best now to reach the ferry. He did not carry a pistol, or even a knife larger than a pocket-knife, and he had no doubt that the men behind him were armed.

The little mare whinnied with the pain of her foot; but she ran at touch of the spur, and ran well. He hoped to get away, but immediately heard the robbers' horses coming on behind him. They covered as much as a mile in this way, going fast; and Grandpa Root, glancing back, saw by the sparks their horses' shoes struck on the frozen road that they were keeping pace with him.

Pretty soon one of the men shouted, "Stop, you!" he cried. "Pull up, or I'll shoot you!"

At the sound of the stranger's voice, Little Calico laid her ears down and ran faster; but even then they hung close behind.

"Throw down your money!" came the shout again, and then one of the highwaymen fired a pistol. Little Calico laid back her ears again and ran hard; but she was lame and tired from the long day on the road. Grandpa soon heard the horses' hoofs behind very plainly, and begun to lose hope of getting away. He looked anxiously for a light along the road ahead. If he came to a house, he thought that he would turn into it and shout, "Murder!" and "Help!" but there were only dark woods and swamps on both sides.

Soon one of the men came almost alongside of him and fired another shot, the red flash of which showed his face. Little Calico whinnied from fear, and gathered herself to run so smartly that for some minutes she kept well ahead.

Presently, as they ran, Grandpa Root saw indistinctly the gap of what seemed to be a road that turned short off into the woods on the right. He thought that it must lead to some settler's clearing not far off the main highway. Obeying a sudden impulse, he turned Little Calico aside and dashed into it. The highwaymen were close upon him and followed, one of them firing again and shouting that he would cut Grandpa Root's heart out if he didn't stop!

The road which they had now entered proved to be merely a logger's road, instead of a road to a house; it was very narrow, rough and boggy. The little mare broke through the frozen mud into deep mire several times, but floundered on and came out, after a few hundred yards, between two great

piles of logs. Just beyond was a large pond which looked very white, because a thin coat of snow had fallen and covered the ice.

The robbers were close behind; and owing to the great log piles on both sides, it was impossible to get away to right or left. Grandpa Root did not know whether the ice on the pond would bear or not; but it came into his mind that it would be more likely to bear Little Calico than to bear the heavy horses of his pursuers; and in his desperation he put spurs to Little Calico, and galloped straight out on the pond.

At every bound the mare gave, he could feel the ice give and bend under her feet, and hear it crackle. The calks of her shoes cut clean through it, and water flew up at these little holes and spattered his hands and face. But it was that new, tough, elastic November ice which will bend and hold before breaking down.

The highwaymen shouted to him again; and an instant later he heard a great splashing and floundering behind him, as if one or both of them had attempted to follow him on the ice, and had broken in. But Little Calico did not once slacken her run until she reached the other side of the pond—a distance of nearly half a mile. She appeared to know from the feeling of the ice underfoot that if she stopped she must break in and be drowned.

There was open upland on the east shore of the pond; and after getting through two fences, Grandpa Root came to a house on another road, where the people took him in and kept him over night.

Next morning Little Calico was so lame that she would not step on her nigh forefoot; but they pulled off the shoe, and Grandpa Root led her home barefoot.

He saw nothing more of the robbers. The pond was said to be very deep, and it is possible that the two men and their horses were drowned.

The walletful of money was duly distributed among the townspeople some taking their share cash down, others turning the same over on part payment of their annual taxes. Several of the large families secured as much as fifteen dollars apiece; and the largest family in town received twenty-one dollars.—[*Youth's Companion.*

SIGNE.

CHARLES GRIFFITH HOFFMAN.

IT was a warm close evening in August and the only cool spot seemed to be the place where George Eckert and I were reclining on the shore of Pitt's Lake in the shadow of a huge rock which overhung the water. The sun was setting, hot and red, behind the mountain on the opposite shore, and a gentle breeze caused a low murmur in the tops of the tall trees all around us, though none of it penetrated to us down below.

George, his hat lying at his feet, was sitting on a stump leaning against a tree which had sprung up from the roots of the dead one, and I was stretched out lazily on the ground at his side abstractedly gazing at the Head, the name given to the rock in whose shadow we were reposing, on account of its fantastic shape. I watched a small stone become detached from the top and drop with a faint splash into the lake sending little wavelets in every direction over the placid surface of the water. Instantaneously with the splash of the stone my companion uttered a startled exclamation and I looked up to see him staring fixedly at the spot where it had fallen.

"What is the matter?" I inquired, somewhat amused at his sudden serious look and rising languidly into a sitting posture. He passed his hand over his forehead like a man awakening after a troubled dream, and then said, in a voice so unlike himself that it startled me:

"Bert, the splash of that pebble in the lake carried me back to one night fifteen years ago when I heard the same sound as that, only then it carried more meaning. A sad tale is connected with that night, but I will tell it to you now, if you wish to hear it, so many years have gone by, though you are the first one to ever hear it.

"I was spending the summer that year at the little hotel in the village down at the end of the lake, and the four of us young fellows who were here for the hunting and fishing had a royal good time. Little did we care for the dancing in the evening or rowing on the lake with the girls, scarce as the men were and as much as we might have been sought after. You know I have never been what you call a 'ladies' man' but it is near that village and a short distance up the glen behind it that I met the only woman, or girl rather, for she was no more, whom I have ever loved.

"It was the day before we were to leave for the city and our work, when the other three wanted to go out trolling on the lake, but I preferred to go

and explore the glen to which I just alluded, and so we each set out on our respective ways. You have been up the glen and you know how beautiful, but also how rocky and wild it is, and how hard to clamber over the boulders and break through the underbrush, especially near the head where it becomes narrow. My progress was so slow that it was near noon when I sat down to eat my lunch on a bit of a mossy spot hemmed in on either side by the steep precipices; and the noise of the stream as it dashed over the rocks and down into a deep pool was as sweet as an orchestra to me.

"As I am fond of beautiful scenery I took out my note-book and began to make a rough pencil sketch, so that I was unaware of the storm that was coming over the mountains until it became so dark that I could hardly see to draw. Then I hurried for the village as fast as I could, as it was some miles off, but hurry as I would I soon found that I would not reach it before the storm broke. The clouds gathered fast and the rumbling of the thunder and the intermittent flashes of lightning made the glen seem like a pit of the Infernal regions. And when the storm broke how it did come! The rain came down in bucketfuls apparently and I took shelter under a dense fir tree getting but slightly drenched.

"But a few minutes had elapsed before I was aware that I had a companion. It was no wonder, between the noise and the darkness, that I had not discovered the fact sooner. A series of bright and continuous flashes of lightning showed her to me. It was as if the picture had been graven on my mind so well can I see it now. She was the most beautiful girl—if you are going to laugh I will stop?"

I promised him that I would not commit the offense again and he continued:

"The lapse of fifteen years and the acquaintance of many scores of women has not altered my opinion. She was leaning against a branch of the tree, her head, surmounted by masses of golden hair, tilted slightly back, showing to perfection the rich color of her complexion. A pair of questioning blue eyes were turned upon me. When I could collect myself from the start given me by this vision, I raised my hat and apologized for my intrusion.

"She smiled and in a sweet voice told me that it was no intrusion and that when the rain was over she would show me to their home where I could dry my clothes and get some supper, as it was too late for me to attempt to reach the hotel in time for that meal. Where was there a house in this valley? That was what interested me, for I had seen none on my way up in the morning. The problem was soon solved.

"Like all heavy storms this one was quickly over and my companion took the lead up a narrow path hitherto unnoticed by me. Erect as a pine and regal as a queen she was, and as she walked with light, springy steps, bending her lithe, slender figure first to one side and then to the other to avoid the

branches, and ever and anon glancing over her shoulder to give me a smile of encouragement, she seemed the very personification of grace to me. We reached the house in a few minutes. Built of huge blocks of roughly hewn stone, with a low, sloping roof, it harmonized well with its picturesque surroundings.

"I will not weary you with a long account of that evening. I was made to feel at home and after a warm supper was forced to remain until late. My guide was named Signe and she was an orphan living with her grandparents who eked out a comfortable living on a war pension and the rent of a couple of houses in the village. Their name was Thorvaldson which shows that they were of Norwegian descent, but the girl had been born in this country, where her parents dying shortly after their arrival she had been adopted by her grandparents. As we sat before the fire, which had been built in order that my clothes might the better dry, she knitting, I smoking my pipe, and the old folks listening to my accounts of city life, I sometimes caught her glancing furtively at me, but whenever her eyes met mine she blushed and dropped them to her work.

"The evening passed only too swiftly for me and I walked back to the hotel like a man in a dream. My three friends were just preparing to hunt me up when I returned. I told them that I had taken shelter from the storm in a house up the glen; nothing more, except that I did not think that I would return to the city with them the next day. I offered some excuse for my change of plan and nothing strange was thought of it by my friends. They left the next day. I stayed a month longer. That month was the happiest that I have ever spent. Every day found me up in the glen at the little cottage where I was a welcome guest. There is no need to say that I was in love with Signe Thorvaldson. If she was beautiful in face and figure she was no less so in character and disposition. And soon I had the pleasure of knowing that my love was reciprocated, and in a couple of weeks I was her accepted lover and affianced husband. Her grandparents offered no opposition, being only too glad to see their darling happy, though I am sure the thought of having her leave them could not have been pleasant to them. At any rate, it was a happy time for Signe and for me. We rowed together on the lake, went for long rambles through the woods and dreamed of the future.

"But most pleasant of all was when the moon was full we used to go of an evening and sit on the Head up yonder. Then, hand clasped in hand, we would sit for hours, saying scarcely a word to break the silence of the night and gazing out into the starry world before me. I am sure that I possessed her heart entirely—a heart that had never been spoiled and ruined by the falsity of city life nor possessed by anyone before me.

"One day I told her that I was expecting a friend that evening and that I would not be able to meet her on the Head until later than usual. Had I

but told her that the friend was my sister to whom I had telegraphed to come up to meet my betrothed how much trouble I might have prevented! Nellie, my sister, came on the afternoon train, and in the evening I took her out for a walk that I might have a favorable opportunity to tell her of the matter nearest to my heart. When it was nearly time for Signe to come, Nellie and I sat down on a rock, a few paces only from the path on which Signe would come, and with our backs turned towards it. We were speaking of Signe, and Nellie made a laughing jest to the fact that I was always falling in love and could not know my own heart. I put my hand on her shoulder, as brothers will, and said tenderly:

"'Ah, Nellie, how can you doubt my love? You know it is genuine and sincere and that I have never loved any other girl. What was that?' for I had heard some one pass along the path and I thought that I heard a low moan. I jumped up startled.

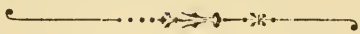
"'Only some girl from the hotel out enjoying the cool evening, or else your guilty conscience' remarked my sister. 'Come she added 'let us go down to the head.'

"We had not gone more than a dozen yards on the path to the Head when I heard a heavy splash in the water. A horrible fear and suspicion clutched my heart and caused the perspiration to stand out on my brow, as leaving my surprised sister, I rushed to the edge of the rock and looked over. The light of the moon touched her golden hair as she rose for the last time. With a heart-broken cry I jumped in after her, realizing the dreadful truth. I found her body but life had fled. She had heard my words to my sister and taken them for unfaithfulness to her.

"I raved and called upon her lifeless body, beseeching her to come back to life. At last Nellie got help from the hotel and they took me there and calmed me down a little. No one but Nellie and I and her grandparents ever knew the sad truth that she had committed suicide. The latter held me innocent, seeing my intense grief, but I regarded myself as a murderer and fled broken-hearted from the spot where lay buried the only girl whom I have ever loved or who ever loved me. The grandparents followed her to the grave soon after and now the old home is in the possession of the owls and snakes alone, fast falling into decay."

I took his hand and pressed it in sympathy when he had finished. Together we walked in silence back to the hotel, but now I knew why the Head possessed such a fascination for George. His heart was buried at its base.

Brown's Deception.



BROWN'S typewriter had a cold in her head. Brown, who was an impulsive, generous man, observed her sniffing and asked her what she was doing for her cold.

"Nothing," said she.

"I'll call up my family doctor and get him to prescribe for you," said Brown kindly. "It's no use being uncomfortable longer than necessary."

While he was waiting for central to give the doctor's number a startling thought came to him. What if the doctor should mention to Brown's wife that Brown had telephoned him about the typewriter? Brown's wife quite believed that Brown was possessed of charms that attracted all women to him irresistibly, especially type-writers, and she was wildly jealous of the industrious soul to whom Brown was really interesting only on salary days.

"Gad," said Brown as he thought of the blunder he had so nearly committed, "that would have raised the deuce."

"Hello," came the voice of the doctor.

"Hello," replied Brown. "That you, doctor? Say, doctor, I've got a mighty bad cold. Can't you send around something for it.

"What sort of a cold?" asked the other end.

"It's in my head, I think," ventured Brown."

"You think! Don't you know?" in a tone of surprise. "What are your symptoms?"

Brown had not thought of that, and he stammered in sudden panic. He was not much used to lying.

"Wait a minute, doctor," he said, and rushed over to his typewriter. "What are your symptoms—quick! quick!" he whispered.

"Cough," said she, "tickling in my throat, headache, constant thirst, can't breathe through my nose."

Brown rushed back to the phone.

"Cough, doctor," he said, "tickling in my throat, constant thirst, headache, can't breathe through my nose."

"That sounds bad," said the doctor after a moment. "I'd better run around to see you. I'll be around in an hour. I can't prescribe for anything as serious as that without seeing you."

"Sorry," gasped Brown, "But I'm going out of town."

"Not with that cold. I'll be right up. Good by," said the doctor ringing off. Brown scarcely had time to get well scared before the doctor hurried in.

"You're looking pretty well," were his first words.

"Oh yes," said Brown grimly, "I look better than I feel."

The doctor unbuttoned Brown's coat and listened for a rattling in his chest. He tapped him for soreness, examined his tongue, felt his pulse and looked grave as Brown had a paroxysm of coughing.

"Brown," said he, "you are a mighty sick man. You ought to be in bed this very minute. This is Saturday. Now you hurry home, and don't you leave your house till Monday; better stay in bed. Take one of these dark tablets every two hours and three quinine pills after each meal. Good bye. Be sure and let me know how you are getting on."

Brown turned the tablets over to his type-writer and was enjoying his papers on Sunday afternoon when he was horrified to see the doctor at his door.

"I got worried about you," said the doctor, "and thought I'd drive around. Medicines help you any?"

"Oh, wonderfully," said Brown, "I feel like a different man."

"How many tablets have you left?" asked the doctor. "Let me see them, Brown."

"Oh there's plenty left," said Brown nervously.

"But I want to see them," insisted the doctor.

"Well, you can't see them," blurted out Brown. "The infernal things are at the office."

"Why, Henry," in Mrs. Brown much aggrieved, "Why didn't you tell me that you were ill? Such things ought not to be kept from me. Is he very ill Doctor?"

"I want you to get him to bed at once," said the doctor decisively. "He has got the grip. If he had taken that medicine he might have warded it off, but now it is too late. His hands are cold, his forehead's covered with perspiration and his circulation is mighty bad."

"I don't want to go to bed," said Brown with much heat. "I'm better. That tickling in my throat has gone, and I can breathe through my nose now."

"All goes to show that the cold has left your head and has settled in your whole system," said the doctor. "If you don't go to bed at once, I'll not answer for the consequences."

Brown resisted till the doctor and Mrs. Brown wore him out between them, and he went to bed.

"Get him in a profuse perspiration as soon as possible," ordered the doctor; and Mrs. Brown buried Brown several feet deep under hot blankets.

"Now give him a bowl of hot lemonade and whiskey," ordered the doctor.

"I can't go hot lemonade. It makes me sick," said the mutinous Brown.

"Never mind," insisted the doctor, "I'll give you something to settle your stomach. We're going to sweat this grip out of you."

As Brown lay there under half a dozen blankets that afternoon, he glared about him, with the perspiration oozing from every pore, and swore to discharge the type-writer on Monday. He cursed his generous impulses and condemned the doctors to a place warm enough to sweat out grip without any extra blankets. As Mrs. Brown bustled in that evening with a bowl of weak broth in place of his usual excellent Sunday dinner she heard Brown mutter:

Oh, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive.

She set the tray down hastily and hurried the maid to the drug store to telephone the doctor that Brown had grown delirious and he had better come immediately.—[*Peoria Star.*

"What's the use of always fretting
At the trials we shall find
Ever strewn along our pathway—
Travel on, and never mind."

A "Missionary" Ribbon.

ELIZABETH PRICE.

HESTER ANN closed the gate behind her and strolled up the walk. It was a neat walk, edged with well-kept flower beds, and led to a lovely old house.

Hester Ann had never been there before, and that wasn't all. She had never been any place where such order prevailed. Her quick eyes saw it all—the smooth lawn, the well scrubbed steps, the polished knob and knocker on the door—and her bare feet shuffled uneasily as if to hide beneath her scanty skirts their own untidiness.

Mrs. Brookes answered her timid rap. "Good morning, my child," she said kindly. "Did you want something?" Hester Ann held out a dainty handkerchief, saying, "Them two ladies that's staying here, they came by our house a while ago, and after they passed I found this blowin' in the yard. I thought mayhe it was theirs, so I brought it."

"Thank you, dear. It does belong to my niece, and she is feeling very badly over losing lt. Come in and I'll call her."

Hester Ann slided in and sat down on the edge of a chair in the dining-room. She felt strangely out of place, yet loath to leave. She looked from the rugs on the floor to the silver and crystal shining on the sideboard; she saw that there were no dusty corners, no cobwebbed ceiling, no soiled window-panes, but everywhere neatness and order. She clasped her hands and drew a long breath.

She heard Mrs. Brooks call "Ella, come here," and in another moment a sweet voice exclaimed "My precious handkerchief! Auntie, where did you get it?"

"A little girl found it and returned it. She's in the dining-room."

Hester Ann rose as the young girl came out to speak to her, but she didn't answer her pleasant "Good morning." She only stood devouring with hungry eyes the beauty of the face before her; the glossy braids of hair, the glowing cheeks, the pretty hands and dainty dress and spotless collar. Hester Ann had never come in contact with anything like this before.

"Thank you so much for bringing back my handkerchief," Ella said. "It is one I prized for a dear friend made it for me just as she went away to heaven. How did you know where to bring it?"

"I saw you pass our house this morning, and I found this after awhile. I thought it must be yours, for no one down our way has such pretty things," said Hester Ann shyly.

"Do you like pretty things?" asked Ella, curiously looking at the forlorn little object before her.

"Oh, don't I?" and Hester Ann caught her breath. "I've never had any."

Ella felt a queer little catch in her throat, as she thought of herself and the other young girl. What a contrast—and why? Who had made them to differ?

A young lady entered the room, a second vision of beauty for Hester Ann to remember all her life.

She nodded carelessly at the stranger, then said, "Come Ella, we ought to be at our packing, if we expect to leave to-day. It is getting late."

"In a few minutes, Sydney. What is your name, dear?"

Hester Ann Brown. I live at the bend of the road in a shanty with a big chimney."

It never occurred to the child before to be ashamed of her home, but now she hastened to add apologetically, "It ain't much of a house but there's wild roses in the woods behind it an' violets in the spring, an' golden rod in the fall an' autumn leaves—oh, beauties!"

"You are fond of flowers, aren't you?" asked Ella.

"I love them," cried the child passionately.

"That is right. God has them made beautiful for us to enjoy, and He likes to have us all as beautiful as we can be."

Hester Ann's face flushed. "Not me" she muttered.

"Yes, you. Else why did He give you that lovely hair—so thick and black and long? and such white teeth and a straight, strong figure? God gives us all these good gifts, but he wants us to take care of them."

This very gently. Hester Ann understood and nodded slowly.

Ella went on, "I have a ribbon I am going to give you; then you can braid your hair all up neatly and tie it with a scarlet bow. It is just the color for you. Wait a moment."

She was back again directly with a piece of handsome ribbon in her hand. She showed Hester Ann how to make a tasteful bow, then wrapped it daintily in tissue paper and laid it in the sun-browned and brier-scratched hand outstretched to receive it.

"Thank you, ma'am," said Hester Ann, adding awkwardly, "I'm sorry you're going away, I'll remember what you said."

Ella shook hands with her cordially and whispered, "I shall ask God to help you to make yourself as beautiful as He wants you to be—not only outwardly, but pure and good within: they ought always to go together, Good-by."

Sydney began as she entered the sitting-room, "Auntie Brookes, what do you think this ridiculous child has done? She actually gave to that piece of forlornity the satin she bought to make a collar for her black lace dress. That beautiful ribbon—on that dreadful hair! I was provoked enough when I saw it. A comb and brush would have been suitable accompaniments, not to mention toilet soap."

"What made you so silly, Ella? A dime would have paid her for her trouble and been much more appropriate."

"I don't think so, Sydney. I pitied the poor neglected-looking child, and I wanted to give her just a hint of the beauty that has always been denied her. I don't suppose I'll ever see her again, so I can't help her only by praying for her. So I sent my ribbon on a mission, and hope it may do good in several ways, which you see it couldn't have done if I'd worn it as a collar."

Mrs. Brookes smiled approvingly. "You did right, dear, and I'll keep watch as to whether your experiment succeeds."

"I didn't recognize the girl, but I know of the family; they are lazy and thriftless, and dear knows they need a missionary work of some kind."

Sydney shrugged her shoulders. "I'm devoutly thankful they didn't appear on the scene until the last day of our visit. If Ella had discovered them before, she would probably have made a missionary of herself instead of her collar. Come on, my young fanatic, and put the rest of your belongings into the trunk; then we'll lock 'em up and they'll be safe till you get to your mother."

Ella laughed good naturedly and obeyed, but in her heart there lingered a tender little prayer for poor unattractive Hester Ann, whose hungry soul looking out from her wistful eyes had touched her deeply.

Hester Ann entered her wretched home with head erect and shoulders back. A slatternly woman greeted her. "What ails you, child? You come walkin' in as proud as the queen of Sheby."

"Look at this, mother. It's mine!" exclaimed the girl with shining eyes.

"You don't say so!" ejaculated the woman, touching the rich fabric with one grimy finger.

"Where did you get it?"

"That handkerchief I found belonged to one of them ladies, and she gave me this. It's to wear on my hair, an' she says my hair's lovely but it ain't, is it mother?"

Mrs. Brown looked at it critically. "I don't see why 'taint as good as anybody's, though if it was combed once in a while it'd show off better."

"I'm goin' to comb it this minute, mother, and brush it a lot so it'll shine like hers did. But first I must wash my face and neck and hands."

A half hour later the cracked looking-glass reflected a picture that Ella

would scarcely have recognized; even Hester Ann herself could hardly believe that the oval face which looked back at her from its frame of glossy hair was her own. Ella was right, the scarlet loops were "just her color." Mrs. Brown had watched the process with interest. "If I thought it'd make the difference in me it has in you I'd try it myself."

Hester Ann turned toward her with a beaming face. "Mother, let me fix your hair like hers. I believe I could do it; and then I'm going to scrub this floor for once. Up at Mrs. Brookes' the porch floor was that white you could have eat off it, an' even the plank walk to the chicken yard was white. Let's us clean things up an' see how it would seem to be like folks."

"Clean all you've a mind to, Hester Ann. I'm sure I never made no objections to being clean. If you'd spend some time helpin' do the work instead of roamin' the woods it'd be more to your credit." The woman's aggrieved look was lost on her daughter. She was too full of eagerness in her rapidly growing plans.

When Mr. Brown came leisurely sauntering home that afternoon he found that comparative cleanliness had replaced the usual disorder in the big, bare living room, while his wife sat in her rickety rocker with a conscious flush on her sallow cheeks. "Why, Sarah," he exclaimed, "How chipper you look. What's goin' on?"

"Nothin'? Can't a person clean up oncet in a while without remarks bein' made?"

"Certainly, Sarah. You look so young; it seems like old times. You was a pretty lass; a pretty black-eyed lass."

Something bright sparkled in the black eyes for an instant—something that softened and made them womanly. Mrs. Brown answered gently, "Them was happy times, Joe. We didn't live in a tumbledown shanty them days."

Hester Ann came in a little later with a pan of wild blackberries she had gathered. Her father held her at arm's length and looked at her critically. "There ain't a prettier or likelier lookin' gal in this country than our darter, Sarah. Don't it beat all how them red fixins does become her? We'll have to hustle around and get a dress to go with 'em. Your ma used to wear ribbins like that, Hester Ann, an' you've no idee how pretty she was. You've never had your chance, child, but it ain't fair, an' you shall have it yit sure as my name's Joe Brown!"

Mrs. Brookes' carriage came down the road that afternoon on its way down to the station with Sydney and Ella. As they turned into the long lane there stood Hester Ann against the hedge. She held a great bunch of exquisite ferns in her hands, and as the carriage stopped she said, nodding at Ella, "They're for you. I got 'em. Nobody else knows where they grow. Pa an' mother was awful pleased with my ribbon, an' pa says mother used to wear

'em when she was a girl, an' it seems like old times. An' we are goin' to try an' keep ourselves clean an' tidy outside an' inside, like you said. And please don't forget what you promised."

Ella laid her face against the cool green mass; her lips were trembling in joy. "My dear," she said, "thank you for these beautiful ferns. I shall press them and keep them always if I can. I'll not forget my promise, and you and I can trust God to answer our prayer, for you see He has begun already. Good-by, Hester Ann. God bless you."

The big black eyes watched the carriage till it passed from sight, then softened by a new ambition and full of womanly resolution, Hester Ann turned toward home.

Ella watched the curl of smoke from the "big chimney" of the Brown shanty for awhile. Then she said with gravity, "It is nice that sometimes God gives us glimpses of the way in which all things work together for good. I felt so grieved this morning over losing the handkerchief Aunt Faith made me, but I should never have thought of looking for a blessing to come out of the loss; but it has already. For through it we discovered Hester Ann, with all her needs and possibilities, and plans for helping her are already shaping themselves in Auntie Brookes' busy brain. Then my own faith has been strengthened"—"and my unbelief rebuked," interrupted Sydney, half laughing, half crying. "Did you see how much neater she looked? The ribbon is doing its work. Ella I'll never remonstrate again if you send every blessed collar you've got to the heathen."

The Adult Blind.

HARRY FORRESTER.

WE read in the Bible, that there is one glory of the Sun, another glory of the Moon, and another glory of the Stars, but, one star differeth from another star in glory. In the same way we might look at the various classes of the blind, some of them have been born blind, some at a very early age have lost their sight and have had the advantage of receiving an education at one of the many Institutions for the Blind. There are others again who have nearly completed their education, have also the privilege of entering such Institutions and so become, if they have good talents, what I would call the Suns and Moons of the Blind. This class we have from time to time read of in the pages of this Magazine and one would naturally conclude, from such successful careers, that the blind were rather a fortunate class of mortals. But we must not forget that St. Paul speaks of the Stars which are an innumerable host. Out of the 75,000 of the Blind who are living on this continent most will take the rank of stars. This again will admit of being divided as of those of the first and second magnitude.

In the first class of the Stars I should place such of the Blind, as have arrived at manhood or womanhood and are so comfortably situated as regards temporal affairs, that their pockets contain money and their friends' eyes are always ready and willing to be eyes to them; this class we hear of but little, for they need not any assistance outside of their own circle. I will now introduce the reader to probably the largest class of the Blind. That for which the American Asssociation for the Blind has been called into activity recently and which will doubtless be of immense value to the adult Blind of this second class of Stars who by the theory of evolution may be raised to stars of the first magnitude. Perhaps the reader may ask what is needful to be done. Before answering this question, I might say that this class will be found living at home in middle life with food and raiment but without any special occupation, and if left without something to awaken their minds, they will naturally fall into a state of lethargy. I will now give the reader what has been accomplished by one of this class. The writer was forty-six years of age when he became totally blind. He had for many years been a school teacher and also for a number of years was employed as a book-keeper, both of these callings were perfectly useless to him after his loss of sight. He was too old to enter an Institution for the Blind, (Probably Mr. Forrester did

not know that people of any age could enter the Connecticut Institute for the Blind.—ED.) and though having food and raiment and a comfortable home he required mental food for his active mind. This was first supplied by one of the teachers of a School for the Blind, who handed him a book of the Moon type, saying that was the kind middle aged people usually read. Finding there was a point system called "English Braille" he obtained from a blind friend the Braille Alphabet and finding it could be written as well as read he commenced learning it. The next thing was to use it as a means for correspondence. This was not only pleasant occupation but educative to himself and useful to others. But the difficulty was, that hearing of a blind person living in the states and who could only write the American Braille he found another task before him, but "never despair" being his motto he grappled with the American Braille, and so he had two systems of the point.

The American friend introduced him by letter to one who wrote the New York point, so a third system had to be learned in order to retain this friend. His correspondence with the Blind in Canada, America and England has been continued up to the present time and during the last year he has added to the three systems the "Shorthand Braille" and has taught by letters seven others in that system.

The result is that he is generally occupied every day with Braille reading or writing, and among his correspondents he has several ladies who are in possession of their sight and who, like many of the readers of this Magazine, are throwing rays of sunshine into the darkness of the lives of the adult Blind by their cheerful letters, bright and crisp with new thoughts and ideas. This work on their part may not be of a remunerative nature yet it will in the end receive the reward for well doing.

(The following poem was written by Mr. Forrester who does not claim for it any literary merit. Yet he thinks it may be of more than passing interest to the readers of TALKS AND TALES, as the subject is not one which has been written upon by the poets.)

POEM ON BRAILLE.

Oh, yes, I like these points so well,
For to my touch they always tell
The thoughts that pass through someone's mind,
Thoughts which are gentle, true, and kind.
Of friends whom I would not have known,
But for the means of braille alone
No wonder then, I love so much
These little points I often touch.

As we sail o'er life's troubled sea,
A light is seen upon our lee,
And through the darkness of our night
We pierce the gloom with mental light,
To catch a glimpse of that bright spot
So as to cheer our lonely lot.
See, here it is, come then and hail,
Ahoy, ahoy, oh, Lighthouse Braille.

Like those whose lips so long to tell
The secrets which within them dwell,
We, through the nerves in finger tips,
Read words unspoken by the lips.
And thus we make our pathway clear
That otherwise would oft' be drear.
And so I find of great avail
The knowledge which I have of braille.

Now will you then with me rejoice
That I have found in braille a voice.
And let us not forget the name
Of him who gave to us the same.
For though our eyes will never see
The man who planned for you and me,
Still in our minds we should not fail
To often think of Louis Braille.

My thoughts now take a serious turn,
For in God's word we there do learn
The truth, that we should all perceive
In this command, repent, believe;
For I will give the blind their sight;
Turn all their darkness into light;
Increase their patience, and their faith,
Words such as these the Saviour saith.

As these great truths are stamped in braille
My heart's desire is, do not fail
To grasp the truths that will supply
A solid comfort when you die.
As the dark shadows round us creep,
When Jesus bids us in Him sleep,
Till he awakens us once more
To join our loved ones gone before.

And then with hand in hand we'll walk,
And of the love of Christ will talk.
No more we'll need the braille to raise
Our souls, for on Him we will gaze,
And in that glorious home above
We'll be united in one love,
For ever and for evermore
On that bright golden, blissful shore.

Reading-Room for the Sightless.

HELEN AMELIA DAVIS.

ONE of the most interesting sections in the new Library of Congress is the reading-room for the sightless, in charge of Miss Etta Josselyn Giffin, an ideal librarian for the place, one whose whole soul is in her work, and who unites great tact with a ready sympathy for those less fortunate than their seeing friends. The word "blind" seems to be peculiarly offensive to many persons who have not the use of their eyes, and for that reason Miss Giffin is very careful to avoid the use of the term when conversing with them.

In the old Library of Congress no special provision was made for the blind, and the books designed for their use were seldom read there, as inquisitive strangers were apt thoughtlessly to congregate about the chair of one whom they saw reading by the sense of touch. Miss Helen Marr Campbell, a sightless musician and poet, conceived the idea of a reading-room where the sensitive blind reader would be secure from all such intrusion; and it was at her request that this reading-room was established, the first one in the country in any library for seeing persons.

The reading-room is an artistic, cheerful place, with numerous windows, in many of which are growing plants; a room where the blind are sure of a pleasant greeting and of every courteous attention. Besides a grand piano the chief articles of furniture are a massive desk, a large reading-table, and some high-backed chairs,—all of highly polished walnut, and all elaborately hand-carved. These pieces were used for half a century by Librarian Spofford, but had been finally relegated to a storeroom, from which place, at Miss Giffin's request, they were rescued for their present use. New felt now appears on the desk and table, and leather has replaced the worn-out hair-cloth of the chairs. That the beauty of the furniture is appreciated by the sightless ones is attested by the pleased way in which they frequently pass their fingers over the handsome carving.

At one side of the room are shelves containing the books printed in the various systems of raised characters. There are at present four systems in use in the United States. The oldest of these is the raised letter or line type, originated by Valenlin Haüy, of Paris, known as the "Apostle of the Blind," who printed his first book in 1784. The Moon system consists of a modification or an abbreviation of the letters of our alphabet, and receives its name from its inventor, Dr. Moon, an English minister who had become blind in middle life.

The Braille and the New York point methods, consisting of various groupings of dots, are wholly unintelligible to unenlightened seeing persons, but the facility with which the sightless read and write these systems is remarkable. The Braille alphabet is the product of a blind Frenchman of that name. Having undergone some slight alterations in certain countries, it is variously known as the French Braille, American Braille, German Braille, etc. The New York point system was invented by Prof. William B. Wait, superintendent of the New York City School for the Blind, and is very largely taught in this country, being in use in thirty-four schools.

Upon the desk are left a few of the huge volumes, to illustrate to the visitor these various systems. There is also lying here one volume printed in the Lucas stenographic system, but shorthand has never come into use for the reason that there is no way for the blind to write it. A slate and a Hall Braille writer also occupy places here. The former consists of a frame for holding the paper, a guide for the lines, and a stylus for making the perforations, the writing being from right to left, so that when the paper is reversed it shall be read from left to right. The latter is a small writing-machine invented by Prof. Frank Hall, superintendent of the School for the Blind at Jacksonville, Ill., and operated practically the same as a typewriter, the Braille characters produced being made with a sharp point. Professor Wait is the inventor of a similar machine called the kleidograph, for writing the New York point alphabet. Two machines for printing books in the New York point and Braille systems are called the stereograph and the stereotype-maker, respectively, and were invented by the two professors who produced these writing-machines.

That such studies as mathematics, geography, and history are not neglected in schools for the blind can be seen by a glance at some embossed diagrams illustrating geometric problems, and such up-to-date maps as those of Manilla harbor, the Philippine Islands, etc.

Miss Giffin has so succeeded in interesting a number of women in Washington in the work of this reading-room that several have purchased slates and learned to use them, and have transcribed many short stories, etc., for the use of the Library, one woman regularly so writing a monthly magazine. The Library also subscribes for one or more magazines published in raised characters. Owing to the great cost of books printed for the blind, the Library does not contain as many volumes as could be desired; at present, there are about four hundred, embracing standard works of history, fiction, poetry, etc. Recently there has been a great reduction in the price of these books. A few years ago, a subsidy of $250,000 was granted the American Printing-House for the Blind, at Louisville, Ky., the annual interest upon this sum enabling the House to furnish books at cost to libraries, and free to all schools.

Even in the most concise method—the New York point—the books are necessarily exceedingly bulky. Irving's "Sketch-book" requires three very large volumes, while the Bible is printed in eleven.

In addition to the books and magazines, there are some choice pieces of vocal and instrumental music, which are frequently called for, and are quickly memorized for future use, sometimes being first "run over" on the piano.

Except during the summer months, entertainment is provided daily in the shape of an hour's reading by seeing friends who are willing to give up a little of their time for the cause. Among those who have so contributed their services have been many prominent writers and clergymen. Once a week the entertainment takes the form of a musical recital, and these hours are especially appreciated. The usual attendance of the blind at these meetings is about eight or ten, though there have been as many as twenty-five, and there are frequently visitors in addition. At some of the recitals, outsiders have been amazed to hear among the comments made by some of the blind auditors, such exclamations, "Did you ever see any one make her hands fly over the keys so rapidly?" The mental vision is there, if not the actual.

Many who would be very glad to avail themselves of the privileges of these afternoons have no one to take them to and from the Library, and are thus debarred from attending. At Miss Giffin's suggestion, several young women now take it upon themselves to act as escorts for such persons. Those who have carriages gladly use them, and others resort to the street-cars.

The reading-room contains a number of articles designed to interest outsiders in work among the sightless. One of these is a copy of a small magazine for which a larger circulation is desired. It is called TALKS AND TALES, and is published for seeing persons by the Connecticut Institute and Industrial Home for the Blind, at Hartford. Many of the articles are written by sightless writers. An especially pleasing department is that called "Successful Blind People." The paper is neatly prepared, and is published at the modest subscription price of one dollar a year.

Samples of work done at the Pennsylvania Industrial Home for Blind women include some dainly articles in crochet and wicker work.

The children of the School for the Blind, at Columbus, O., are represented by a variety of articles, any of which would do great credit to children of maturer years and possessed of all their senses. One square of especially pretty design was crocheted in two colors of fine cotton by a little girl of nine years, while a boy eight years of age had made a pipe of beads strung upon wire. To each article a tag is attached, stating the price at which it may be duplicated.—[*The Christian Endeavor World.*

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE SINGING OF A BIRD.

MARY E. SANFORD.

Why art thou so early risen
  Simple birdling from thy nest,
Hast thou come to tell of heaven?
  Sing'st thou of eternal rest?
Would like thee with flight unfettered
  I could rise from scenes of earth,
Through the mists, unto the portals,
  Where the better life has birth.

I would reach the heights of knowledge,
  In the Father's presence hide
When my barque has crossed life's ocean,
  Restless ever, deep and wide—
I would voice the hymn triumphant
  In those blissful realms above,
There to dwell in endless service,
  Of a God whose name is love.

Wait my soul, still wait in patience,
  Count thy mercies day by day,
Scatter seeds of love and kindness
  All along life's upward way;
If at times the shadows deepen,
  Clouds of doubt obscure the sun,
Faithful, we shall hear the summons,
  Victory thine, my child, "Well done."

Sketches from Our Exchanges.

THE EAGLE'S NEST.

THERE are several kinds of eagles found in this country. Some build their nests on trees, but the larger kinds build on high craigs. They do not take much trouble with their nests.

They find places on the face of a cliff which is inaccessible to men, and here they collect a large quantity of sticks with no effort at arrangement. When they have formed a tolerably large platform in his manner, they line just a small part in the midst with grass, and here are laid two or sometimes three white eggs. These eggs are much sought after, and bold, skillful craigsmen frequently risk their lives to obtain them.

From the kind of food on which the eagles live you will suppose that the nest, or eyrie, as it is called, is not a very pleasant spot, even if you could get to it. The lambs, or rabbit or fish which the bird has captured are carried to the nest and torn into pieces for the young, and the remains of dead animals lie thick on and about the nest, making it a very unpleasant place indeed.

The eagle is swift in flight and can readily capture other birds even when flying. Many years ago eagles were taken when young and carefully trained and then used by huntsmen to capture antelopes, foxes and rabbits. Even now, in some parts of Asia they are used in this way, and a well-trained eagle is said to be worth as much as two camels.

Because the eagle is so strong and swift and brave, it has been from the most ancient days used as a standard by the different nations. The Assyrians, then the Persians, then the Romans of ancient days used the eagle as their standard just as we do in the United States.

THE FIRST COOK BOOK.

To the Romans belongs the honor of having produced the first European cookery book; though the authorship is uncertain, it is generally attributed to Caelius Apicius, who lived under Trajan, (114 A. D.) Here are two recipes from this ancient collection: "First, for a sauce to be eaten with boiled fowl, put the following ingredients into a mortar; aniseed, dried mint, and lazer root, cover them with vinegar, add dates and pour in liquamen, (a distilled liquor made from large fish which were salted and allowed to turn putrid in the sun,) oil, and a small quantity of mustard seeds. Reduce all to a proper thickness with sweet wine warmed, and then pour this same over your

chicken, which should previously be boiled in aniseed water." The second recipe shows the same queer mixture of ingredients: "Take a wheelbarrow of rose leaves and pound in a mortar, add to it brains of two pigs and two thrushes boiled and mixed with the chopped-up yolk of egg, oil, vinegar, pepper, and wine. Mix and pour these together, and stew them steadily and slowly till the perfume is developed."

The Romans were very fond of surprise dishes, such as pigs stuffed with live thrushes; and, to anticipate a little, this taste descended so near our own times as the reign of Charles II., as witness a recipe of that date for making two pies which were to be served together—containing live birds and the other live frogs. When the latter was opened "out skip the frogs, which made the ladies to shriek and skip," while the birds then released were to add to the general confusion by flying at the candles and putting out the lights. A dish of peacock was a favorite plate at Rome, and was served at the beginning of dinner. The bird, having first been done to death by stifling, was then skinned; the inside was filled with the flesh of other birds, and the whole sewn together, and finally sent in to table affixed to a small branch as if alive.

THE ELECTRIC FISH.

THOUSANDS of years ago, the Egyptians made pictures of the electric fish of the Nile and in a late article Prof. Francis Gotch gives a careful description of this wonderfully and fearfully made little creature. He finds that the electrical organ encloses the whole body and is situated in the skin and when looked at through a microscope is discovered to be composed of as many as 2,000,000 beautifully formed little disks superposed upon connected rows of minute compartments in which are the terminals of nerves.

The shock is produced by an intense current which traverse the entire organ from the head to the tail of the fish, returning through the surroundings. It stuns small fish in the neighborhood. Professor Gotch likens its action to that of a self-loading and self-discharging gun. The electromotive force of the organ in a fish only eight inches long can, he asserts, attain the surprising maximum of 200 volts. A single giant nerve-cell at the head of the spinal column is the source of the impulses which discharge the organ.

SUCCESSFUL BLIND PEOPLE.

F. E. CLEAVELAND.

In this department, which is dedicated to the cause for the advancement of which this periodical is published, we hope to serve a double purpose. We wish first to call the attention of the seeing world to what it is possible for blind persons to accomplish.

Second, to have this knowledge, by means of the thoughtful kindness of our subscribers, reach the sightless everywhere and stimulate them to make the most of their lives.

Every blind man or woman, young or vigorous, with a favorable opportunity may become self-sustaining. The right amount of perseverance will command the opportunity. All who wish to know what is being accomplished to increase the methods by which blind people may become independent are invited to open correspondence with the American Association to Promote the Education and Employment of the Blind, 3124 Fourteenth St. N. W., Washington, D. C., enclosing stamp for reply.

Some years ago, a boy of seven, met with an accident which eventually destroyed his sight. This boy with all the advantages of excellent ancestry, unusual capability and ample means, in fact with all the environments that make for success, would have had a brilliant future, but not a more useful one. By the time he had prepared for college his sight had so far gone as to make a course of study in the college he had selected, impossible.

He therefore entered the Perkins Institute and continued his studies there. The loss of sight to a man as richly endowed as he, has been a spur in the training of all his powers, and the benefit of this training has been so widely disseminated by his lectures and writings that the blind of all the world have had happier lives, and the lives of the blind of the future will feel the impetus given by the improvements in methods of teaching them.

Not the least of the good accomplished by the subject of this sketch has been the knowledge brought to seeing people of the possibilities in the blind to become self-sustaining. This is the same obstacle met by all interested in the work for the education of blind people, the difficulty of convincing seeing people that loss of sight does not mean loss of mental faculty.

How to teach the seeing public that those deprived of sight are no less valuable to the body politic than those who enjoy sight has always been a

problem. Blind people differ in degree one with another the same as seeing people, there are some seeing people who are not self-supporting. Through the labors of Mr. Charles Frederick Fraser, the subject of this sketch, communities are realizing that the blind do not need asylums but schools, and he has worked most successfully, although under great disadvantages, for the principles of college extension for the blind. He has also seen the need, and conquered it, of industrial as well as educational schools and in the school at Halifax may be found blind people manufacturing telephones, dynamos and other electrical appliances, baskets, brooms, chair-bottoms, mattresses, brushes, and doing plain sewing, fancy work, wool-work, working sewing and knitting machines, putting piano fortes in tune, and calling sweet music from their key boards, as well as skillful performances on various other instruments of music—violin, cornet, clarionette, etc. All that the blind of the Halifax School are doing can be as easily done elsewhere. Mr. Fraser is married and has a valuable assistant in his wife whose sympathies are entirely with his work.

Who can estimate what the loss to the world would have been had that boy of seven recovered his sight! It is not given to many individuals to realize during their lives what inestimable good has accrued to the multitude from the apparent misfortune of the one. Only apparent, for no man with the heart of Mr. Fraser can regret his own limitation when that limitation has been the means of blessing the less fortunate to such a marked degree.

Sydney McDonald, of New Glasgow, by a fall on the ice, when six years old, lost his sight totally, and suffered almost the total loss of hearing and he was also partially paralyzed in his right side. There he stands, holding between his teeth one end of a thin piece of wood two feet long and one inch thick, and C. F. Fraser holding the other end between his teeth. What is the superintendent doing? He is waking up the intellectual, moral and spiritual life of a boy by sending sounds through that piece of wood from his own month along nerve courses into the brain of Sydney. He educated him. He succeeded and Mr. McDonald took his place as an intelligent man whose life was made happy.

Listen to William Porter, of Falmouth, in a letter to Mr. Fraser: "I used to sit in the chimney and mourn my loss of sight; now thanks to you and the institution, I am living a busy active life and haven't time to think whether I can or cannot see."

It is hoped that the following article, taken from Progress, an embossed magazine published in London, England, may arrest the attention of persons

desirous of aiding a very worthy class, the adult blind, that like institutes may be established in the United States thus giving to blind men and women, training which will prove remunerative and rid them of dependence, which to every self-respecting person is a crushing weight of woe.

"We have much pleasure in announcing the formation of an Institute for massage by the blind, under the control of eminent physicians from Harley Street and the neighborhood. Such an Institution has we feel sure, a great future in store for it, since establishments of the kind, when properly conducted, are of real use, and the many advantages to be derived from the employment of blind masseurs in the place of seeing will be apparent to everyone. By the courtesy of the Gardner Trust, the offices of the society are for the time being at 53 Victoria Street, Westminster, but we understand that a central office is to be obtained in London, from which the operators will be sent out to all parts as required."

Arrangements are being made to add massage to the branches taught at the Institution in Hartford. It has seemed desirable for some time but until recently has not been practical. A young woman who is blind will be the teacher.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

When Tommy Goes to School.

When Tommy
goes to school,
it takes
Mamma
and Kate
and me
To start
him off,
because he makes
Quite work enough for three.
Kate must find his coat and cap;
I try to hear his rule.
It's always an exciting time
When Tommy goes to school.

Mamma must cut the sandwiches
And lay in quite a stock,
While Kate warms his rubbers well,
And I must watch the clock.
He eats his breakfast first of all,
While ours is getting cool.
It's always an exciting time
When Tommy goes to school.

Next Kate brings his handkerchief;
I'll tell him he'll be late;
Mamma then kisses him good-bye
Just as it's half-past eight.
And Katie, buttoning up his coat,
Says, "He's naebody's fool!"
It's always an exciting time
When Tommy goes to school.

—[*Selected.*

A Story of Whistling and Bees.

HENRY FITCH a young farmer living at Mountain End, averted death for himself and his two oxen the other day by whistling.

Young Fitch is a whistler of much ability. He has whistled at every farmhouse aud every gathering in the neighborhood, and when he is whistling nobody cares to listen to piano, violin, flute, guitar or banjo.

The other day Fitch was plowing in his field—plowing and whistling. Two sleek, sleepy oxen were drawing the plow, and neither they nor Fitch paid any attention to anything but the plowing and the whistling.

Presently a swarm of thousands of honey bees hovered over them. There was no use to run—still less to fight them, and Fitch simply kept on whistling and plowing while the bees settled softly upon him and the oxen. They seemed friendly enough as long as Fitch whistled, and Fitch admits that he was willing to whistle as long as they remained friendly and seemed inclined to listen.

Fitch continued to plow along. His patch led toward his home, where he could see his mother in the yard. He caught the tails of the oxen so the beasts might not anger the bees by switching them. For the distance of half a mile he held these two oxtails and whistled.

His mother looked up and saw him. He and his oxen looked like they might be covered with a soft brown fur. Fitch stopped whistling just

long enough to shout "bees" and then continued his tune without the bees realizing that he had dropped a note.

Mrs. Fitch acted at once. She knows something of bees and realized that unless she got them hived in short order they would probably sting her son to death. For she argued that he could not keep on whistling forever.

So she got a huge tin pan and began beating it vigorously. The bees stirred uneasily at this interruption of their concert, but they did not sting, and after a few moments every one of them rose in the air and started toward the tin pan. Mrs. Fitch led the way to an empty hive which had luckily been prepared for another swarm, and by dint of much beating and coaxing, got all the bees into it.

Fitch stopped whistling, sat down flat on the ground, and mopped his face. The sleek, lazy oxen switched their tails vigorously to make up for lost time.—*St. Louis Republic.*

Cat Drives the Cows.

"Never tell me that a cat has no reasoning powers," said a man from Cincinnati at the Waldorf the other day. "I was out on a farm near my city recently and there saw a huge cat that actually drove the cows home when he got hungry in order to get one of the farm boys to milk a few streams into his mouth.

"The cat in question was so fond of milk that it went with the boys every night to get the cows, frolicking and mewing on the way. One night the boys were too busy to get the cows at the regular hour, and so the cat went alone. Imagine the astonishment of the farmers when they saw the cows coming in from pasture with the cat mewing in pursuit. It was looked upon as a coincidence the first night, but when, night after night, the performance was repeated, they decided that the cat was a thinker, and so Mr. Thomas Cat has all the milk he can drink at that farm now."

How a Dog was Sold.

Here is a true story: A family down town having a false grate in one of the rooms of the house placed some red paper behind it to give it the effect of fire. On one of the coldest days the dog belonging to the household came in from out of doors, and seeing the paper in the grate deliberately walked up to it and laid down before it, curled up in the best way to receive the glowing heat as it came from the fire. He remained motionless for a few moments; feeling no warmth he raised his head and looked over his shoulder at the grate; still feeling no heat he went across and carefully applied his nose to the grate and smelt of it. It was cold as ice. With a look of the most supreme disgust, his tail curled down between his legs, every hair on his body saying "I'm sold," the dog trotted out of the room, not even deigning to cast a look at the party in the room who had watched the actions and laughed so heartily at his misfortunes. That dog had reason as well as instinct.—*Troy Times.*

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

"The streets were so crooked," said the traveler, "that every time I went for a walk I met myself coming back."

———o———

Casey—"See here! that dollar ye lent me yisterday was a counterfeit."

Cassidy—"Well, Casey, didn't ye say ye wanted it bad?"

———o———

"Pa, why do they call it 'cold cash?'"

"Because people have a habit of freezing to it, I guess."

———o———

Jawkins—"Why do they always call sailors 'tars?'"

Pawkins—"Because they're so accustomed to the pitching of the ship."

———o———

"Our landlady had to lower the table three inches."

"Why did she do that?"

"Nearly all the borders are scorchers."

———o———

Whyte—"I see that you have bought your wife one of those inhalers."

Browne—"Yes. You see, when she has that in her mouth, she can't talk."

———o———

"Willie," said a mother to her four-year-old hopeful, "you must not interrupt me when I am talking. Wait until we get through, then you can talk."

"But, mamma," replied the little fellow, "by the time you get through I'll forget all my talk."

Gracie's first experience in eating a peach: "I've eaten it, cloth and all, mamma. Now, what shall I do with the bone?"

———o———

The proprietor of a Louisville bone factory announces that persons leaving their bones with him can have them ground at short notice.

———o———

The brother—"I don't see, sis where you got your head for figures."

The sister—"I got it helping father audit your college accounts."

———o———

"Why does Jim Todgers affect that funeral style of walking?"

"He can't help it. He's been an usher at so many weddings."

———o———

Little three-year old Bessie was trying to dress herself one morning and managed to get her clothes badly mixed. Calling to her mother, she said, "Oh, mamma, come and help me: I'm all upside out!"

———o———

"Won't you take my seat?" said a gentleman, as a pretty young lady entered the car.

"No, thank you," she responded, cheerfully. "I've been skating, and I'm tired of sitting down."

———o———

Margins—"I heard that Nosutch Wyrde has failed."

Bearish—"Yes. He lost all his money,"

Margins—"Who got it?"

Bearish—"Well his wife got most of it."

"I have never yet lost a patient," said young Dr. Doce, proudly.

"I can't say that much," replied Dr. Paresis. "I often have a patient get well."

———o———

He—"That fellow is going to charge me only a dollar for this boat for the whole day."

She—"My ! it's a regular bargain sail; isn't it, dearie?"

———o———

There was a laugh even among the preachers, at a Sunday school examination in Berlin. The question was, "What do you call those persons who go out among the heathens to teach them the Gospel?" And a youngster answered, "Social Democrats!"

———o———

"Why should they tell us there is a Santa Claus, if there isn't ?" asked the amiable boy.

"That's easy," answered the urchin. "Folks want somebody to lay the blame on if you don't get the kind of presents you wanted."

———o———

A tall fellow persisted in standing during the performance at the theatre, much to the annoyance of the audience, and was respectfully requested to sit down, but would not; when a voice from the upper gallery called out, "Let him alone, honey; he's a tailor, and he's resting himself." He dropped into a seat.

———o———

Jack," asked the father, "are you going in for any of the school sports this year?"

"Yes, daddy," replied the unsuspecting boy, "I'm going to try for the mile race."

"Good," returned his father. "I have a letter to be posted, and it's about a mile to the post office and back. Let me see what time you can do it in."

"Ma" said a newspaper man's son, "I know why editors call themselves we."

"Why?"

"So's the man that doesn't like the article will think there are too many people for him to tackle."

———o———

A full-bearded grandfather recently had his beard shaved off, showing a clean face for the first time in a number of years. At the dinner-table, his three-year-old granddaughter noticed it, gazed long with wondering eye, and finally ejaculated, "Grandfather, whose head have you got on?"

———o———

A scientific writer put out flaming handbills headed, "Know Thyself." A wag soon called on the lecturer and told him he was inducing a great many people to form acquaintances of a very low order. The lecturer looked at the wag a moment and said, "My friend, you are right; but it never occurred to me until I saw you."

———o———

Customer—"When I went home and poured your berries into a dish a big spider jumped out."

Dealer—"How big was the spider, ma'am?"

Customer—"Oh, as big as a berry, sir."

Dealer—"Well, I will give you another berry for the space the spider filled."

———o———

"Uncle John," remarked Dick, "is the best after-dinner speaker I know of."

"Why," said his friend, with some astonishment, "I never heard he had any ability in that direction at all."

"Well, he has. I've dined with him several times at various places, and after dinner he always says: "That's all right, my boy, I'll pay for it."

SELECTED MATTER.

The Old Hymns.

There's lot o' music in 'em, the hymns
of long ago,
An' when some gray-haired brother
sings the ones I used to know,
I sorter want to take a hand—I think
o' days gone by,
"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand
and cast a wistful eye."

There's lot's o' music in 'em—those
dear, sweet hymns of old,
With visions bright of lands of light
and shining streets of gold;
And I hear 'em ringing—singing,
where Mem'ry dreaming stands,
"From Greenland's icy mountains to
India's coral strands."

They seem to sing forever of holier,
sweeter days,
When the lilies of the love of God
bloomed white in all the ways;
And I want to hear their music from
the old-time meetin's rise,
Till "I can read my title clear to
mansions in the skies."

We never needed singin' books in
them old days; we knew
The words—the tunes of every one
the dear old hymn book through;
We didn't have no trumpets then—no
organs built for show;
We only sang to praise the Lord "from
whom all blessings flow."

An' so I love the old hymns, and
when my time shall come—
Before the light has left me and my
singing lips are dumb—
If I can only hear 'em then, I'll pass
without a sigh
"To Canaan's fair and happy land,
where my possessions lie!"

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

THE electric fan bids fair to supersede the punkah coolies of India. The regular price for four coolies to divide up the twenty-four hours is six cents each. With electrical fans the work can be done for one third of the cost, and considerable inconvenience may be avoided. A writer in The Electrical World states that the day shifts of coolies do quite reliable work, but the night gang is not so satisfactory. Their duty is to pull the punkah over the bed, getting rid of mosquitoes and vermin, but the coolies attempt to get as much sleep as possible, and it is rather difficult to to create activity among them. The electric fan, on the contrary, would give a reliable all-night service.

TAKING the amount of heat received by the earth from the sun as a unit, we find that Venus absorbs 30 to 40 per cent of twice that amount, or from 60 to 80 per cent of the unit. The earth absorbs 70 per cent of the unit, and Mars 75 per cent of less than half a unit, or about 35 per cent of a unit. So it appears that Venus and the earth have about equal amounts

of heat to radiate, while Mars has only half as much. This makes it seem probable that the surface temperatures of Venus and the earth are about the same, while that of Mars is much lower—about as cold at its equator as at the earth's poles.

THE mean height of the loftiest form of cloud, the cirrus, is found to be about 29,000 feet, though it has sometimes been observed at an elevation of 49,000 feet—nearly nine miles. The mean altitude of cumulus clouds is about 4,600 feet; but the top of the cumulo-nimbus, or thunder shower cloud, is rarely more than 2,300 feet; while these often sink to 600 feet when the enswathe hills of no great height, sometimes leaving their tops quite dry.

SMALL spiders play havoc with the telegraph wires in the Argentine Republic. The long cobwebs settle on the wires and as soon as the dew or rain falls they are rendered to some extent a conductor, and the effect is practically to stop the operation of some of the lines. The Government has determined to connect Buenos Ayres and Rosario by an underground cable 150 miles long to obviate this difficulty.

A TRAIN on the Ulster and Delaware Railway was stopped recently on account of the caterpillars which collected on the tracks in sufficient numbers to stop the train by the lubrication of the rails, which resulted from the crushing of their bodies under the wheels. According to The Railway Review, it is necessary for men to sit upon the cowcatcher and sweep away the obstructions by holding brooms on the rails.

A UNIQUE native regiment in the employ of the British is that known as the Guides, which is composed of a motley race of freebooters, who for many years were the terrors of Northern India. This old principle of setting a thief to catch a thief has worked excellently, and the Guides have the reputation of being the fiercest fighters of the entire Sepoy army.

THERE were only five large cities in America in 1800. Philadelphia, with 66,000, was the largest, the seat of government and the center of wealth and culture. New York was next, with 60,000. Baltimore was third, with 26,500; Boston fourth, with 25,000, and Charleston, S. C., fifth, with 19,000 people.

HANDLES of forks and knives are utilized for the storage of salt and pepper under a new patent, each handle being formed of a tube, which has spring clips to hold it on the shank, with an internal reservoir for the salt and pepper, which is shaken through the ends.

MINATURE Indian corn grows in Brazil. The ears are about the size of a little finger, and the grains are as small as a mustard seed.

NATIVE hens in New Zealand in addition to supplying the communities with eggs make themselves additionally useful by catching rats.

In olden days, when tea was a rare and precious luxury, silver strainers were used, into which the exhausted leaves were put when they had been well watered and drained. They were afterward eaten with sugar on bread and butter.

A young girl in Missouri was taken to an insane asylum the other day, suffering from the remarkable delusion that she is compelled to sit on a a red hot stove and peel potatoes. She has been working in a hotel kitchen.

This has been a record-breaking year for the California orange crop. The yield will, it is thought, be about 4,500,000 boxes, or 14,500 carloads. The total investment in California orange groves now amounts to $44,000,000.

As is well known, Mars is one of our nearest planet-neighbors; being sometimes as close as 35,000,000 miles to us; while at other times it is not so intimate, and wanders away at the distance of 61,000,000.

Hottentots use the oil of tobacco to kill snakes, a single minute drop causes death as quickly as a lightning stroke. It is much used by gardeners and keepers of greenhouses to destroy grubs and noxious insects.

Horace Greely said this: "The darkest day in any man's earthly career is that wherein he first fancies that there is some easier way of gaining a shilling than by squarely earning it."

An acid, distilled from rain-soaked coal dust, has made its appearance as a dangerous enemy of steel cars. It eats into the metal and causes rapid corrosion.

The Arctic whale never migrates to the southward, as most species of whales do, because of inability to live in the heated waters of the southern seas.

In the Canadian northwest provinces there are probably more colonies of different nations than are to be found on any equal area elsewhere in the world.

The late Cuban census shows that the little island concerning which the main fight occurred, has now a million and a half population.

The National Sunday School Lesson committee prepare a graded system of lessons for 12,000,000 pupils and teachers.

A horse will eat in a year nine times his own weight, a cow six times, an ox six times, and a sheep six times.

It is not an uncommon sight to see a Chinese soldier with a fan and an umbrella strapped across his back.

The Supreme Court of Tennessee has decided that women cannot practice law in that state.

The City of Newark, N. J., is planning a State Industrial Exposition to be held in the city in 1902.

More than a half million immigrants landed on our shores during the year ending June 30.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE GLOBE-TROTTERS.

CHINA.—The recent developments in China have been chiefly diplomatic. The foreign ministers have begun negotiations with Prince Ching and Li Hung Chang. Minister Conger has been instructed by Secretary Hay to urge the abolition of Tsung-li-yamen, China's foreign office, and the substitution of a responsible Chinese Foreign Minister who shall be able to speak at least one European language. The Chinese government has made a definite proposition to the representatives of the Powers. She will pay an indemnity of 40,000,000 pounds (about $200,000,000) in six installments, the Chinese revenues remaining under foreign control until the obligation is fulfilled. Prince Tuan will be imprisoned for life, and Tientsin will be treated as an international district, other places being opened for foreign trade. China will stop buying war materials in foreign countries. It is doubtful if this offer is fully accepted. With their knowledge of the conditions which made the Boxer outbreak possible, the ministers agree that Prince Tuan should be executed. They also insist that ten other guilty nobles suffer the death penalty. A Court of Inquiry has investigated the authorship of the Chinese atrocities at Pao-ting-fu and ordered the execution of Fing Wung, acting Viceroy of Chili, General Kwei Hang and Colonel Wang Hau Me. The sentence was approved by General Waldersee and the condemned men were shot. The fighting of the international forces continues despite the peace negotiations. The heaviest recent battle was in Tzching-kung Pass at the Great Wall on the Spansi frontier. Here an Anglo-German force of 15,000 men stormed the pass, the Chinese forces being strongly entrenched, poured a heavy fire into the allies, but were finally beaten and their position captured by the foreigners. Sun Yat Sen and the rebels near Canton are said to have been checked temporarily at least by the imperial troops. The Pao-ting-fu expedition on its way back to Peking razed many Boxer villages and punished the inhabitants possessing guns. It is reported by General Baillourd, the commander of the French forces in China, that a new Boxer movement has commenced south of Pao-ting-fu and that French troops are engaged in quelling the outbreak.

PHILIPPINES.—The Philippine Commission has appropriated for the ex-

penses of the insular government during October, $475,000 in gold. Among other matters which the commission is actively taking up is the problem of the Friars. During Spanish sovereignty the Friars have held great political sway which the Filipinos wish to be discontinued. Aguinaldo has issued a letter commanding his followers to stop their attempts to bring about peace. He hints mysteriously at some important plan being formed among the active insurgents. A launch towing a barge laden with merchandise was attacked a few days ago near Arayat, Luzon, by a force of 150 insurgents, led by an American deserter from the Twenty-fourth Infantry. The Filipinos captured the barge but were immediately driven off by some of our troops. The end of the rainy season has come and the Government in Washington has sent orders for an active campaign to be enforced. The navy is to co-operate with the army, as it is the intention of the Government to use every means to bring the insurrection to an early close. Before June 30, 1901 the terms of enlistment of 32,000 volunteers now in the island will have expired, but the government looks forward to a passage of a bill for the permanent increase of the army, and expects that many of the volunteers will re-enlist. The Americans are undertaking a series of movements against General Tukban on the island of Samar. The rebels are shooting into the garrisoned towns, and our forces have not been sufficient to retaliate with effect. Commerce has been at a standstill and many of the influential inhabitants have departed. General Hare has arrived there with 250 men, with expectations of re-inforcements to crush the insurgents. Although news and commercial messages between Manila and points in America and Europe are not subject to censorship, all messages between the islands and the Orient are censored as heretofore.

PRESIDENTAL ELECTION. — The Presidential election of 1900 is remarkable for having borne out the prediction to a minute degree. The Democratic party with the affirmation of the Chicago platform embodied in a new platform no less radical, asked of the people a support which had been most emphatically refused four years before. The issue of Imperialism or Anti-imperialism infused in the campaign was thought by many democratic well-wishers to be sufficently strong to counterbalance the unacceptable silver issue. Making a target of the administration for its conduct with Spain and its attitude towards Cuba and Porto Rico, it is believed would result in a great popular rebuke of President McKinley and his policy by the people as a whole. In spite of the almost unprecedented campaign conducted in his own behalf by the Democratic candidate and the valiant efforts of the many factions masquerading under the many different nom de plume of Populists, Silverites, Anti-imperialists, etc., all working for the common end, the country failed to make the anticipated rebuke, but by an al-

most overwhelming majority of electoral votes endorsed the attitude of President McKinley and his party.

GERMANY'S NEW CHANCELLOR.—Prince Hohenlohe has resigned his position of Chancellor of the German Empire, and has been succeeded by Count von Bulow, Foreign minister. Prince Hohenlohe is advanced in years, and owing to infirmities of old age, has at times been incapacitated for the many duties of his office. Besides it is claimed he does not approve of the aggressive foreign policy of the Kaiser. The Prince comes from a Bavarian family and held high offices in Bavaria until the foundation of the German Empire, when he became a devoted follower of Prince Bismarck. Count von Bulow is a skilful diplomat and has represented the Emperor in the Reichstag lately on the policy in the Orient.

BRITISH ELECTIONS.—The general election in Great Britain is over and the Unionist majority is about the same as before.—150. In the foreranks of the Unionists stands Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Secretary of State for the Colonies. The future of the liberal party is being seriously considered among its leaders. Home Rule for Ireland seems about dead and the abandoning of the policy by the Liberals would deprive them of the Irish support. Mr. W. C. Gully, speaker of the House of Commons has retired.

SCIENCE.—Since last January Marconi has been experimenting on improvements in wireless telegraphy and has achieved great success. Metallic cylinders four feet in height are now used in place of the upright wires and self-induction, capacity and resistance are inserted at the sending and receiving stations to allow the resonance between them, otherwise the arrangements are the same as before. In Washington it is stated that negotiations are about to be reopened by the navy department with the view of installing the Marconi system on ships of the United States Navy. Before, Marconi demanded an exorbitant price for the use of this invention but recently it has been learned that the British admiralty has secured the use of the Marconi system at a much more reasonable price, and the department will make overtures with Mr. Marconi in hope of receiving as good terms. Mt. St. Elias has been badly shaken by an earthquake and the mountain was considerably torn up by the shock, the severity of which has caused a large mass of ice to become loosened and be precipitated to the bottom, carrying in its fall everything before it. Petroleum has been recently used in a case of diphtheria with successful results. An epidemic of this dread disease has lately broken out in a village near Rouen, France, and a country doctor after unsuccessful treatment of a case by the usual methods, finally resorted to petroleum. He had heard of the English using it as an antiseptic and anti-spasmodic and determined to try the experiment on a little girl. He swabbed the throat with the common petroleum and continued the operation as there was

decided signs of improvement after each. Finally the child recovered.

CENSUS.—The Census Bureau has issued figures showing the result of the just completed census. The total population in the United States including territories, is 76,295,220, a gain of over thirteen million since the last census in 1890. New York leads in population, Pennsylvania second, Illinois third, Ohio fourth and Missouri fifth. Nevada is the only state that has lost in population.

RECENT DISCOVERIES AT NIPPUR.—Professor Hilprecht, head of the University of Pennsylvania expedition to Nippur has recently returned and brought tidings of the discovery of the library of the Temple of Nippur. Only one wing of the library has been excavated, but over 18,000 volumes (consisting of baked clay tablets with inscriptions of ancient characters upon them) have been found. None of them are younger than 2,000 B. C. and some are said to be several thousand years older. Many of the tablets are broken, but the fragments are being put together and many interesting accounts of the people of those times are anticipated when they are deciphered. The ruins of Nippur lie about seventy miles south of Bagdad, and east of the Affej swamps. The ruins form mounds from one hundred to two hundred feet high divided by a stream, on the eastern side of which is the temple and the priests' residences, on the western, the people's. The great gate of Nippur has also been found and it is believed to date back 5,000 B. C.

TROUBLE IN SPANISH CABINET.—Señor Silvela and his entire cabinet has resigned. This took effect on October 25, and the Queen immediately called upon General Azcarraga, President of the Senate, to form a new one. The cause of Silvela's resignation and his fellow-members' is the appointment of General Weyler by General Linares to the Captaincy-General of Madrid without consultation with the other members of the Cabinet. Señor Silvela strongly opposed General Weyler, who, it is claimed, wishes to increase the strength of the army, thereby adding great expense to the already overburdened Government. This position now held by Weyler was made vacant by the death of General Campos. It commands the entire military forces of the Province of New Castile, with Madrid for headquarters. Five of the new ministers recently appointed are generals in the army, and the ruination of the Conservative party is predicted.

EDUCATION.—It has been suggested by President Thwing of Western Reserve University that the degree of Doctor of Arts be conferred on men who, though not college graduates, have yet rendered such service to the community that they are deserving of academic recognition. President Thwing says, "The arts part of the degree is sufficiently academic; and historically, when one traces the work back to its origin, it has a content and significance which comport well with the material relations of life or work." The United States educa-

tional exhibit at the Paris Exposition attracted widespread attention. In spite of small means and little time, Mr. Rogers, director of the United States department of education and social economy, got together a collection of documents, reports, exercise books, photographs, exhibits of scholars' work, pamphlets, tables of statistics, maps, etc., which was exceedingly interesting and creditable. The State of New York exhibited a two-volume publication, a collection of monographs entitled Education in the United States which Professor Rein in the Jena Tagliche Rundschau calls a most remarkable bird's-eye view of education in America, which will be valued and remembered long after the exposition had crumbled into dust.

MUSIC.—The series of performances of grand opera in English at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York has proved to be very successful for it has served to give the masses an opportunity to enjoy the best operas at moderate prices. Among the singers engaged for the season are two young prima donnas, Elsa Marny and Ingeborg Ballstrom. The former has toured Germany, Russia and Finland in concert. She first appeared in public when eight years old. Miss Ballstrom is a native of Sweden and has been singing in opera for four years. She was very popular at the Swedish Court and has received many handsome presents from King Oscar and his queen. Ossip Gabrilowitsch, a young Russian pianist, who has won considerable fame abroad, made his first appearance in America, November 12, at Carnegie Hall, New York city. Critics say that he is a rare pianist, showing much brilliancy and particularly good technique. The celebrated 'cello virtuoso, Hugh Becker, is to make his American début in Boston, January 11th, with the Boston Symphony orchestra, after which he will be heard with them in other large cities.

Glimpses of Good Books.

The charm of *Eben Holden* is its naturalness.

Fashioned on the same lines as *David Harum*, it is superior to it as a literary piece of work and the genial character who gives his name to the book is more genuine than is Mr. Westcott's hero. Although one book suggests the other, Mr. Bacheller's might easily have been written had *David Harum* never appeared. *Eben Holden* is a story of the North Country and the description of a snow storm which caught Uncle Eben on his way home with the two children, Willie and Hope Brower, is graphic.

"Six mild from home." Uncle Eb muttered, as he held up to rest a moment. "Six mild from home. 'Fraid we're in fer a night uv it."

We got to the top of Fadden's Hill about dark, and the snow lay so deep in the cut we all got out for fear the house would tip over. Old Doctor floundered along a bit further until he went down in the drift and lay between the shafts half buried. We had a shovel that always hung beside a small hatchet in the sled house—for one might need much beside the grace of God of a winter's day in that country—and with it Uncle Eb began to uncover the horse. We children stood in the sled house door watching him and holding the lantern. Old Doctor was on his feet in a few moments. "'Tain' no use tryin'," said Uncle Eb, as he began to unhitch. "Can't go no further tonight." Then he dug away the snow beside the sled house, and hitched Old Doctor to the horse shoe that was nailed to the rear end of it. That done, he clambered up the side of the cut and took some rails off the fence and shoved them over on the roof of the house, so that one end rested there and the other on the high bank beside us. Then he cut a lot of hemlock boughs with the hatchet, and thatched the roof he had made over Old Doctor, binding them with the reins. Bringing more rails, he leaned them to the other on the windward side and nailed a big blanket over them, piecing it out with hemlock thatching, so it made a fairly comfortable shelter. We were under the wind in this deep cut on Fadden's Hill, and the snow piled in upon us rapidly. We had a warm blanket for Old Doctor and two big buffalo robes for our own use." * * *

"We were up at daylight and even then it was snowing and blowing fiercely. There were two feet of snow on the sled house roof, and we were nearly buried in the bank. Uncle Eb had to do a lot of shoveling to get out of doors and into the stable. Old Doctor was quite out of the wind in a cave of snow and nickering for his breakfast. There was plenty for him, but we were on short rations. Uncle Eb put on snow shoes, after we had eaten what there was left, and, cautioning us to keep in, set out for Fadden's across lots. He came back inside of an hour with a good supply

of provisions in a basket on his shoulder. The wind had gone down and the air was milder. Big flakes of snow came fluttering slowly downward out of a dark sky. After dinner we went up on top of the sled house and saw a big scraper coming in the valley below. Six teams of oxen were drawing it, and we could see the flying furrows on either side of the scraper as it plowed in the deep drifts. Uncle Eb put on the snow shoes again, and, with Hope on his back and me clinging to his hand, he went down to meet them and tell them of our plight.

The front team had wallowed to their ears, and the men were digging them out with shovels—when we got to the scraper. A score of men and boys clung to the sides of that big, hollow wedge, and put their weight on it as the oxen pulled. We got on with the others, I remember, and I was swept off as soon as the scraper started by a roaring avalanche of snow that came down upon our heads and buried me completely. I was up again and had a fresh hold in a jiffy, and clung to my place until I was nearly smothered by the flying snow. It was great fun for me, and they were all shouting as if it were a fine holiday. They made slow progress, however, and we left them shortly in their promise to try to reach us before night.

The story of the effect of the rain which followed and melted the great quantity of snow is equally well told. The little sled house with its occupants actually slid down hill and over the cliff. The story of another snow storm which caught Uncle Eb and Willie when they were at a sugar camp, has the element of danger lacking in the first one. After Willie Brower reaches manhood his tastes lead him to newspaper work and there are several interesting things connected with his meetings with Horace Greeley. There are several pages devoted to a thrilling description of the battle of Bull Run. *Eben Holden* has already become deservedly popular and is one of the notable books of the year. *Eben Holden*, a Tale of the North Country, by Irving Bacheller, is published by the Lothrop Publishing Company.

A valuable little book, *Heart Culture*, has come to the notice of the editor, written by Emma E. Page who in her preface says, "The aim of this book is to teach kindness to animals by quickening sympathy for them, arousing a sense of justice toward them, and instilling the fundamental principles of right care of them." Miss Page truthfully claims that an interest cultivated by children which will lead them to care kindly for animals will be of lasting benefit to them, make them better citizens and lead them to higher ideals of life.

It will also tend to cultivate a kindly nature towards humans, will, in fact, develop hand and heart and head and lessen crime because it will trend to obliterate the criminal tendency in children who have been unfortunate enough to have been born into criminal environments. *Heart Culture* may be used as a text book and is particularly adapted to Bands of Mercy work.

The chapters treat of the different animals with which all children come

into contact, as well as those with which they are not so familiar. A child can hardly fail to receive an impulse for good from any one chapter selected.

The Prince Messiah by Mrs. E. J. Richmond is a simple story of the life of our Saviour. It tells in a charming style the story of the Christ in his every-day life. The characters are well portrayed and appeal to the readers as people whom they have known. The story of Christ's miracles from day to day is told by Rachel, a maid, to her mistress Adah, the forsaken wife of Cabul. Mary, Martha, Lazarus, Christ and his disciples become familiar characters to the reader and an hour spent with the book seems like an hour in another world than ours. The book is published by the Mennonite Publishing Co., Elkhart, Ind. Price 40 cents.

As Seen By Me by Lillian Bell is a book full of such delicious things as this:

"I saw a milkman coming. We three were the only objects in sight, yet I headed for him.

"'Get out of my way,' I shrieked at him. 'I'm a beginner. Turn off!'

"He lashed his horse and cut down a side street."

Any one who has learned to ride a wheel will appreciate this bit without anything being added to it. Harper & Brothers are the publishers.

Mr. Clarence Hawkes is as felicitous in his writings for children as he is for adults. His *Three Little Folks* is a volume of verses for children and there is a truthfulness to childhood that rather surprises us when we consider that Mr. Hawkes is blind and he must depend wholly upon his memory of childhood's days. How perfectly natural and childlike are these verses:

"How 'tis my head gets down in there,
When I look in the well,
And why it does not wet my hair,
Are things I cannot tell."

"When first upon the bush the rosebuds come
They are no bigger than a baby's thumb;
But by and by they get real big and bright;
It's queer they never grow when I'm in sight."

The volume is handsomely bound and exquisitely illustrated from photographs by R. Lionel De Lisser and Bessie W. Bell. Nothing could be better for a child's Christmas stocking than a volume of *Three Little Folks* by Clarence Hawkes, the blind poet of New England. The price is $1.00 and the book can be obtained by addressing the author at Hadley Mass.

TALKS AND TALES.

A MAGAZINE

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DEPARTMENTS.—

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To the Patron Members of the American Association of the Blind:

KIND FRIENDS:—This notice is to inform you that your membership fee can be paid to our treasurer, H. R. W. MILES, 3124 14th Street, N. W., or to Miss Etta J. Giffin, Pavilion for the Blind, Library of Congress, this being in lieu of any further charge for the magazine TALKS and TALES.

WE desire to call the attention of the readers of TALKS and TALES to articles which appear by the following occasional contributors, all of whom are blind.

H. R. W. Miles, Mary E. Sanford, Charlotte M. Hinman, Alice A. Holmes, H. Stennett Rogers, Alfred J. Hosking, Alexander Cameron, Roberta Anna Griffith, Rev. Ghosn el Howie, Syria; Helen Marr Campbell, Clarence Hawkes, Mamie Ray, Harry Forrester, J. Newton Breed.

KATHARINE LENTE STEVENSON.
(President of the Massachusetts Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

TALKS AND TALES.

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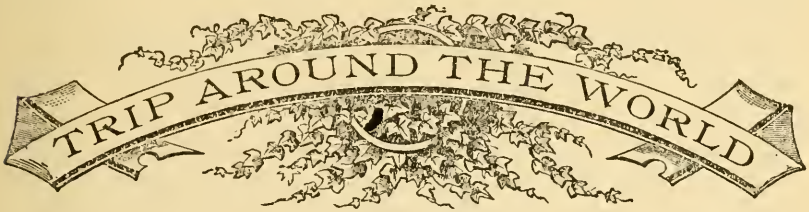


A TRIP TO ITALY.

EMMA ROOT GOODRICH.

THERE is nothing new under the sun, perhaps, to relate in relation to a trip to Italy, and yet it being my maiden tour to Southern Europe, to me it was of vast importance. I can never forget my impressions as we landed at Gibraltar from our staunch little steamer. It was glorious weather and the charm of it all is still fresh in memory, so filled with historical interest, so picturesque, so unusual to an unsophisticated American—is this characteristic fortress. Of course our time here was quite limited, still we had enough of it to exhaust our supply of English money, though I was told every coinage in the world passes at Gibraltar as all languages are more or less spoken.

I was greatly amused at seeing the Moorish women squatting in the sand selling very large eggs out of huge, flat baskets, at what seemed to us ridiculously low prices, and as an actual fact at the entrance gate there is a large hennery controlled by handsome Moors in white burnouses and turbans, and bare brown legs, with felt slippers, who will have it interpreted to you that the hens will lay eggs for you, while you wait, (at least so it is stated) and their scornful, impassive countenances seem to almost despise us poor Western barbarians.

How I did revel in the lovely public garden, and when I compared my own lilac and heliotrope bushes, with what I saw there, how insignificant they seemed. The fresh fruits, too, were delicious. In the shops I found cheap and handsome laces, and very fine photographic views and many other Spanish trifles to be found nowhere else outside of Spain.

I am saying too much already but I must mention my own enjoyment of the gorgeous sunset upon the summit of that famous rock. It will live with me to the end of all time, it has enriched my thoughts.

Continuing on our journey we sighted Naples in the afternoon of another Italian sunset of extreme beauty. Capri at the right with Sorrento near, are clearly visible but to me above and beyond all in interest, was Vesuvius.

And then those boatmen ! By the hundred, screeching their fares and also their very cheap and generally handsome boquets, till you are well nigh distracted, until you land and finally surprise yourself in the custom house by being able to cope with a much less strict examination than at Genoa. How true it is that "only man is vile," at Naples, so charming is it of situation everyway.

After we were located at a really excellent hotel we began to calculate upon our possible enjoyments, and right here let me not forget to say, our interpreters were not as a rule, our greatest source of happiness. I do believe it is a fact that in Naples as in no other city, one is exposed to more, and shall I call it greater "inconvenience" in the loss of trunk straps (I lost both of mine) and the rapacity of porters, shop keepers, money changers, etc.

It is a rich and a great city, almost no drunkenness, yet it is said, perhaps there is no other city where there is so much thieving and murdering as in this community, surely there never could be as much begging in any other.

But the water is excellent and we were less than a half hour's drive from Pompeii, and between that and the museum there was much one could greatly enjoy, even the fleas I gradually became accustomed to.

Naples *is* dirty, but one soon becomes accustomed to it, besides you are constantly being told by your guide—how fast it is improving.

After visiting several macaroni factories, and being able to enjoy, actually enjoy, the product in its own environment one grows oblivious to the sense of dirt, if not of smell, in Southern Italy, Sorrento and Sicily.

There was only one station between Naples and Rome where food can be bought, so out we bounced, procured a basket of the most delicious cherries I had ever seen or tasted, when the now familiar cry of "In bettuva" (all aboard) sent us back into our carriage and on to Rome where there is only one large or central station.

To me Rome is not at all like Naples, not nearly so much a city of thieves and not so many indications of human scum. Nor are the shop prices exorbitant. In the Via Conditti we found fixed prices, and antiquarians with their unique wares, quite apart, were always polite in showing their real treasures. I have a friend who would have just revelled in some old miniatures seen in the Corso.

One can never describe Rome, so I will not attempt to try. It is a clean city. It has a bountiful and inexhaustible water supply than which there is no better in all Europe. We found it delightfully cool in July, and our deepest regret was that we had only ten days of it, but pray that it may be our lot to see it again and longer. We did enjoy the churches, our visit to the seven hills, our Campagna drive, St. Paul's, The Appian Way; how real now is the New Testament to us. The Sistine Chapel delighted me.

Besides quite unexpectedly one day we were told we should upon the next day see Leo XIII, and receive his blessing, and while I trust I am yet a good Protestant, I shall never forget the blessing of this wise Old Man—"His Holiness" which could do no harm—and we all felt was of genuine good to us.

Among the pleasant recollections of early childhood; those of quaint but dear old "Aunt Johannah Carney," a most consistent Catholic, and one whom I dearly loved, are of the sweetest and most convincing memories of child life. So with this in mind I bought a pretty crucifix for my dressmaker, and have in my possession a handkerchief to be likewise cherished.

Are we not all children of the same Father?

It is in Florence one really enjoys the Ave Maria bell and one hears it very often. One very pleasant room here overlooked the Arno, and it was my good fortune to most unexpectedly meet some delightful American friends, who had been here some time, who visited the galleries with us and assisted in the selection of some really good Florentines.

And that day in the Uffizi Gallery founded by the Medici! It is marvelous how much there is to enjoy in Florence. We had six days in Venice also a day in Pisa which was a glad surprise. Next to Naples, Venice with all its many charms is the worst smelling place in Italy. I endeavored to forget it by night. We were at the Grand Hotel during the week of the full moon, and it was (by night) surpassingly beautiful, beside it was fête week, and there was one endless round of pleasure combined with peculiar religious observances, yet when the sun rose on Venice one was slightly disillusioned. Everything is thrown into the Grand Canal, I mean everything they are unable to palm off upon the tourists. I saw a dead cat and a dog, and something which appeared like chickens in the water beneath our windows, and winding around the Canal later in the day to the Rialto, considerable more debris very undesirable to contemplate.

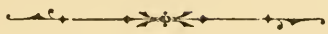
My next door companion was most unfortunate here in losing her purse, watch and much else. Her room was entered after we had retired for the night, and we did not retire till after midnight. She told me it was her second experience of the same sort in Venice. So you see while Venice is like no other spot on Earth, it is not so white as it is painted and it is said

the gondolier is not unmercenary either. I have not mentioned the many wonderful things we saw, nor places visited.

Milan, with its beautiful drives and with its most magnificent cathedral, whose dome we visited and where we paused on the roof long enough to rest and actually take our lunch—meeting there more American travelers whom we knew, is of exceedingly great interest. We had a beautiful summer in Europe, cool and comfortable,—full to the brim with good things. It is no uncommon event to take a trip across nowadays, while it yields you compound interest ever after.

"Somebody did a golden deed;
Somebody proved a friend in need
Somebody sung a beautiful song;
Somebody smiled the whole day long;
Somebody thought, ''Tis sweet to live;'
Somebody said, 'I'm glad to give;'
Somebody fought a valiant fight;
Somebody lived to shield the right.
Was that somebody you?"

A Detective's Adventure.



"I AM in a rather awkward position," said the visitor, slowly, "and I want you to extricate me. I am very confident of your ability to do so, because of the successful way in which you solved the Workingham mystery."

"If you will state your case I will give it my attention," replied Desmond, ignoring the compliment.

"Then you'll come with me to my house?" went on the other, who had given the name of Phillips. "All my documents are there, for, not counting upon a refusal, I did not bring them."

"What is the distance to your house?"

"Three miles or so. I have a cab outside."

The jehu evidently knew where to drive, for no instructions were given him before the two entered the vehicle. Phillips relapsed into silence nor did he speak again until the cab drew up at the door of a large brick house, situated in a street that Desmond did not remember having seen before.

"Here we are," he said, ascending the steps and throwing open the door. "Follow me." And Phillips led the way along a dimly-lit passage and entered a cozy room at the other end.

"Now that you have brought me this long distance you will kindly give me the facts of your case at once," said Desmond, sharply. "I may say frankly I do not like this secrecy."

"You are safe in our hands," said the other. "There is no need to be afraid."

Desmond noticed the plural. "You are not alone, then?" he said, with a quick glance around the room.

"By no means. I have a few friends here." He touched a bell as he spoke, and four men entered the room. The detective was startled, but he did not show it.

Phillips burst into a laugh. "Draw your chair up to the table and take a cigar," said he.

The others all proceeded to make themselves comfortable, so the detective decided to do likewise; so far as he could see there was at present no cause for alarm.

"Now, sir," began Phillips, "I must tell you, first of all, that you are not

required to solve any real case of mine. I and Mr. Smithson have a bet regarding you. We were talking the other day about the Workingham affair, and as I said you had found the truth very cleverly, he remarked that circumstances were greatly in your favor. We began to argue, with this result. We have imagined a case and wish you to solve it. We shall tell you a story and act part of it. If you succeed in proving to our satisfaction who the murderer is—for the case is one of murder — you will receive the sum of £100. If you fail, you will receive £10 for your trouble. What have you to say?"

"I do not like being made the subject of a bet," said Desmond.

"You must go in for it," put in Vernon. The almost pleading tone caused the detective to look more closely at his pale, thin features.

"Very well, then, I agree," said he, and, his eyes still upon the other's face, he thought an expression of relief crossed it.

"Thank you," said Phillips. "We will start right away. It has been decided that I tell the first portion of the story. Last night I and Lovely there entered this house at ten o'clock. I called Smithson up from his chemical laboratory in the basement, and Walters from his portion of the house, and we awaited the appearance of Vernon and Jackson. But as these two failed to come after ten minutes had passed we all went upstairs to Jackson's room. There a dreadful sight met our gaze. He was lying dead upon the floor, and close by was Vernon, just recovering consciousness.

"It was plain that Jackson had been murdered, and all things pointed to Vernon as the one who had done the dastardly deed. He had been stabbed by the latter's knife! We formed the idea that he himself had been knocked senseless by a blow upon the head, dealt by the dying man in a supreme final effort. We charged Vernon with the crime, and he denied it, but you shall hear his explanation from his own lips, Mr. Desmond."

"At nine o'clock," began Vernon, trying to keep his voice steady, "I entered the house at the front and proceeded straght upstairs to Jackson's room, having to see him upon a purely private matter. There was no one about that I could see; indeed, everything was so quiet when I opened the door that I thought Jackson himself must be out. But as I went inside a quick footstep sounded behind me. I was about to turn when I received a crushing blow upon the back of my head. I staggered forward, caught a glimpse of Jackson lying on the floor in a pool of blood, and then fell down senseless, to awake some time later and find myself accused by you gentlemen as his murderer. But I am innocent, I swear it."

He made this declaration so earnestly as to call forth sarcastic comments from Smithson.

"Have you anything more to say?" questioned Phillips. "Can you account for the fact that your knife caused Jackson's death?"

"I cannot. Until it was shown to me as the one used, I had not seen it for a week," responded Vernon, with emphasis.

"That will do. Now, Mr. Desmond, you have heard the main facts. Circumstantial evidence of the strongest kind is brought against Vernon. His story is a simple one. Can you prove his guilt more conclusively, or establish his innocence? You may ask any questions you please."

"Had Vernon any motive? Had Jackson ever quarreled with him, Smithson or Walters?" said Desmond, after a moment's thought.

"He had quarreled both with me and with the accused," put in Smithson, rather sullenly.

"Did you see Jackson last night?" said the detective, turning and looking at him.

"Me? Yes, but I left him well and hearty at about ten minutes to nine, and proceeded downstairs to my laboratory. Jackson looked at his watch and gave me the time."

"Walters can be left out of it," thought Desmond. "It rests between Smithson and Vernon."

"Have you any more questions to ask here? If not, you shall see the position in which we found the two men," said Phillips.

'I have no more questions at present," was the reply.

"All right. Vernon, you and Lovely go upstairs and get ready for the parts you have to play. You understand what to do. Knock when ready."

The men addressed rose and left the room, Vernon giving a backward glance that puzzled the detective.

"I think they will be ready for us shortly," said Phillips. "This sort of thing is rather nerve-shaking. Smithson looks really ill!"

"Do you mean to accuse me of—" began Smithson.

"Of poor nerves?" put in Phillips, with a warning glance at the other. "Oh, no! You look white and troubled, that is all!"

"He wants some of his own drugs," said Walters, with a forced laugh. "Come, come, don't get to words. Listen, Vernon is knocking. He is awaiting us."

Phillips put down his cigar and led the way upstairs, the others following. "This is the room," he said to Desmond. "Lovely is in the position in which we supposedly found Jackson. Enter, please."

The detective did so. He could not suppress a start of surprise. There, lying upon the carpet, was Lovely, attired in a brown check suit. His arms were outstretched; his face fixed as if in death. A small, blood-stained knife and a heavy knobbed stick were by his side. The affair seemed to grim to be mere play.

"Vernon will show us how he entered into the room," said Phillips.

"This may seem unnecessary, but it is his own wish. Perhaps he wants to do a bit of realistic acting. Ready, Vernon?"

"I am!" The man, having first turned the gas low, proceeded to the door and closed it behind him. After a moment's wait he opened it again, and, stepping inside, spoke as if to himself: "Evidently Jackson's out. I'll go downstairs and await his return. The business—"

He stopped suddenly and made as if to turn. To the watchers it was as if some invisible person had struck him an unseen blow. He uttered an exclamation, half of terror, as he staggered toward the center of the room with his hands pressed to his head. "My God!" he muttered, as he came to the body of the pseudo Jackson; then he fell down in a dead faint. He had gone too far with his acting. This latter was reality.

"He's overdone it," cried Phillips. "Fetch water. Here, Lovely, get up and help."

In a very short time Vernon opened his eyes and glanced quickly round. The others had their attention elsewhere for a moment. "Bend down, quick!" he whispered, just loud enough for the detecttve to hear. "Save me, for God's sake! Save me! It is—"

"Here you are!" shouted Lovely, running up with brandy. "Pour it down his throat. Now help him on to the couch."

The whispered words of the prostrate Vernon had brought the detective to the conclusion that there was something behind all this; what at present he could not imagine. He saw that the best thing to do would be to proceed as if he suspected nothing. So, with a jesting remark, he proceeded:

"Where was the supposed Jackson stabbed?"

Lovely pointed out the place.

"But a stab there would not be fatal," said Desmond.

Phillips frowned sharply at him. "He bled to death,' 'he said. "You will understand that a large quantity of blood would flow from such a wound."

"Certainly, certainly. I suppose I can examine the clothes?"

"There is absolutely nothing in any of the pockets. No clew is to be found there."

"Nothing whatever? This is the watch that Mr. Smithson referred to, I suppose?"

"Yes, Jackson looked at that when he told me the time," replied Smithson.

"Very good." Desmond drew it out of Lovely's pocket and opened the case to glance at the dial. His heart gave a sudden jump; only with difficulty did he restrain a feeling of triumph. But his face was unmoved as before when he went on with his inquiries.

"There is a dark corner here," he said, entering the passage. "Anyone hiding in it would be unseen by a man ascending the stairs. You could have waited here, Mr. Smithson."

"What the—of course; but I went straight downstairs after leaving Jackson. It must be plain that I could not be the one Vernon alleges—alleges, bear in mind—struck him."

"Quite plain, eh? Yet such a thiug is as probable as the supposition that a dying man struck him with such force as to render him unconscious for nearly an hour. But I have seen all I require. Shall we go below again?"

Phillips agreed, and the five men went downstairs, Vernon having by this quite recovered. They seated themselves round the table again, and after a moment or two the question was put to Desmond whether he had formed his conclusions.

"Yes, to my own satisfaction, if not to yours," was the reply. "In the first place, Vernon is quite innocent. His story I believe to be true. Perhaps in a law court my evidence would be insufficient to convict, but I unhesitatingly declare Mr. Smithson to be the murderer!"

For a moment there was a strained silence in the room, to be broken by a loud oath from Smithson, whose face had suddenly become livid. "Your proofs?" he shouted, hoarsely.

"First, this shred of cloth that I found in that dark corner of the passage upstairs belongs, if I mistake not, to the coat Mr. Smithson has on. That proves that he stood there against the wall, does it not? Secondly, let me ask a question. Has any one of you been in Jackson's company of late between the hours of 8:30 and 9 o'clock? But, of course, as he only exists in the imagination, the question is—"

"No, no! I have been in his company about that time," put in Phillips, quickly. "You see, the real Jackson is Lovely," he added, in explanation.

"Have you seen him, then, do anything with his watch?"

"I have seen him take it out and open the front, but what he did I cannot say."

"Your watch, please, Mr. Lovely. Thank you. Now, observe the hands. Do you see anything peculiar? But, of course, you know about it, don't you?"

"No! Why, the hands have caught in one another. The watch has stopped about 17 minutes to 9! And Smithson declared that Jackson told him the time from the watch later than that. That statement was untrue! You, Smithson, must have been in the room when Vernon entered the house. You heard him ascending the stairs, and took Jackson's stick and hid in the passage with the rest, as Vernon has stated. . . . You are correct, Mr. Desmond. Allow me to congrat—"

Smithson sprang up with a cry of rage. "Curse you?" he shouted. "Curse you!" And before the unfortunate detective could do anything to defend himself the man lifted the chair high in the air and brought it down with a dull thud upon his skull, knocking him senseless to the floor. . .

Desmond knew no more until he found himself in bed in his own home, with a nurse sitting beside him.

"How long have I been here?" he asked, weakly.

"You were brought in a cab early this morning. I and the doctor were sent on by a stranger. Do you feel better now?"

"I'm getting stronger every minute. What was the stranger like? Can you describe him?"

"Neither the doctor nor I saw him, but here is a letter he left for you with instructions that you had to read it as soon as you were better. Will you sit up?"

When the nurse had arranged the pillows he tore the envelope open. His head was aching badly, but in his anxiety to hear the truth about his adventure he forgot that. The first thing he pulled out was a £500 bank note; then came the following letter:

"My Dear Friend: I call you this because you have saved my life. As you will no doubt guess, last night's affair had more reason for it than a mere bet; it was a matter of life and death. We are a peculiar society of American origin; more I cannot say for obvious reasons. The story we told and acted for you had actually occurred, only the real Jackson was not killed outright. He was lying unconscious in the house the whole of the time. It was absolutely necessary that we should know who had attacked him, so your aid was invoked. You proved that I, who was accused, with great reason I admit, am innocent, and found Smithson guilty, for after his assault upon you he confessed all. According to our rules he will not live long. I must warn you not to attempt to trace us. By the time you read this we shall have vanished. Again do I thank you. Believe me to be, always your debtor,

"JAMESTONE VERNON."

And this was all. Though Desmond has since devoted days to the search of the street and the brick house, or to some of the men whom he saw therein, he has not succeeded. They have disappeared as utterly as if the earth had swallowed them up. Did the real Jackson recover from his wounds? Did Smithson meet with the penalty hinted at in the letter? These are questions he may never have answered. But he will never forget that night's strange adventure, when he solved a mystery by the two hands of a watch catching in each other.—[*Tit-Bits.*

A Proposal of To-day.

"FOR some time," observed Mr. Markham, "I have been beset by the idea of proposing to you."

He was standing with his excellently flat back to the mantelpiece, and Miss Greatorex was covering a silk bandanna handkerchief with an opposition pattern in colored wools—why, Mr. Markham could not make out. There was no one else in the room, and, as was evident, the gentleman was disposed to be confidential.

Miss Greatorex smiled.

"And why have you not?"

"I have at times been half afraid that you might accept," replied the candid young man. "At others," he added (thoughtfully removing an almost invisible dust speck from his sleeve), "I have been much perturbed by the possibility—that you might refuse."

"It would be disagreeable to be refused," remarked the lady, impersonally.

"That," the gentleman considered, "depends. If I was sure I wanted to marry you, it would be unquestionably disagreeable to be refused."

"And you are sure?"

"No; very far indeed from being so. At times I think I should much enjoy the role of Mr. Greatorex, so to speak."

"But not always?"

"Oh, dear no!—not nearly always."

Miss Greatorex had a canary, which at this juncture began to sing with an air of the most uncontrollable merriment. Mr. Markham went to a neighboring drawer and produced thence a cloth, with which he covered the cage.

"You are not sure whether you are in love with me or no?" remarked the young lady, as the bird's indignant silence succeeded to his previous irrelevant rhapsody.

Mr. Markham came back to the mantelpiece and, having readjusted his back, he said in a low voice, and looking down at the very adjacent brown, bent head—

"I admit I am disappointed."

She looked up rather quickly.

"Bitterly. I had no idea that you could be stupid—it is evidently possible."

From the motion of Miss Greatorex's head—as they would say in the old books—he implied a note of interrogation.

"It is stupid not to have grasped the question. I have for quite a long time known that I was in love with you."

"Ever since luncheon?"

"Perhaps not quite so long as that. But certainly ever since, almost ever since; Lady Greatorex left the room."

The young lady laughed.

"Was my mother such an instance of George Eliot's malign prophet standing behind her daughter and threatening what she will be."

"I merely meant that the presence of a chaperon is incompatible with sentiment."

"I," observed the young woman, "do not mind admitting that I am getting confused. You now assert that for more than twenty minutes you have adored me" (Mr. Markham's shoulders appeared to deprecate the exaggeration of this rhetoric), "and a moment ago you seemed much to doubt your love."

"Not at all. That is why I lately called you stupid. I am sure that I am in love; but I am very uncertain as to whether I would like to marry the beloved object."

Miss Greatorex laughed.

"I admit it sounds, perhaps, improper. I merely mean that marriage as the necessary denouement of being what is called in love seems to me quite a doubtful expedient. When there is no question of being in love," he continued, relaxing himself by a short walk to the other end of the room and back, "I think marriage not a bad arrangement. It is then merely a form of business partnership, and now that it has ceased to be insoluble has no special terrors. But you and I have nothing to gain by that. I am exceedingly well off, so are you. I do not need to marry for position nor do you. We neither of us need to demand blood, like Hamlet's aunt. In fine, as they say in the 'Arabian Nights,' you have nothing to gain by me, and I have no material need of anything you can supply to me. Markham is just as fine a place as Greatorex Abbey, and not a bit finer. When I speak of being in love it is purely a personal sensation; I should like it to become chronic. I really enjoy being in love. But if we got married!"

"You cannot anticipate your love standing that crucial test?"

"I honestly admit that I have my doubts. We live in a straightforward age; let me make a clean breast of them. Do you, for instance, like to talk at breakfast?"

"Not always."

"I never. If you were licensed by the ceremony of marriage to inundate me with matutinal conversation, I should be rendered at once miserable. A

feeling of decency would prevent me showing it; I should suppress it. That suppression would at once destroy all openness between us."

"You take, I think" interrupted Miss Greatorex, "a morbid view of the duty of conjugal confidence. You would push it too far."

"My views are always high. Perhaps I do; but that is how it strikes me. Every morning I should join you at the breakfast table with the unspoken terror that you were about to converse. I think it possible that you also like to talk in the train and in cabs?"

"Of course," remarked the young lady, wishing to allay the anxiety of her friend, "you will recollect that the present discussion is purely academical. I have never definitely asked you to be my husband."

"No," he admitted very handsomely. "I remember that I have admired you for not pushing your advantage. Any day within the last week you might have suggested it, and Heaven alone knows whether I should have refused. It is very improbable that I should have been sufficiently firm."

"You almost tempt me to try."

Mr. Markham raised his hand.

"Wait," he cried. "Do let us finish this most interesting conversation. What I would wish to express is this, that marriage when one is really in love seems to me to vulgarize the situation. It makes, to use the familiar expression, a business of a pleasure. Or, more accurately, to make into a vulgar business matter what should be jealously guarded from any taint of business suggestion."

"Your objection, are, after all, proper only to the modern marriage?"

"I was not," he confessed, "thinking about the Garden of Eden. Business was in its infancy then—so was marriage. For my part," he continued, "I dislike anything as soon as it becomes a duty. I used to like hunting; since they made me Master I look forward to the autumn as a person looks forward to Sunday, and yet there was a time when he doubtless loved going to church, when it was only a permissable recreation. Supposing it were one of the Ten Commandments that we should go to a ball every Monday and the opera every Wednesday!"

"And you mean that you would dislike the duty of being permanently in love with me," said the young lady, who perhaps found his remarks becoming too general, "though as a temporary sentimental excursion you have not hitherto found it disagreeable?"

"What I find fault with, is," he declared, "that unless one were to marry you one could not do several things one would like. For instance, I would like very much to take you to India."

"When?" inquired the young lady, with somewhat startling definiteness.

"Not," he replied, "till, say, October. India in the middle of the season you would not enjoy a bit. But I really fear (unless we do get married) the

trip is impossible. All the same, I should love to explain the Taj to you, and Shah Alim's Mosque at Ahmedabad—oh, and the Golden Gate at San Francisco; it is tiresome that I cannot take you there without marrying you."

"You could take mamma as well, and Aunt Adeliza, perhaps."

"That would be different. A superior plan for those to whom it commends itself, but personally I should not like it so much."

Miss Greatorex laughed. Mr. Markham left his sequestered seat and took one beside her on the sofa.

"Were you thinking," asked the lady "that you would like to take my hand?"

"I have thought that before. I was thinking of taking it. Now, if we were married," he continued after an interval, "this would be my business. It would be expected of me, as it is of a hen to lay eggs, or the Prince of Wales to lay foundation stones."

"And then it would cease to please?"

"It would then become detestable, and often lately I have pictured myself as riding home in the deepening dusk of a winter's afternoon from hunting either with you by my side or to find you waiting for me at home. When I think of it I nearly take a hansom and I come here to lay myself at your feet."

"Why don't you?"

"For the reasons detailed above. I picture comfort and inconvenience. It would entail an entire change of my plans for the rest of the season."

"But if you were not refused?"

Mr. Markham started.

"Oh, that certainly struck me as an alternative, but I didn't find it less alarming. If I were accepted we should probably get married; and how dull for both of us it would subsequently be! What I should really like would be for to come and stay in our present capacity at Markham, say, for a year. You would walk with me, row with me, fish with me, hunt with me; I would read to you my favorite bits of my favorite authors, and you should retaliate with yours. I can imagine nothing so delightful. I have already had you to stay at Markham; but then Lady Greatorex and Sir Marmaduke came, too, and my sister came down to do hostess. We were never alone except now and then for a quarter of an hour of mutual endeavoring."

"Thank you," interjected, with some asperity, the lady.

"What I should like would be to have you thus for a time all to myself. You would find me much nicer than you imagine. I have much more 'to' me, as the Yankees say, than you would think."

"You are not, in fact, such a fool as you look."

Mr. Markham took no notice whatever of this frivolous interruption.

"Well," added the lady, "on one condition I will come. Do not look frightened; I don't mean to insist on a 'prior engagement.' You need not

promise to marry me. But I will come a whole year to Markham if—if I may bring Lord Mendip with me."

"Lord Mendip!" Mr. Markham released what he had been holding and laid it back in the young lady's lap with something of the air wherewith one puts down an article that one has been fingering in a salesroom, when one discovers it is marked "Sold." He resumed his position on the hearthrug, but without again accommodating his back to the mantelpiece.

"It was," he remarked presently, "very nice of you to inform me of your engagement in that way. You can do things, when you try, very gracefully. A more awkward woman might have told me flatly half an hour ago."

"I was going to tell you just now. But you begged me to wait, as you wished to finish your delightful conversation. I concluded that you thought you were shining. After all you do not affect to ignore your reputation as a conversationalist."

"I am sure," he said, after the briefest pause, "you would be extremely happy That is certainly my wish—that you may be happy as you deserve. Lord Mendip's happiness, of course, goes without saying. It is interesting to think that he was my grandfather's fag at Eton."

"He told me that it was your great-grandfather."

"Ah! I think he was mistaken. My great-grandfather died quite two years before Lord Mendip was born, and he was not at Eton. Where there is any disparity of years—"

"Between Lord Mendip and myself there is some disparity."

"Quite so. But it is on the right side. I take it Lord Mendip is not more than 80?"

"Scarcely so much," declared the young lady, with admirable temper. "He is but 74."

"And he is a peer. It is better than anything I could have offered you."

"As to that, when your uncle dies you will be a duke."

"My uncle does not contemplate any public event so little as his own decease. And he is a year younger than Lord Mendip. He will doubtless marry again."

"Yes, I thought of that; I took that into my consideration," the young lady asserted, staring up into Mr. Markham's face, with an expression he rather failed to understand. There was something unusual also about her voice.

There was a slight sound behind her.

"Here," remarked the young man, looking over her head to the suddenly opened door, "comes Lord Mendip himself to receive my congratulations in person."

Miss Greatorex leaped to her feet.

"Don't for heaven's sake, don't!" she cried in a smothered voice. "It was a lie. I did it to see if I could shake you at all."

Lord Mendip ambled forward with a keen old look in his faded eyes, and a much "cocked" expression about his half-deaf ears.

"Congratulations, eh? Who am I to congratulate? I think I heard something about congratulations in person."

"Yes, Lord Mendip, I want yours." Mr. Markham sighed heavily. "I have just proposed to Miss Greatorex, and she has been good enough to accept me."

"Lord! how interestin'," cried the old gentleman. I rec'lect your father was my fag at Eton—I'm talkin', yer know, of the year '39. By Jove! you're a lucky chap, and I do congratulate you."

Mr. Markham received these felicitations with some emotions, and sighed again, not less heavily.—[*Waverly Magazine.*

WHERE DARK SHADOWS PLAY.

HARVEY A. FULLER.

Down in the Depths
Where dark shadows play,
Dwells there my soul,
And it tells of no ray
Of sun, moon or starlight;
No blissful to-morrow
Can lift the dark cloud
From that region of sorrow.

Nathan's Opportunity.

"O MOTHER! Will I never have a chance to be brave, or do something that really is something?" exclaimed Nathan White one morning to a sweet-faced Quaker matron who sat busily knitting. "Must I always keep on at these same old tasks?" "Brave, my son? Surely thou hast such chances every day. Have I not told thee—" "But that's not what I mean, mother; those are—well" "Yes, I know, Nathan, thy restless feelings, and perhaps some time there will come to thee a great opportunity. How then wilt thou meet it; have not these little deeds prepared thee? Go now to thy morning tasks."

The boy obeyed slowly the quiet authority of her voice, but was no sooner out of doors than he came rushing back with a shout.

"O mother, mother! the redcoats are coming! I can see them 'way down the highway. And are they coming to rob us again, mother? And will they make thee cook them a dinner as they did aunt Patience? O mother, do not look so frightened," as Mrs. White rose hastily and stepped towards the window. "They shall not hurt thee, little mother, for I shall fight them, so I shall, just like brother John. See how tall I am." And the sturdy lad of thirteen drew himself up proudly to his full height as he spoke.

"Hush, my son. Those are no fit words for a Friend's household. Thee knowest it was a sore trial to me that my eldest son should so forget our doctrine of peace as to steal away and join the rebel army, and that was doubtless what hastened thy father's death. Thou art all that is left to me, and wilt thou also grieve my heart?"

"No, mother, no! Do not fret, I'll not leave thee! But shall I let them rob us and carry away our goods from beneath my very eyes?"

"Alas, Nathan, I fear me there is little left to take. Only my few fowls yonder and thy pet lamb Molly. Haste thee, and shut them in yonder shed. Then mayhap they will not be seen, and we will be left for once unmolested."

Nathan ran to do his mother's bidding but was soon back by the house again to watch the soldiers as they drew near. "Shall we stop here, fellows?" shouted the foremost. "Nothing there," was the answer. "Everything was taken off long ago: there's not even a chicken in sight." The words had scarcely left his lips ere the loud bleat of a sheep was heard and Molly, catching sight of a familiar figure at the doorstep, ran straight towards him

while Nathan wondered with a thrill of dismay if he had forgotten to fasten that shed door.

"What's that you say? Nothing here? I don't know what you call nothing, but I call that a mighty fine piece of mutton," and before Nathan had time to think, the crack of a musket was heard, and poor Molly lay dead at his side. For a second he looked at his pet and felt a queer lump in his throat and something the matter of his eyesight, but as the soldier stepped up to carry off his booty, the mighty wrath of one wronged and helpless arose in the boy's soul. His ancestors were not all Quakers, and surely he was as angry as any ordinary boy as he shot a fierce glance at the king's officer. Reaching quickly to the side of the door he took down his mother's splint broom: and before the astonished officer could grasp his purpose, the stiff brush came down with a number of well-directed thwacks on that dignitary's powdered head.

"You young turkey-cock!" he shouted, "I'll teach you—" but Nathan was too quick for him, and a second attack sent him sprawling in the mud, his hat flying in one direction, his wig in another, while Nathan, taking advantage of his enemy's downfall, belabored him soundly until the other soldiers rushed up to interfere.

"Come, my lad, that won't do, you know," said one, with a grin, but holding Nathan's arm in a firm grasp. "Won't do? No, indeed!" muttered the crestfallen leader, picking himself and his belongings up from the mud. "And you'll come along with us—that's what you'll do—and see how you'll act in the British camp, and what Lord Howe has to say to this. It's time you young rebels were taught a lesson, and you'll make a good example. Get that sheep, men, and come along, now."

Resistance was useless, and Nathan was marched away by his angry captor, only turning to say to his mother, sobbing in the doorway: "Don't cry, mother, I'll be home before long."

But many times that day, as he was marched along between two British soldiers, and many times in the days and weeks to come, did he remember that tearful face and something very like tears rolled down his own cheek that morning as he thought of her words, "You are all I have left." Now, he too, was gone and what would his mother do? True, there was his uncle Philip, who would see that she did not suffer need; but she would want her boys, and who would give her them? Then he thought again of his own bright-faced brother, John, who had left home three years before, leaving behind only a line for his mother, telling her that he had gone to join the American army. Where was he now? Who could tell? They had heard nothing of him since that day; and whether living, dead, or imprisoned, they knew not.

But now the sight of white tents and the brusque, "Step lively there,

youngster!" reminded him that they were nearing the British camp; and the boy's meditation and grief gave way to excited curiosity. Nearly a month passed by, and Nathan was still a prisoner. When brought to Gen. Howe, he was surprised to hear the sharp words spoken by the commander to the officer who brought him in, charging him to "henceforth choose some one besides women and children to rob and capture." Nevertheless Nathan was not to be allowed his liberty for some time, for fear lest he should inform the Americans of the British resources and of the preparations for a proposed attack on Washington's army. But, being a friendly youth, and always ready to do a kind turn, he found many a friend in camp, and was allowed to go and come as he pleased within its limits.

One morning he was helping polish the gleaming steel of a soldier's equipment, when he saw a number of British soldiers marching in a squad of strange-looking figures, ragged, their tattered garments scarcely covering their bodies, and their bleeding feet leaving plain traces on the frozen ground. "Who are they?" he asked his companion. "Oh, they are some of those Yankees they got out here in a skirmish. Where's that buckle, did you say, boy?" and Nathan found no further opportunity for questions. All day long he was kept busy running errands, and the morning's circumstance almost slipped from his memory. But that night he was unusually restless, and as he tossed on his blanket looking up at the same bright stars he had so often watched at home, he thought again of his mother there alone, and of his long absent brother. Scarcely thinking what he was about, he hummed to himself a line or two from an old English song that a more worldly aunt once taught him and his brother John to sing together. All at once he started and listened sharply. What was that! Could it be? Yes, surely, over yonder some one was answering softly with a line from the same song.

He tried again, and softly but clearly came the answer. He raised himself on his elbow and looked around. Every one around him was in sound slumber, and with cautious movements lest he should arouse them, he crept out and around toward the place where the prisoners were kept. Once more he sang a line, but instead of the answer, came the words, in a voice familiar in spite of the years of separation, "Can that be Nathan?" "O John! how came thee here?" cried the boy, almost forgetting the need of caution. "Hush! not so loud! Never mind all that now, for I have much to tell thee, and of great importance. Art thou here as a prisoner, boy, or as a traitorous Tory? Tell me that. Can I trust thee?"

"Trust me, John, thy brother? Why, I would do anything for thee or to help our army." "Ah, that is well, but will they keep thee here long?"

"I am promised my liberty within a fortnight."

"And so am I promised an exchange in that time, but it will then be too late. Listen, Nathan, carefully! I have an important message here for Gen.

Washington; for, tho' they knew it not, I had been sent out as a spy, and had only just joined the skirmishers. He must have it by to-morrow night, else all will be lost. I cannot escape without much danger; but Nathan, it might be done by thee. Wouldst thou dare undertake it?"

"But how—where—could I?" stammered Nathan.

"Listen, and I will tell thee further. Thou knowest the ins and outs of the camp, and are less closely watched than I. Some of to-night's sentries have a bottle of spirits among them, and will be having gay carnival before morning. Our guard is with them now, but he is a steady fellow, and will not be gone long. It will do for thee as for no one else to creep about until an unguarded place is found, and that methinks will not be difficult to-night. Then the road is easy; and if thy feet are swift it will be Valley Forge and Washington before morning, then home and mother. Tell her I ever remember her words. Tell her—" but the soldier's voice choked, and he thrust into Nathan's hand the precious billet and bade him farewell.

It was a daring venture, and would take both risk and caution, yet not once did Nathan think of refusal; for with his brother's first speech there had flashed across his mind those words: "Some time, my son. there will come to thee thy great opportunity. How canst thou meet it then, have not these little deeds prepared thee?" Surely this was his opportunity to show his loyalty as well as his bravery. Could he hesitate? As his brother had said, to one so well acquainted with the place, escape was not difficult, especially under the carelessness of discipline into which the soldiers were falling. Nevertheless his heart thumped so loudly it seemed to him the guards playing cards about the fire would surely hear that, even if his stealthy movements escaped them. That danger at last passed, the open highway lay before him. Home was near, but Nathan cast only one longing glance that way, then set off on his lonely tramp towards Washington and the army.

The stars had faded away in the light of a clear morning and the sun had mounted high in the sky when a tired-looking boy in Quaker dress approached the American camp, and marching up boldly to a sentinel demanded to see Gen. Washington.

"But you can't do that, my lad, you know. He has no time to spend with boys. Tell your business to the Sergeant yonder."

"But I am here on official business, and can see no one else but Washington himself," answered Nathan, with an air of importance.

"Official business, is it? Well, well!" with a hearty laugh. "There is the general coming now. You may have a chance to speak with him, if he will hear you."

Nathan, stepping quickly to the place indicated, had no difficulty in choosing from among the men the one he was seeking. That calm face, that soldierly figure and dignified bearing could belong to none other.

Nathan's fine speech prepared on the way was quite forgotten as he met the inquiring glance, and he stammered out, "I'm Nathan White—John's brother—and he bade me give you this."

"What's that? Come here, boy, and tell me all about it," leading the way to his tent as he spoke. The look of anxiety on the commander's face changed to one of relief as he unfolded and read the short message. Calling an orderly, he gave him a few short directions and sent him with a message to his officers. Then turning to Nathan, he said, "My boy, you have averted a great danger to the American army. That message meant much to me. What do you know of the British camp?" Then he put a few sharp, searching questions, and seemed surprised at the amount of accurate knowledge Nathan possessed. "Why, lad, you had your eyes open, I see."

"Yes," answered Nathan. "I tried to remember everything I saw. Mother said I might have an opportunity," he added simply.

The great general placed his hand with friendly gesture on the boy's shoulder, saying meanwhile, "Tell your mother she has two sons of whom she may be proud, and that when your brother receives his exchange he shall be sent home for a brief furlough. Nay, stay a moment. I will write it myself."

Among all the Revolutionary relics and colonial treasures carefully hoarded by the Daughters of the Revolution in Philadelphia, none is more precious than a bit of yellow paper with a faint inscription that belongs to the great-granddaughter of Nathan White. If she will permit us to examine it and we look closely we may read "I trust that you may ere long have with you your two brave sons, one who knows how to make an opportunity and one who feared not to use it." And the signature is none other than George Washington.—[*The New Collegian.*

THE TEA-LADY.

LOUISE R. BAKER.

"YES, she's come; she's down there all right; and she's got her table set." The blacksmith of Harvest paused at the door of the depot and called in this bit of intelligence.

"That so?" queried the station-master.

"Dave helped her out the wagon."

"That so?" repeated the station master.

The she in question was no less a personage than Miss Mima Emrich, the tea-lady. Miss Emrich was young and good-looking, with soft brown hair, neatly parted, and eyes that were sweetly innocent, like the eyes of a child. She was employed by a large tea house to travel around through country towns, introducing a certain kind of tea—the best in the market, of course; the rule being that she remain three days at each store from which the tea was henceforth and forever to be sold. It was in the stores that she set her table, covering a portion of the counter with a white cloth, beautiful to behold, and placing thereon the daintiest of tea-services. Miss Emrich solicited the customers to partake of her tea, smiling on everybody; and she also sold packages of tea at a reasonable price. To each and every tea-drinker the tea-lady was pretty sure to sell a trial package of her famous tea.

The advent of the tea-lady at Harvest was, however, the cause of considerable talk. Previous to her arrival there had been talk, when she was up the valley at Limestone with her table set in Josh Perkins' store. It was said that they were having queer doings at Limestone. When, therefore, in the course of a few days, the tea-lady, together with her bag and baggage, the appurtenances of the tea-table making considerable baggage, was welcomed by Dave Kelly and established in his store, the tongues wagged very freely.

For ages, as long, indeed, as many of the inhabitants could remember, there had been war between the towns of Limestone and Harvest, situated five miles apart. The original reason of the war was forgotten, but the warfare at all times was fierce and bitter. When the Limestone baseball team whipped the Harvest boys, the indignation of the smaller town swelled high; when Harvest carried off a first prize for its black horses at the county fair, Limestone became sarcastic and impertinent. There were people in the town of Harvest who wondered at Dave Kelly letting the tea-lady visit his store when she had first gone to Limestone.

For other reasons, of a more serious nature, more than a few of the Harvest inhabitants wondered at Dave Kelly. While both Limestone and Harvest were situated in a local-option district, it was a well-known fact that the righteous law winked at the back-door liquor business, and that the United States license ostentatiously announced its presence in the printed form conspicuously pasted upon certain soap-boxes in certain cellars. To say the least, Dave Kelly's store on a Saturday night was certainly no place for a lady; yet the tea-lady arrived on Thursday morning, and she was to remain for three days.

"Yes," said Dave Kelly, blustering outside the store; "she's to be here for three days. She was up at Limestone for three days,"

"And one of them days is Saturday night," said old Billy Stephens.

"She was up at Limestone fer three days," repeated the storekeeper.

Dave Kelly's store was a good-sized one, and its owner was growing into a rich man. The tea-lady admired the store very much. She said, innocently enough, that it was a better building and carried a larger stock than the store at Limestone; and although this was an indisputable fact, she immediately won the respect of every citizen in Harvest.

"The tea-lady is charmed with the town," said the blacksmith, coming out from the store with a package of tea. "She's fixed things up mighty fine on the counter."

"She says as she never did see sech hills as the folks have to climb up yonder at Limestone," said a farmer, engaged in unhooking his horse. The farmer also carried a package of tea.

"Did she call you to the counter to drink?" asked the blacksmith.

"That was the way of it," answered the farmer, with a laugh. "I'd never had the spunk to go long of my own accord."

"Dave, he's tickled to death that the tea-lady is pleased with the store," continued the blacksmith. "She says straight out what she thinks."

"She's a perfect lady," said the farmer, enthusiastically. "If I was Dave," he added, "I wouldn't manage to put her on the cars before Saturday night."

"She was three days to Limestone," said the blacksmith.

Those three days at Limestone proved a wonderful argument in favor of the tea-lady remaining three days at Harvest, even though one of the days was Saturday night.

"Limestone ain't goin' to get ahead of Harvest ag'in in a hurry, if I can help it," said Dave Kelly.

"In that Kelly is right," was the universal verdict.

When Saturday night arrived Dave Kelly had considerable work to do. The tea-lady had given it out that she wanted Harvest to beat Limestone, and the customers were plentiful.

"Sh-h-h-h!" ordered Dave's muffled voice outside the store. "There's to be no swearin' around these premises. Remember there's a lady in the store."

"Cracky!" ejaculated a regular Saturday night customer, staring open-mouthed through the glass doors; "ef she ain't started a high-flyin' festival, fer shore."

"She's wantin' Harvest to beat Limestone," explained the storekeeper. "Git in and sample her tea."

"She looks powerful like she was set down in her home, Dave," said the station-master; "'pon my honor she do. Watch how quick her hands air goin'. I swear ef she don't make a purty picter for a Saturday night."

"You're right," assented Dave gravely; "she do make a purty picter for a Saturday night. I'll be—"

"Blessed, eh, Dave?" queried the station-master.

"Blessed is a good word," said Dave; and he laughed.

But the store was a very strange region even to the owner on that Saturday night. He got inside the door whenever he could and watched with interest the customers sidling up to the back counter for a cup of tea; listened to them praising the quality of the tea and saw the eyes of the tea-lady smiling and happy.

Only one Saturday night customer proved obstreperous on the store porch. He had not yet heard of the tea-lady, and he failed altogether to understand Kelly's muffled orders and threats.

"Nothin' to drink?" he roared, in a voice that penetrated the glass doors and reached back into the store as far as the tea-table. "What's the matter? Nothin' to drink in this 'ere shop?"

The storekeeper's voice also reached the tea-table. "Yes," answered Kelly, "there is something to drink in this 'ere shop; there's tea to drink."

The tea-lady looked up tranquilly at Jim Moon, who was finishing his cup of tea. "I told the House," she said, "that I would travel only in the local-option districts."

"Yes, miss," said the tea-drinker, nearly choking over the last swallow.

"I couldn't think of going to stores where liquor was sold," continued the tea-lady. "Why, it would just be terrible."

"Yes, miss," agreed Moon; "it would jest be turrible."

"Some people say," said the tea-lady, and her eyes were serene, though a little color crept into her cheeks, "that in some places the law is disregarded; but I hardly believe that."

"Yes, miss," said Moon again, speaking very humbly, with his head bowed bashfully over the little empty cup.

"I have been told that unless a store sells liquor, on the sly or openly, it will not prosper;" and now she threw back her head and smiled, showing her

dimples and her pearly teeth. "Why, look at this store. Isn't there prosperity here?"

"It's finer than the one you was in up to Limestone, ain't it miss?"

"Very much finer," said the tea-lady.

Dave Kelly had been a widower for four years; he was making money rapidly; but this was the first Saturday night that he had ever allowed his boy to remain in the store. Little Dave was warm friends with the tea-lady; he was in the back of the store, close to that dazzling whiteness of the impromptu tea-table. Every now and then the tea-lady's eyes met the boy's and smiled, and little Dave smiled back, eagerly. "Keep your shop and your shop will keep you." Kelly had believed in the truth of this saying from the time when he wrote the line out in a discreditable manner in a country school-house; but he never regarded his store in any wider and purer light until that night. Why, it seemed to him, in a bewildered way to be sure, as if it were a sort of home, a place of education and refinement. He could almost laugh at himself, it was so very foolish, and yet a certain halo formed itself around that back end of the store, where the white hands were busy serving tea. The Saturday night customers were in no hurry to depart. They sat about on stools and kegs telling stories—interesting and remarkable stories fit for the ears of a lady and fit for the ears of little Dave.

"They're feelin' a heap better than if they'd got what the most of 'em come fer," said Dave to himself; and then he sighed. What would the tea-lady think of him if she were suddenly informed that he was a breaker of the law? What would she think if she knew of those barrels in the cellar? Suppose every Saturday night she could be there, handing out her cups of tea, talking to the men, laughing at the stories of adventure and country life? What a different place Kelly's store would be!

Then a thought came to Kelly and uplifted him. It is never too late for a man to turn over a new leaf. He could do away with the cellar traffic, he could tear the United States license off the soap-box and be done with it for good and all.

But the tea-lady would depart from Harvest on Monday morning. On Sunday she would go to the town church; she had promised to take little Dave with her. She would say her prayers in the church and have kindly thoughts towards the people of Harvest, and she would go away knowing nothing of those other Saturday nights in Kelly's store and of that moment in which the storekeeper honestly desired a change for the better.

The customers observed that Dave was in the doleful dumps, when at last the judge decided that the folks had best be goin' home and not keep the lady up till Sunday mornin'.

"We've had a fust-rate time, Kelly, I be—I be blessed if we ain't," declared the station-master.

"I ain't seen the stars on a Saturday night for years," ejaculated old Billy, pleased and surprised. "Cracky! Think o' that!"

"Cheer up, cheer up, man!" cried the old soldier; "you can afford a spell o' dull trade, you bloated bondholder, you. Thunder, but we ve beat Limestone all to pieces!"

"Yes," said Kelly, with a feeble grin, "we've beat Limestone; that's certain."

A month later, however, Mr. Kelly was the recipient of warm congratutions. The storekeeper had, according to the gossip of the town, cleaned out his cellar and decided to go into the tea business.

"There's no doubt of it but Harvest has beat Limestone in this instance," said Toots Little, with a cackling laugh. "Harvest has got the tea-lady."

"He'd never had the spunk to ask her ef the boy hadn't egged him on," declared old Billy. "They're goin' to have a powerful big weddin', so I hear. When we was beatin' Limestone we beat her thunderin' good, I be—I be—"

"Blessed is a good word, Billy," said the station-master.—[*Independent.*

WRECKED.

MAMIE RAY.

As I rambled through the churchyard of a quaint New England town,
At a grave there knelt a woman simply dressed in widow's gown.
I approached and gently touched her, pointed to the grave and said,
"Pardon, friend! but is your sorrow closely linked with yonder dead?"

Quick she rose and sof'ly whispered, "Yes, I'll tell you if I can,
The old sad story oft repeated, of the sacrifice of man.
I was once a blithesome maiden, taught to value, wealth and fame,
Taught to honor noble virtue, as a woman's highest gain.

"See yon yonder towering steeple and the cottage standing near?
With its walls o'er grown with ivy all to me so doubly dear,
Just because my parents dwelt there with their only daughter, Gay,
And I often heard them planning what my life should be some day.

"Near by, lived a man of fashion, who sold drinks, wine and champagne,
Making money was his passion, wrecking souls his greatest gain.
Dazzling windows, sparkling glasses, music, billiards to ensnare
To entail a life of misery, on young men with hopes so fair.

"Near this scene, or in some other, one might find this man's own son,
Pleading with some faith-wrecked brother evermore these traps to shun,
From his youth he hated liquor, scorned a life of sin and vice
Spurned the treacherous hand that offered wine cup, cards and dice.

"He possessed his mother's nature, who with her unerring arm,
Led her boy by gentle lessons to abhor all things that harm;
On he grew to noble manhood, and his highest hope and aim
Was to crush the fiery monster, which destroys both heart and brain.

"So he labored late and early, to restore some fainting soul
Tending toward a moral shipwreck on the whiskey-seller's shoal,
He at length became my lover, this true hearted, noble man
Who declared his father's business was the devil's burning brand.

"So, he came to me one evening, 'Gay,' he said, in tender tone,
'Will you grant my heart's desire, and let me take you for my own?'
Then our lives became united, pledged ourselves through thick and thin
To reclaim some youth benighted, in the maze of gilded sin.

"And he talked in town and country, on the grand old Temperance stand,
Prohibition, was his motto, spreading far to every land,
Once in yonder village paper, came the notice, 'I shall speak,
On the subject *Liquor Traffic* in the hall on Eden street.'

"And the notice ran like wildfire and the hall was crowded quite,
All to hear young Lawyer Mason, for the Temperance question fight.
Did his father like the idea? No, he swore he'd have revenge,
On the son who dared oppose him and his whiskey loving friends.

"But I'm drifting from my story, you are growing tired I fear,
I left off about the meeting held in Eden hall last year.
As I said the hall was crowded, and he'd just begun to tell
Of the woe produced by liquor, when there came an awful yell.

"From the gallery, quickly followed by a pistol's crackling sound.
It was aimed full at the speaker, and it brought him to the ground.
Many gathered round my husband, others tried to seize the fiend,
Who had dared this deed of mischief causing such a tragic scene.

"Was my husband dead? Yes; surely this madman who raved and swore
Told us how he meant to kill him on his entrance at the door,
He was crazed by steady drinking, this confessed he to the mob
That he'd promised Mason's father, for a drink, he'd do the job.

Reverently they bore my loved one, to the brown house standing there,
I was wild, and thought my misery more than ever I could bear,
Now, kind sir, you have my story, know how once my heart was glad,
Know how, by the demon whiskey, I was almost driven mad.

"What became of Mason's father? O he ran to eastern Maine
And the lawyer's witnesses proved the murderer insane."
Thus she left me in the graveyard, deeply wrapped in anxious thought,
Had I never in my lifetime, for the Temperance question fought.

This is not a tale of fiction, every word of it is true,
Life is teeming with such pictures, I have seen them, so have you,
Why then stand aside and wonder, what will happen to your State,
If you lack by one small effort to protect your country's fate,
Youths, sweet maids and gray haired sires, come out boldly, take a stand
Pledge your all; your heart's desire, to some loyal Temperance band.

AN IDEAL GOVERNMENT.

HOW TO ATTAIN IT.

KATHARINE LENTE STEVENSON.

MEN may differ in opinion as to what constitutes the most effective form of "Good Government." The advocates of a limited Monarchy, or even of a Monarchy without limitations are not yet wholly extinct; but as to what constitutes the essence of Good Government there can be small difference of opinion. Good Government must be a government under which the people, not a fraction of the people, but the people as a whole, may come to their best physical, mental and moral development. A Good Government must be a government which shall respect the rights of its citizens and count the welfare of those who make up its teeming population as of more value than any fame which might come through conquest or any material prosperity which could be brought about through traffic. A Good Government must stand first for character, then for conquest on the lines of the development of character; first for righteousness, then for whatever things may be added unto righteousness. Above increase of population, above development of material resources, above wealth or fame, or power or any other thing, a Good Government must count goodness, virtue, justice, fair play,—in a word, the "righteousness" which alone can "exalt a Nation" in contradistinction to all "sin" which is a "reproach to any people."

To the ideal Good Government the rights of the poorest and meanest citizen must be of as much importance as the rights of the most exalted. In the ideal Good Government merit alone could make for itself a place and position must come as the reward of righteousness. Those who are placed at the head of Good Government must be placed there by "Divine right" indeed,—the right of inherent integrity and native ability, carefully trained and wholly devoted to the best interests of all. Consecration to high ideals, unswerving devotion to principle, unwavering allegiance to "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report," whether in the lives of individuals or in the life of the nation as a whole;—these must be the characteristics marking those who,

through the voice of the whole people, shall administer the affairs of a Good Government.

In a Good Government there must be statesmen, not politicians. In a Good Government no place must be found for the political trickster and Party Thug though they seek it with tears. In a Good Government the whole trend of thought, work and aim must be the bringing of the best to all. Crime must be at the minimum in a Good Government; prisons and police force reduced to the smallest possible proportions; armies must exist only as a possible protection until the day when all governments shall become equally good. The slums will be abolished in a Good Government. Infectious diseases will be practically unknown. The economic conditions everywhere will be of the highest order and such a thing as a man out of work, a man seeking for work, unknown. Indeed, labor will be compulsory, upon the few who need compulsion; but its conditions will have so changed that it will be a delight to all right minded people to work and, each doing his or her share, there will be no place for the grinding toil which now comes upon those who are technically called, laboring people.

It is needless to say that the saloon and the legalized liquor traffic will be wholly unknown in a Good Government. Indeed were it not for the indisputable testimony of history, the citizens of such a Government in future years, would find it difficult to believe that an institution, fattening itself upon the life blood of its citizens, had ever existed outside of savagery. Laws will be made, in a truly Good Government, looking towards the best moral interests of all, and to legalize that which destroys a man, body and soul would be counted the thing that it is; viz., the crime of crimes. There will be no multi-millionaire in a Good Government. The possibility of accumulating wealth beyond a certain point will be regulated by the whole people and immense aggregations by one part of the body politic, with necessary dearth in other parts would be seen to be the poorest of political economics.

In a word, the Good Government of the future, towards which all the better forms of government of to-day are tending, will be the actualization upon earth, so far as is consistent with the weaknesses of a common humanity, of the song of the angels: "Peace on Earth and Good Will Among Men.' Brotherhood, education, the arts and sciences, music, literature, the drama, Nature with her manifold lessons,—room and place in which "to loafe and invite one's soul" will be the birthright of all and to help all to enter into their inheritance,—the glorious inheritance of a common humanity, will be the province of both the governors and governed; who will be absolutely and inseparably one.

It is needless to say that the ideal Good Government does not yet exist upon earth. We believe that our own government goes farther towards actualizing it than does any other, but here there are wide stretches between

what is and what must be before the Kingdoms of the earth become the Kingdoms of our God. And this brings me to the second part of my subject,—"How to attain it."

1st. Want it. Really want it. Not sentimentally wish for it but want it with every burning heart throb; want it as Christ wanted it for His people when He wept over Jerusalem and cried "Oh if thou couldst have known the things which belong to thy peace." Want it enough to make sacrifices, if need be, for its securing, and the need of the sacrifice exists and will surely manifest itself. When enough people want national integrity more than they want money; when enough cease condoning in the Nation as a whole what they would never think of condoning in individuals; when enough people are ready to go in for righteousness at any cost; righteousness will be as definite a reality in national as it may now be in individual lives. Sentimental whining will not bring in the Kingdom of Heaven, but ever and forever, that Kingdom suffereth violence and the violent, those who will at any cost, take it by force.

2nd. Study whatever holds any promise of helping in the attainment of Good Government. One great trouble in the past seems to me to lie in the fact that those who really desire righteousness have feared to look into any presentation of the subject at all out of the beaten track of long accepted and well-regulated custom. The thing that has been, however it may fail of bringing about the desired results, is, for the majority, the thing that must be and shall be, henceforth and forever. It is largely this unreasoning fear of the untried which has kept Woman's Suffrage so long in the background as a working hypothesis for the solution of many of our present day evils. It is the same fear which has kept us from many of the suggestions of some of our best thinkers along social lines. New Zealand is setting a magnificent example to the world in her readiness to accept the untried. There not Woman's Suffrage alone, but Municipal and Governmental ownership of Public utilities; the Referendum and a somewhat modified form of the Single tax are in active operation with results which are drawing the eyes of the whole world upon that country, almost unknown to the world a quarter of a century ago. "My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge" is as true upon the side of practical economics as of spiritual truth and to know God's will and God's ways must always be the indispensable pre-requisite to doing and attaining.

3rd. Do the thing that lies closest at hand. Good Government will not be brought in through a cataclasm. It will rather dawn as the day dawns, slowly and calmly, emerging out of the chaos of each night's darkness and gloom. We cannot bring in the millenium to the whole earth in one moment or in one year of time; but we can, in one moment, settle our own relation towards righteousness, and we can, in one year, and in the years of a

lifetime, do much towards making righteousness possible in the places where we are and among the people with whom we are brought into closest contact. Help clean out your own yard; then you can better help your neighbor. Attend to the sanitary conditions of your own home; then you can see to it that a sentiment is aroused in the community for cleanliness. Attend the primary meetings of your own ward, if you live in a city, or your town meetings if you live in a town. Use your influence for righteousness and for high standards of righteousness among the people with whom you are brought into contact in the business and political world. Vote only for clean men and clean parties and help to make it impossible that any but clean men shall be elected. Vote the saloon out of your own community and then pay the price of a watchful vigilance for the keeping of it out. Let the liquor men burn your house down if they will; you will, at least have kept your manhood. If you are a woman and living in a State where any form of suffrage is accorded to woman, use that little, however small it may be, and use it in the interests of the largest life and best development of the entire community. One town or city, really kept clean, will be a mighty leavening power in any State or Nation and, according to the eternal law, righteousness, being lifted up, must eventually, draw all to it.

Above everything else, do not lose heart. Good Government, the best possible form of Government, is yet to be established upon earth. Everything tends towards this. All signs, even the darkest, if viewed aright, show that the dawning cannot be much longer delayed. We shall yet be Christians in deed as well as in word. That which the ages have never seen, —a vital application of the Gospel of Christ, not doctrinally, but practically, to all life's relations is to be, not, as with us, the glorious vision, but the blessed realization of the century upon which we are just entering. In the strong words of Edward Everett Hale:

Men will not be content to live every man for himself. In work, in art, in study, in trade,—in all life, indeed, the children of God, called by a Saviour's voice, will wish to live in the common cause. They will live for the common wealth; this is the modern phrase. They will bear each other's burdens; this is the phrase of Paul. They will live in the life of Love. And it will prove true, as it was promised, that all things are added to the community which thus seeks the Kingdom of God and His righteousness.

In the pregnant words of the author of No. 5 John Street:

There is no escape from the iron law of brotherhood. All solutions but this have had their trial and have failed. Never was their failure more awfully conspicuous than to-day, when nine-tenths of mankind still live as brutes in regard to all that makes life worth living, while the other tenth rots in character with all the infirmities of plethora and excess. Ring out the old; ring in the new, the great moral renaissance, the new learning of mind and heart, the new types of men and women developed by liberty working within the domain of law.

The new day is surely dawning. May all the lovers of righteousness help to "Ring out the old!" Christian Citizenship will be established upon earth when Christians are ready to establish it. Good Government will be not possible alone, but actual, when good men and women demand that it shall become so. "Looking for and *hastening* the coming of the day of God." What is the Day of God? He, Himself, has told us. It is the day when "righteousness shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea" and when "the glory of the Lord shall be revealed and all flesh shall see it together." "The mouth of the Lord hath spoken this. It remains for the children of the Lord to speak it after Him, not by words alone, but by deeds.

The common problem, yours, mine everyone's,
Is—not to fancy what were fair in life
Provided it could be—but, finding first
What may be, then find how to make it good.
—*Robert Browning.*

Fanny Crosby's Reminiscences.

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NUMBER TWO.

ONE evening, when I was about five years old, my good mother called me to her from the dooryard, where I had been playing, and I ran to her side. As I say, it was evening; but that made no difference with me. I could play in the night as well as at daytime, and had no trouble in reaching her side, whether the candles were lighted or not. There was no kerosene lamps then, and people in the country had to depend for their light upon candles, made by dipping a wick of cotton repeatedly in melted tallow, until enough of it clung to the wick to make a "body" for the apparatus; and the one that was generally lighted did not illuminate a house.

Well, my good mother called me to her side, and said: "Fanny, I am going to take you on a little journey. We shall go first in a wagon, till we come to the bank of a beautiful river, with mountains on each side of it; then we shall get into a sail-boat, and sail south for many miles; then we shall come to a great city, larger than anything of which you have ever heard or thought, and stay there for several days; and then home again."

The idea of taking a journey filled me with joy, and I danced about the room with perhaps not enough attention to the furniture that kept getting in the way; but my transports were somewhat modified, when she explained the object of the expedition—to have a surgical operation performed upon my eyes. "There may be some pain with it, Fanny," she explained: "but you are willing to bear it, are you not?"

I already knew what pain was:—it is, alas! one of the first things we learn in life! and I shrank a little at the idea of any of it being inflicted upon me. "But, Fanny," my mother explained, "perhaps it will result in giving you your sight, so that you can see everything that is around you, and play with the rest of the children exactly as they do, study pretty pictures, and read interesting books, and enjoy yourself in a hundred ways that you do not now."

This changed the course of my thought again: I felt as if I was to have a whole lot of new toys presented me, different from anything I had ever seen before. Endure the pain? Of course I would! anything to get my precious

power of seeing!—I did not know then, what a blessing blindness could be.

This was in 1825; and you may readily believe that means of communication were not many and varied, in those days! There was not even a stage from our home or from near there, to any point upon the great Hudson River.

We started one morning before the early dawn was in the skies, and rode in a market-wagon to Sing Sing on the Hudson, where we were to take a sloop for New York; steam-boats were still very few and far between. This musically-named town, in which I thought everybody belonged to the choir, was then a small country hamlet, straggling along the banks of the river—with no idea that it would ever bear such a prominent part in the punishment of the malefactors of a great commonwealth.

So at four o'clock one summer morning, we unfurled our sails, and went skipping down the river toward the great metropolis. It is needless to say that the novel experience was a delight to me: I was all over the deck, and soon, I may safely say, in the good graces of everybody aboard. I could not of course view the beautiful scenery through which we were passing; but there were plenty on board to describe it to me, and I enjoyed it upon the whole more perhaps than if I could have seen, and had to depend entirely upon my own powers of observation. I have always delighted in passing through beautiful scenery, and, indeed, the sensation of traveling—perhaps more than some that can see; and I find that other blind people are the same in this respect.

My poor mother was sea-sick, or, more accurately expressing it, river-sick; but I was the gayest of the gay; and Captain Green immediately adopted me as first-mate of the sloop. I was called a fairly pretty child; and my black curls and frisky manners did not detract from the five-year-old disposition that developed in me to be the belle of the company.

The Captain pretended to discover that I was a great vocalist; and at times kept me busy singing all the little songs I had gathered up since old enough to learn and understand them. These were not very many or particularly deep; but they served. One of them I remember inaugurated itself with the following impressive lines, sung to a famous patriotic air:

"I wish I was a Yankee's wife,
  And then I would have *somethin'*:
Every fall an ear of corn,
  And now and then a *pumkin!*"

The Captain pretended to hold this song particularly in very high esteem, and whenever he was a little blue, called me to him and coaxed or hired me to sing it. With the usual thrift of the accomplished cantatrice, I gradually increased my prices as the article grew more and more in demand; and was very much disappointed when, after gliding through the beautiful Highlands and past the impressive palisades, we arrived in the Big City.

It was early in the morning when we landed—having been twenty-four hours in making the trip from Sing Sing—a journey that I have frequently performed since, in fifty-five minutes.

We went to the house of a friend who bore the good old name of Jacob Smith, at No. 10 Roosevelt Street: a very fine place at that time; and soon we were in the presence of the famous Dr. Valentine Mott.

Being but a little child, to whom one of God's creatures was about the same as another, except as they pleased or displeased me, I did not stand so much in awe of the great Dr. Mott; but my mother did, and listened with bated breath to hear what he should say of my case. It was not the first time that poor mortals had hung upon his words; for he was even then considered the foremost surgeon of his time. He occupied the chair of surgery in Columbia College, and had performed operations that no other surgeon ever dared to undertake. He had, seven years before, placed a ligature around the brachio-cephalic trunk, or arteria innominata, only two inches from the heart, for aneurism of the right subclavian artery; and that for the first time in the history of surgery. To be sure the patient died within a month; but with the comforting assurance that he had had something done to him with a knife, that no other patient had ever experienced. And as this was before the age of chloroform, or any other very effective anaesthetics, death must certainly have been a relief.

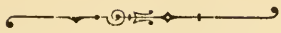
Well, Dr. Mott and another celebrated surgeon at that time, named Dr. Delafield, examined my eyes and told my tearfully-listening mother that there was no hope for them: malpractice had spoiled them. And so we returned to our Putnam County home—taking the same sloop and the same market-wagon as those in which we had come.

The poor doctor who had spoiled my eyes had disappeared from the neighborhood; and we never heard any more about him. He is probably dead before this time; but if I could ever see him, I would tell him that he unwittingly did me the greatest favor in the world.

I was a little more thoughtful, on the way back up the river: the great doctor had not been above placing his fatherly hand on my head, and saying, "Poor little girl," and the touch of sympathy went with me as I journeyed home. Hour after hour, when I had crept into my little "bunk" on the sloop, I heard the dear waves of the river singing to me, and telling me not to be discouraged; a brighter future was coming.

But heigh ho! How I am running on! and am only five years of age yet, out of my eighty. I will try and get along faster, next month.

Sketches from Our Exchanges.



BORAX IN EUROPE.

THE greater part of the borax which now enters into European commerce is extracted from borocalcite, a mineral which is formed principally of borate of lime. It is found in great quantities in certain parts of Asia Minor. The process of treatment depends upon the reaction of borate of calcium and caustic soda, which, when added, form borax and carbonate of lime. It has been found that the caustic soda may be replaced by bicarbonate of soda to obtain the same result, the best method being to use a mixture of the two. In the process which is now generally used, the native borocalcite is reduced to a fine powder in a mill. Of the powder, 15 parts by weight are taken, and 60 parts of water, and this is placed in a steam-heated vessel, adding 8 parts of bicarbonate of soda and 2 parts caustic soda, and the whole is boiled for about three hours. The mass resulting from this treatment is passed into large filter presses, and the hot solution which comes off is placed in crystallizing basins, and at the end of a few days the borax may be collected in crystals; these are put to dry in a steam oven. They are often in irregular masses of large size, and these must be broken into small pieces, after they have been well cleaned. The small crystals thus obtained are assorted and put in barrels whose weight is from 100 to 800 pounds. The cake of carbonate of lime which remains in the filter-press is washed with water until the borax is completely extracted, and is then sold to glass, paper or cement works. It is estimated that 100 pounds of borocalcite will yield 100 to 105 pounds of crystallized borax.

PETROLEUM IN JAPAN.

THE petroleum industry has reached a considerable development in Japan, as may be remarked from the reports recently published in The Japan Times relating to the province of Echigo. In this district as many as thirty companies now exist, some of these representing a capitol of more than half a million, while the total capital engaged in the petroleum industry in this region is estimated at more than six millions. As an indication of the activity which now prevails in the petroleum region, it is stated that two of the principal banks of Japan are about to make branch establishment in the cities of this district. There is some talk of installing a pipe line from the

district of Echigo to Tokio, upon about the same plan as that now established in the Caucasus region. The plans for this work are soon to be drawn up, and it is to be directed by M. Miyagi, a prominent Japanese engineer, who is a graduate of the engineering college of the Imperial University of Tokio.

"FOOLSCAP."

EVERY one knows what foolscap paper is, but not every one knows why it was so called. An exchange ventures to remark that not one in a hundred that daily use it can answer the question. The following will tell you how the term originated:

When Oliver Cromwell became protector, after the execution of Charles I, he caused the stamp of the cap of liberty to be placed upon the paper used by the English government. Soon after the restoration of Charles II, having occasion to use some paper for dispatches, some of this government paper was brought to him.

On looking at it, and discovering the stamp, he inquired the meaning of it, and on being told, he said:

"Take it away; I have nothing to do with a fool's cap."

The term "foolscap" has since been applied to a certain size of glazed writing paper.

SUCCESSFUL BLIND PEOPLE.

F. E. CLEAVELAND.

In this department, which is dedicated to the cause for the advancement of which this periodical is published, we hope to serve a double purpose. We wish first to call the attention of the seeing world to what it is possible for blind persons to accomplish.

Second, to have this knowledge, by means of the thoughtful kindness of our subscribers, reach the sightless everywhere and stimulate them to make the most of their lives.

Every blind man or woman, young or vigorous, with a favorable opportunity may become self-sustaining. The right amount of perseverance will command the opportunity. All who wish to know what is being accomplished to increase the methods by which blind people may become independent are invited to open correspondence with the American Association to Promote the Education and Employment of the Blind, 3124 Fourteenth St. N. W., Washington, D. C., enclosing stamp for reply.

CHARLES B. ROUSS.

(Contributed.)

This well known merchant and generous philanthropist was born in 1836 at Woodbury, Frederick County, Md., about thirty miles from Baltimore, but in 1841 his father changed his place of residence to Runney Meade, a beautiful estate in Berkley County, Virginia. When ten years of age Charles was sent a few miles from home to a school in Winchester where he received an education, including instruction in Latin, Greek, French and German.

Being of a very practical turn of mind he considered the life of a farmer too slow and unremunerative, and therefore at the age of fifteen decided upon the choice of a commercial career, and became an employee of a prominent Winchester merchant upon a salary of one dollar a week, which was increased from time to time. After acquiring three years experience he started in business for himself with a capital of five hundred dollars, his own savings; and such was his ability in his chosen career that when the war broke out, the young merchant occupied the largest business house in the town, and had a capital of sixty thousand dollars to show for his six years' work.

Taking an active part in the Confederate Cause obliged him to abandon business; but first, in 1861, he gave himself the infinite satisfaction of performing a generous act. The price of salt being exorbitant, Mr. Rouss dispatched an agent to the salt works in Southwest Virginia to purchase one thousand sacks, and these he sold to the consumers at Winchester at the lowest possible price, although speculators offered him a profit of ten thousand dollars. With a large stock of sugar he was equally generous. Had he been self-seeking he could have realized twenty thousand dollars on those two articles.

Mr. Rouss then went forth to fight for his State and was one of the heroes forced to surrender at the Appomattox. The war over, he found himself completely impoverished; all had gone in the "Lost Cause." So he went to work on his father's farm in the Shenandoah Valley for one year, at the end of which time his active temperament and ambition brought him to New York city, where he arrived with less than two dollars in his possession. Ten years of heroic struggles followed, but energy, determination and capacity won the day.

Mr. Rouss traces his ancestry back to the year fifteen hundred to the very honorable family of Rouss in Kronstadt, Austria. One of his sixteenth century ancestors had the misfortune to lose his sight while yet in his infancy, through smallpox, notwithstanding which, he achieved success. Mr. Rouss himself, though now afflicted with loss of sight, continues to carry on his enterprises. In fact he is a great worker; every day the mail brings to him several hundreds of letters, and he is not only made acquainted with their contents, but directs their replies, and at the close of each day's business listens to the reports of twenty-eight heads of departments. He is the first to arrive at his great Broadway store at six o'clock in the morning, and the last to leave it at night, at half past seven.

It has been said that when Mr. Rouss became a merchant the world lost a literary light that would have illumined it with original thought, and certainly the "Trade Journal" which he edits indicates the truth of this assertion. Some of his pithy remarks are admirable—for instance: "The dignity of labor is the greatest of all dignities"—"Credit is tempting, but Ruin surely follows in its path." The following is a quotation from his "Trade Journal."

"Arm yourself with a stainless integrity; let loose the heaven-born gifts of genius and ambition, and a resolution that courts, but never counts, the heaviest odds; begin on the basis of cash, even if you have to start with a tack-hammer: almost unawares it will become a trip-hammer, doubling and trebling year after year with the relentless energy of a circular saw.

"Then success will come—not all bright sunshine, but here and there deep, black shadows that will search you to the heart, agonies that will drive

the blade through the quick into the marrow up to the hilt; but pluck and patience and moral courage will always win, and the sun will shine again and final triumph—allayed it may be with bitter dregs—will come solid, decisive and enduring."

Mr. Rouss advocates phonetic spelling; he is a great reader and philosophical thinker; his own published saying is an index to his character: "Love is the greatest of all human emotions; kindness the greatest of all human privileges," for there is not a day that he does not help some needy fellow beings, apart from his publicly known benefactions which represent the most disinterested generosity. Mr. Rouss is a philanthropist not from a sense of mere duty, but because he is a man of large and warm sympathies, full of tender pity and universal love, which is the most divine quality that can be found in the human being.

DONATIONS.

Received since last issue of TALKS AND TALES.

Jardiniere, Mrs. Andrew Hewitt; Caps, Horsfall & Rothschild; Neckties, Gemmill, Burnbam & Co.; Clothing, Emily Wells Foster; Bible Roll, Thomas Whittaker, Publisher, New York City; 10 Tickets to Old Folks Concert at ourth Church, Mr. W. B. Mucklow; Magazines, Shelf and Plant brackets Mr. Marsh.

Mrs. Geo. T. Plunkett, Hinsdale, Mass., $ 25.00
A Friend from Wethersfield, 10.00
A Friend—for a special purpose, 5.00
Mr. A. Albert Wahlberg, .75
So. Cong. Church, Manchester, J. M. Williams, Treas., 2.60
Friends, by Miss Ledyard, New Haven, 3.00

FOR CHRISTMAS 1900.

Miss L. A. Brainard, City, 5.00
Miss M. E. Sanford, 1.00
,, Wohlfarth, 1.00
A Friend, 1.00
3 Doz. Oranges, M. Banny,
1 " " Mr. Sykes,
A Frosted Cake, Chas. Forst,
Half barrel flour, Confectionery and Holly, Mrs. W. P. Robertson,
Clothing and Candy Boxes, Mrs. E, E. Boyd.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

A Puzzled Girlie.

Tho' she's small
she's not a
dunce,
And she's
heard
folks
say

That the world turns over once
In a night and day.
Is it all a great mistake?
She has felt some doubt;
But if she could keep awake,
She would soon find out.

All her world is flat and round—
She's right on the top—
Maybe, like a pancake browned,
It is turned, flip, flop!
What a somersault 'twould make
How the boys would shout!
Oh, if she could keep awake,
She would soon find out.

She has vowed that till she knows
She will not sleep again;
But her eyelids always close
Ere the clock strikes ten.
Do the hills and houses shake?
Are stars tossed about?
Oh, if she could keep awake,
She would soon find out.

—*A True Republic.*

JOHANNE AND HER CAT.

JOHANNE'S home was in Sweden. She was a little orphan girl, and she lived in a poor hut, with no one to take care of her save Sarah, a very cross old woman, who always locked Johanne indoors when she went out to work.

Johanne helped to support herself by making horse-hair chains, which old Sarah sometimes sold in the market-places; but then they were considered very pretty, and Johanne was skillful at weaving them.

The task was often tiresome; but Johanne never thought of grumbling because there was so much to be done. What troubled her most was her loneliness; for many a day Johanne was left quite alone, while Sarah trudged away to market with the door-key hidden deep down in her pocket.

One summer morning the old woman started off very early, calling out as she turned the key in the lock: "Don't be a lazy girl, Johanne. Mind that you finish that second dozen of plaits before I get back!"

Before and after luncheon she worked at her hair-plaiting. It seemed like a long, long day to her. It was so pleasant out of doors. Johanne would have liked to run out into the meadow and roll down the hill and wade in the little brook at the bottom. Her fingers began to ache over her work, and the hair grew tangled. Still she went on till the last one was finished. Then she

put her head down on the table and cried. Poor, tired, lonely little girl!

Pussy had been catching flies in the patch of sunlight on the floor; but when she heard her dear mistress crying aloud so bitterly, she turned round, and walked slowly toward her to see what was the matter. Johanne's face was hidden. Pussy was puzzled. She lifted a soft paw, and, laying it sympathetically on Johanne's knee, said inquiringly, "Purr-r-me-ouw?"

The little girl seemed not to hear.

"Purr-r-r-r-me-ouw?" asked pussy once more.

Still Johanne did not answer. Then poor puss, worried and troubled, lifted up her voice and wailed, "Mi-eau! mi-eau!! mi-eau!!!"

This went to Johanne's heart. "Poor pussy," she said, lifting the cat up in her lap. "I have made you feel quite unhappy. Settle down comfortably, and I'll stroke you softly. Would you like me to scratch your chin? Well, there, now; be still, and I'll sing you to sleep."

She rocked to and fro near the open window, singing song after song, until pussy fell into a doze. A wonderful voice Johanne had. It was clear and sweet and strong. So sweet it was that a lady passing by the house in a carriage ordered her coachman to stop, that she might listen. "How beautiful!" she said.

"Yes," said a neighbor, stepping up to the carriage. "Please, ma'am, it is little Johanne. The dear child! She has the sweetest voice in town."

Evidently the lady thought so, too; for she made inquiries about the little girl, and finally took her away from Sarah and sent her to a school to have her voice trained. From there Johanne went to another school, and when she left that, she went far and wide to sing in every country in the world.

People called her Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale; but, when we hear that name, we shall think of dear little Johanne and her cat.—*Little Men and Women.*

Five-Year-Old Faith.

In a family of several children, one little five-year-old was busily watching all the rest at play. Mamma was sick, and all the children were playing with rag dolls except Neddy—there wasn't one for him. Going to his mamma, he asked her permission to use the telephone. After ringing, he says:

"Halloo, exchange!"

"Hallo!" came back the answer.

"Please give me heaven."

There was great surprise in the exchange office for a moment, and then the answer was shouted back:

"All right; connected with heaven!"

Neddy then said: "Dear God, please make my mamma well, and send us another rag baby for we are one short, and I can't play with the children."

This is an actual fact.—*Child's Gem.*

A Queer Home.

Away up in cold Northern Alaska lives a little girl whose home is made of snow. It is a queer little round house, and is of about the same shape

as a beehive. She has to crawl through the little front hall on her knees, because it is so low. When she gets inside she finds a fire right in the middle of the floor, with no place for the smoke to get out, but through a hole cut in the snow roof. Her brothers and sisters, all wrapped in furs, till they look almost like little bears, are sitting around this fire. Here they eat and sleep and play together, for there is no other room in this little house of snow.—*Christian Observer.*

Mr. Suverprop, a mechanical engineer, writes this about ants in the Scientific American: "I had just killed a wasp and left the carcass on the ground, waiting for my friends the ants to remove it. Along came one fellow, walked all around the wasp's body, making notes evidently of size, quality of flesh, etc., and off he went and brought up a small army of his brothers. Of these some fell to and devoured the soft portions of the body which would not keep, while others began to dissect ready for storing the harder portions which would keep for winter consumption. The day was gusty, and my attention was attracted in particular to one little chap who was trying to get to his ant-hill with a wing he had severed from the body. He would struggle along two or three inches, when a sudden gust of wind would blow him and the wing back further than he had advanced. He put up with this till he found it hopeless, then carefully laying the wing down and piling the largest grains of sand he could lift on it so that the wind would not blow it away, returned to the body of the wasp and got three of the ants who had been feeding while he worked and brought them back to where the wing was, at the same time evidently explaining to them the difficulty of carrying such a bulky piece on a windy day. They all got on the side where the heavy strengthening rib is and began to roll the wing up just as one would roll a flag around its staff. When this roll was finished, three cuts were made through it by three pairs of ant mandibles, and the four short, easily hauled rolls of wasp wing were successfully carried to the ant-hill by four industrious ants."

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Teacher—"What is velocity?"

Pupil—"Velocity is what a man puts a hot plate down with."

———o———

"Kase cleanliness am next to godliness," says Brother Watkins, "et am no excuse foh de small boy to go in swimmin' on Sunday."

———o———

"O, dear!" said the principal of an unsuccessful bicycle academy, "Our school started with a good attendance, but it fell off!"

———o———

Teacher—"Willie, if your father gave you ten cents, and then took away four and gave them to your brother, what would that make?"

Willie—"Trouble."

———o———

Kilson—"Gaylord's wife used to be awful stout and now she is quite thin. What caused the change, I wonder?"

Marlow—"Divorce. This isn't the same wife."

———o———

Miss Gush—"Oh, captain, were you ever boarded by a pirate?"

Captain Storms—"Yes: he charged me $3 a day for a bedroom on the fourth floor."

———o———

"I notice the exclusive people of New York amuse themselves getting up family trees."

"Yes, and their simian forefathers did the same thing."

"Do you believe in the value of fresh air?"

"I do, indeed. I spent a week in the mountains, and it cost me $200."

———o———

"Did you have any trouble in selecting a name for the baby?"

"None at all. There's only one rich uncle in the family."

———o———

"Is Mr. Welter rich?" asked Mrs. Cumso.

"I think he must be," replied Mr. Cumso. "He keeps a camera."

———o———

"I understand that you had to go to law about that property that was left you. Have you a smart lawyer?"

George—"You bet I have. He owns the property now."

———o———

"How dreadfully stout the general is getting!"

"Yes. Isn't it fortunate? Otherwise he wouldn't be able to wear all his medals."

——— o———

"Hush, not so loud! We're having a conference of the powers."

"Eh! Who is conferring?"

"My wife, my motherinlaw, and the cook."

———o———

A colored philosopher "down South" is reported to have said: "Life, my bredderin, am mos'ly made up of prayin' for rain and then wishin' it would c'lar off."

Patient—"Great Scott, doctor! I've swallowed some of that gold you are plugging my teeth with."

Dentist—"Thank you for mentioning it. I shall include it in your bill."

———o———

Rastus—"Wha' foh yoh wear such a necties as dat? Doan you know red an' green am an inhommonious combination?"

Jake—Am dat so? Den how 'bout er watermelyon?"

———o———

"I am willing to do anything," said the applicant for work.

"All right" said the hard-hearted merchant. "Please close the door behind you when you go out." He did so, with a bang.

———o———

Wife (to husband returning at 3 a. m.)—"What time is it, dear?"

Husband—"One o'clock, I think." (Clock strikes 3.)

Wife—"Why, it just struck 3, sir!"

Husband—"Ridiculous, my dear; that clock must stutter."

———o———

Mistress (greatly distressed as Bridget awkwardly drops the chicken on the floor, when about to place it on the table)—"Dear me! Now we've lost our dinner."

Bridget—"Indade ye've not. Oi hov my foot on it!"

———o———

Ruth had been looking forward eagerly to her birthday, with very exaggerated ideas of how large and old and changed she would be when three years old. She had expected to sit on a common chair at the table, work instead of play, be as large as Sister Mary, and give her clothes to some smaller child and be fitted out with new. The eventful morning arrived; and, after due deliberation, she said earnestly, "I feel as big as Mary, but I can wear my own clothes yet."

Kind Lady—"Here is a dime. Now, promise me you will not go to that saloon over the way and spend it."

"Thirsty Thomas—"I promise, lady. But is there any special saloon in town you'd like me to patronize?"

———o———

"Ah," mused Mr. Henpeck, as his wife and mother-in-law began a discussion with the cook, the conference with the powers has begun."

In this case, also, it was over the partition of China.

———o———

"I saw Miss Gabble talking to you this morning. I don't suppose she gave you so much as a chance to open your mouth."

"O, yes. I yawned quite frequently; she couldn't prevent that!"

———o———

Hoax—"Is this your little baby?"

Joax—"Sometimes."

Hoax—"I don't understand!"

Joax—"Why, when we're among my relatives it's mine; but to my wife's folk it's never anything but our Mary's baby."

———o———

Merchant—"What's the matter with your writing this morning—new pen?"

Bookkeeper—"No, sir."

"New ink?"

"No, sir."

"What then?"

"Neuralgia."

———o———

Mistress—"Why, Bridget, you surely don't consider these windows washed."

Bridget—"Sure, I washed 'em nicely on the inside, mum, so you can look out; but I intentionally lift thim a little dhirty on the outside so thim aignorant Jones children nixt door couldn't look in."

SELECTED MATTER.

Show Me The Way.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Show me the way that leads to the true life.
I do not care what tempests may assail me,
I shall be given courage for the strife,
I know my strength will not desert or fail me;
I know that I shall conquer in the fray:
Show me the way.

Show me the way up to a higher plane,
Where body shall be servant to the soul.
I do not care what tides of woe or pain
Across my life their angry waves may roll,
If I but reach the end I seek some day:
Show me the way.

Show me the way, and let me bravely climb
Above the grievings for unworthy treasures;
Above all sorrow that finds balm in time—
Above small triumphs or belittling pleasures;
Up to those heights where these things seem child's play,
Show me the way.

Show me the way to that calm, perfect peace
Which springs from an inward consciousness of right;
To where all conflicts with the flesh shall cease,
And self shall radiate with the Spirit's light.
Though hard the journey and the strife, I pray
Show me the way.

THE United States has a record of destruction of property by fire not equalled by any other country. Charlestown, Mass., in 1796, $300,000; in 1838, 1,158 buildings. Savannah, Ga., in 1820, 463 buildings and $3,000,000 value. New York, in 1835, 530 buildings, 52 acres burned over, and $15,000,000 of property destroyed; in 1845, 300 acres burned over, $7,500,000 value, 35 lives lost. Pittsburg, Pa., in 1845 100 buildings; $1,000,000 property value. St. Louis, Mo., in 1849, 15 buildings; $3,000,000 value; in 1851, 2,500 buildings destroyed. Philadelphia, Pa., in 1850, 400 buildings. San Francisco, in 1851, 2,500 buildings, and a number of lives lost; property value, $10,000,000. Portland, Me., in 1866, over one-half the city; 200 acres burned over, and 1,743 buildings destroyed. Chicago in 1871, known as the "Great Fire;" 2,124 acres nearly covered by buildings entirely burned over, including 17,430 buildings; many lives were lost, and property value of upward of $106,000,000 was destroyed. Boston, Mass., in 1872; 65 acres of the mercantile section burned, including 776 buildings; nearly all of brick-and-stone construction; property value, $75,000,000.

IT was a favorite saying of Bancroft, the historian, who was a vigorous old man at ninety, that the secret of long life is in never losing one's temper. The remark was simply a concrete way of expressing

hygienic value of amiability—a principle which, until lately, has been scarcely considered in the training of children. Hitherto we have regarded fretfulness, melancholy and bad temper as the natural concomitants of illness. But modern science shows these mental moods have actual power to produce disease. No doubt in most cases imperfect bodily conditions are the cause of irritable and depressed feelings, yet sometimes the reverse is true, and a better knowledge of physiological laws would show them to be effect rather than cause. The fact that discontented and gloomy people are never in good health is an argument in favor of the theory that continual indulgence in unhappy thoughts acts as a poison and creates some form of disease.

THE Salmon grows from two to four feet in length and weighs from fifteen to fifty pounds. Extensive fisheries and canneries are on Pacific coast, rivers, and on the Maine seaboard and northward. They are caught with live bait and artificial flies. The Northern pike is an excellent food fish and is caught with live bait or spoon hooks. It grows to be 50 inches in length. The common white fish lives in the Great Western lakes. Grows to a size of 2½ feet. Caught with deep water seining and bait.

At the Emporia (Kan.) State Normal School one of the girls is known to her chums as "Postscript." Her real name is Adeline Moore.

WOOD is used wholly in the construction of the sabot, or shoe worn by the peasants in the northern countries of Europe—also of the Siamese shoe, which has the form of an ancient canoe, with a gondola bow and an open toe. The Portuguese shoe has a wooden sole and heel, with the vamp made of patent leather. The Persian footgear is often a foot high, and is made of light, delicate wood richly inlaid, having a strap extending over the instep. The sandal worn by the Egyptians is composed of a sole made by pasting together three or four thicknesses of leather; this is held to the foot by passing a band across the instep and between the great and next toes. Sandals are usually beautifully embroidered.

MARY E. HALLOCK, an American artist, had the unparalleled honor paid her of having M. Paderewski play for her alone his whole piano concerto in A-minor. This composition, which Miss Hallock will bring out next season, bears on the fly-leaf this inscription in the master's handwriting: "In remembrance of an audience which gave great pleasure to the author.—I. J. Paderewski."

A TEACHER had told a class of juvenile pupils that Milton, the poet, was blind. The next day she asked if any of them could remember what Milton's great affliction was. "Yes'm," replied one little fellow, "he was a poet."

Two logs of African mahogany from one tree have been sold in Liverpool for $7,680.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE GLOBE-TROTTERS.

SOUTH AFRICA.—With Lord Roberts's return England anticipated a speedy ending of the war in South Africa, but the contrary has since developed. General Kitchener seems unable to prevent the alarming increase of the Boer activity, and has sent to England for more troops. An invasion of Cape Colony and Orange Free State is in progress and owing to the large force necessary in the Transvaal, Kitchener is unable to send sufficient forces to check the burghers in their rapid inroad march in these two states. Disastrous skirmishes have been reported. Lord Kitchener has appealed to a Committee of Boers who have yielded to the British conquest, living in and around Pretoria, to convey word to the fighting Boers in the fields that the British desire to adopt conciliatory measures as far as possible and end the war by humane means. The country is being reduced to a vast wilderness, and the people, rather than starve, are flocking to the refugee camps which the British soldiers are forming for them. President Kruger is still at Amsterdam. He would visit the United States providing President McKinley received him as President of the Transvaal.

DEATH OF QUEEN VICTORIA.—Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and Empress of India, died at Osborne House, Isle of Wight, Tuesday, January 22, after an illness of a few days. Death was due to paralysis brought on, it is claimed, by anxiety over the South African war and the great mortality amongst her soldiers, her own family not excluded, for her grandson's (Prince Albert) death affected her deeply. All her family except the Empress Frederick of Germany who is, so reports claim, lying dangerously ill at Kronberg, were present at her death-bed. Emperor William of Germany represented his mother. Preparations are being made in London for the public proclamation of the future king, Prince of Wales as King Edward VII of England.

AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH.—The federation of the English colonies of Australia went into effect January 1 when the Earl of Hopetoun was installed as Governor-General of the new Commonwealth at Sydney. He read a message from Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, British Secretary for the Colonies, stating that the Queen conveyed her heartfelt interest in the inauguration and wished increased

prosperity to her loyal subjects. The first parliament will be opened by the Duke of York who is to go from England to Australia for that purpose. Mr. Edward Barton by whose efforts the federation has consummated, is to head the Ministry. The Commonwealth consists of a Governor-General appointed by the Crown, assisted by a Federal Executive Council and a Parliament (Senate and House of Representatives) elected by the people.

CHINA.—China appears to be ready not only to negotiate, but to accept the terms of the note proposed by the allied forces, although the outlook is not particularly favorable. This joint note of the Powers demands rather drastic measures. What these terms actually amount to is to allow the powers to do as they please in China. Our Government has no such grasping intent as Minister Conger knew when he signed the note for he appended to his signature a declaratory statement to the effect that President McKinley authorized him to sign the note only against his will and with many misgivings, and that the President lacks the constitutional power to perform what the note threatens. The Chinese commissioners considered the note, and in due course objected, the Chinese emperor commanding them, however, to sign it. The amount of the indemnity demanded by the Powers to be paid in sixty years is five hundred million, and the transit taxes must be assigned as security. The situation in regard to looting seems to have materially changed and even France has reconsidered its acceptance of the astronomical instruments and objects of interest taken from the Pekin wall and according to reports, orders have been issued for their return.

QUEEN WILHELMINA'S MARRIAGE.—The marriage of Queen Wilhelmina of Holland to the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin has been fixed for February 7th. The Second Chamber of the Dutch Parliament has approved of the match, and his naturalization has been agreed to. An income of one hundred thousand guilders (about $40,000) will be bestowed upon him in case of the death of the Queen for an annual income. He is not to receive it during her lifetime. The Queen intends to confer the title of prince upon him before their marriage.

PHILIPPINES.—There have been only a few skirmishes in the Philippines during the past few weeks. At San Pedro Macati, only four miles from Manila, in a recent skirmish, several Filipinos were killed and others captured and many valuable stores and ammunition taken. An interesting report from Iloilo states that the insurgents in that part of the island are swearing allegiance to the United States at the rate of a thousand a day. The Philippine Commission has completed a general Municipal Government Bill, important features of which are the establishment of a land tax and the repealing of the head tax and tax on occupations. The condition of the Philippine currency is grave, the stock of silver is rapidly diminishing and it

will be necessary to establish some other form of coinage than the Mexican dollar now in circulation. The Thirty-seventh Volunteer Infantry sailed for home from Manila on January 10th. Most of the men of this regiment come from Tennessee. Reports state that General MacArthur has ordered the deportation of several insurgent leaders to Guam. These leaders still persist in declaring the Philippines independent. Amongst them are Mabini, said to be the ablest insurgent adviser and General Del Pilar. Many papers are calling this island the American St. Helena. In Manila, a new school law is being discussed by the municipal council of the United States Commission; strong opposition has been offered by native leaders to allow religious instruction in the schools out of school hours. They claim this would give the Friars an opportunity which they might abuse. The growth in the number of Filipinos friendly to this Government is steadily increasing, among others, thirty priests have signed a paper addressed to the Commission attesting their loyalty to the United States. In reply, Judge Taft welcomed their aid in the pacification of a people "over whom you will have so great an influence."

Booz Case.—The death of Oscar Booz, due as his family asserts from hazing received at the hands of the upper classmen of West Point Military Academy, has resulted in a military and congressional investigation. Both investigations have revealed the fact that brutal measures are resorted to, to bring the lower classmen to a sense of their true position in the Academy, and exact from them promptness and unquestionable obedience to the upper classmen. The findings of the Military Committee were to the effect that Booz's fatal illness was not directly due to the hazing received in 1898. Many of the cadets were personally examined as to the methods adopted in hazing, and censured severely especially by the members of the Congressional Committee. The cadets have forwarded to the Congressional Committee resolutions abolishing hazing from the Academy, signed by members of all the classes.

Congress.—On January 3, both Houses of Congress resumed their sessions. The first part of the session was spent in debating in the Senate the question of army reorganization, the actual debate being chiefly upon the necessity for an increased regular army. Mr. Hoar's amendment was defeated. In the House of Representatives the abridgment of suffrage in Louisiana, Mississippi, North and South Carolina was discussed and referred to the Census Committee. The river and harbor appropriations are excessive this year about sixty million dollars, although not all this amount was actually appropriated. It is considered by many congressmen to be necessary to take some action to check this tendency towards excessive expenditure in this direction.

Science.—A very interesting feature of the Paris Exposition was a

bed canopy woven of spider's silk. This masterpiece came from the looms of Jananaviro, Madagascar, and thousands of spiders of various species contributed to the production of the silk. Many attempts have been made to utilize the thread of the spider, but to Father Camboné, a French missionary to Madagascar, is owed the credit of having first been successful. A large black spider called the spinning halabé is the one selected as being superior to the rest of his tribe. These spiders are very plentiful and they feed upon raw flesh. The experiments began by Father Camboné, are now continued by M. Jolly director of the professional school of Jananaviro. Young girls go daily to a park near the school where they gather three or four hundred spiders. These are divested of their webs and then they are put back in the park for a number of weeks. Each one spins about six times what an ordinary silkworm can give, furnishing a thread about 350 yards in length. A new method of protecting Newfoundland fishermen has been proposed by M. Chaye-Pacha. It is for the purpose of keeping these fishermen when they drift away from shore in fogs and storms from being run down by Atlantic steamers. The fishing boat is to carry a battery, a telephone, and a microphone, the latter being plunged into the water. The approach of any steamer, within three miles, will be made known, and the microphone box can be so fitted with a trumpet that the direction of the approaching vessel may be told. The fishing boat will then make its presence known by acoustic or optical signals. A very interesting experiment in photography has recently been tried with great success by Professor William K. Brook who is at the head of the large astronomical observatory at Geneva, New York. He succeeded in taking a very clear picture of his assistant during the darkest hour of the night excluding all light except that which came from the rays of Venus. Mr. G. P. Eastman of Toronto has just invented an electric cloth-cutting machine. It is placed upon a metal platform which glides smoothly over any surface enabling the cutter to guide the machine round any curve or angle. In an article published in a recent number of a German magazine there is an account of a remarkable feat that has been accomplished by telegraphing and telephoning over the same wire at the same time. This system is being used a great deal in Germany. In Berlin, the fire-alarm service is equipped in this way. It has been proved that the switching in of the telephone apparatus does not injure the telegraph service but a slight shock is felt in the telephone.

EDUCATION.—A new interest has been given to the question of freedom of speech in American colleges, and of the influence of large gifts of money upon the policy of a university receiving them, by the resignation of Professor Edward A. Rose of the Chair of Economics and Sociology in Stanford University, Palo Alto, Cal. Dr. Rose claims to have been virtually dismissed by Mrs. Stanford because he expressed in public addresses his opposition to the importation of Asiatic labor and favored municipal ownership of public utilities. It is alleged by the *San Francisco Call* that Mrs. Stanford's disapproval to these doctrines was due to the fact that she considered the professor's speech "a personal reflection on Senator Stanford's introduction of Chinese labor while the Central Pacific Railroad was being built." It is also stated that Mrs. Stanford is herself a large employer of coolie labor. There has been a plan reported in the newspapers for the establishment of a college where new

social ideas shall be welcomed. A number of prominent professors are interested in this movement. Mr. Andrew Carnegie has decided to establish a polytechnic school in Pittsburg, Pa., upon a foundation of not less than three million dollars as a building and endowment fund. The institution is to be known as the Carnegie Institute and will be devoted to the technical and mechanical education of the youth of the city. Mr. Carnegie's gifts have been largely to libraries. He has already shown his interest in education, especially in technical education by his gift of $250,000 to the Polytechnic School at Birmingham, England, and by another gift of $50,000 to a polytechnic school at Dunfernline, Scotland. If Mr. Carnegie's intentions are correctly reported, his gifts for the educational life of Pittsburg through the new institution, the Carnegie Library and the Carnegie Institute already in existence will have exceeded eight millions of dollars.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.—The English Opera Company which has been singing in New York for the last few months, has started on its western tour. Among the single performances which were memorable in the season were Clarence Whitehill's "Mephistophales," Zelie de Lussan's "Petti Sing," Phoebe Strakosch's "Santuzza," Grace Van Studdeford's "Josephine," and Minnie Tracey's "Aida." Still more popular and decidedly more artistic were the performances of the Mikado and of Pinafore which still were well within the powers of the Company. Having sung its way through the country from San Francisco, the Italian Opera Company opened its New York season Tuesday, December 18th. The season promises to be a brilliant one. Jean de Reszke and Melba are to be here as well as all the favorites of past seasons excepting Sembrich, Eames, Van Rooy and Calvé. Among the newcomers are Imbart de la Tour, tenor, Marcel Journet, basso, Lucienne Brével, soprano, Fritzi Scheff, lyric soprano, Robert Blass, basso, and Louise Homer, contralto. Richard Strauss's symphony, Ein Heldenleben (a hero's life) was played by the Philharmonic Society at its second pair of concerts in Carnegie Hall, New York. For its production the orchestra had to be increased to one hundred and twenty men. Mme. Sembrich began her New York season with two marvelous song recitals in Carnegie Hall. In each concert, she sang for two hours, presenting a program that touched almost every note of human emotions. There is perhaps no other singer in the world unless it be Mme. Shumann-Heink, who could have held an audience so long and left them so reluctant to see her depart. Sarah Bernhardt and Coquelin have appeared in three plays, L'aiglon, Cyrano de Bergerac and La Tosca at the Garden Theatre during the few past weeks. No play performed by the company has equalled in popularity L'aiglon. Browning's "In a Balcony," is an unusual play given lately at Wallack's. Mrs. LeMoyne impersonated the Queen, and the two young lovers were intelligently interpreted by Miss Eleanor Robson and Mr. Otis Skinner. "A Royal Family" is nearing the close of its most successful season at the Lyceum Theatre where it has been played continuously since September. Mary Mannering as Janice Meredith continues to pack Wallack's Theatre, and there is no date set for the close of her season. Never has she had a more captivating role.

Glimpses of Good Books.

Christopher Kenyon, with a tendency towards socialism, is the owner of a shoe factory left to him by his father. With his ideas of the relation of capital to labor he is unwilling to run his factory in the old way, but decides to make his factory co-operative as far as practicable. He gives his working people good wages and short hours, and equal pay for men and women. In a good year he divides the profits with them, in a bad year he does not divide losses with his men. The factory is run in this way for eleven years. At the end Christopher is driven to the wall. After eleven years of struggling to make the world better by making his little spot better, Christopher is a suicide. To save his men and keep them from long hours and low wages he has used money in his business that belonged to someone else—the day of payment came and he becomes a suicide. He died true to his ideals and to his people if not true to himself.

For ten years Christopher had not ceased to beat his head against a stone wall. He had a hard head. He did not convert any of his competitors; they were making money too easily their way, and they wanted to make money. Against all the other shoe factories in the country Christopher beat his head, and especially against those that made his grade of shoes, especially against Peter Watson's factory. Then the leather trust was formed and Christopher beat his head against that. Industrial depression settled heavily upon the world, and he beat his head against that. And always the shoe workers in Kenyon shops received the union rate of wages and worked an eight-hour day. And always the world was demanding a cheaper shoe,—cheaper and cheaper. It was small wonder that sometimes Christopher grew dizzy, confused, desperate.

The Burden of Christopher, by Florence Converse. Published by Houghton, Miffin & Co. Price $1.50.

The Conjure Woman, by Charles W. Chesnutt, is the title of a collection of short stories. The stories are "The Goophered Grapevine;" "Po' Sandy;" "Mars Jeem's Nightmare;" "The Conjurer's Revenge;" "Mis' Becky's Pickanniny;" "The Gray Wolf's Ha'nt," and "Hot-Foot Hannibal." They are all stories of negro life and superstition admirably written. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Mr. John Hooker, a prominent lawyer of this city, has written his reminiscences, a work of about three

hundred pages. It is a delightful sketch of his life. A small part is devoted to his boyhood and early manhood in Farmington, and the rest is an account of his life during the last fifty years. The wide range of persons whom he has met who figured in the life of this and the last generation, makes this a work that will live in history, and the various questions of the day that Mr. Hooker has dealt with in an able, yet kindly manner, makes this a book to be read with pleasure by many a student of humanity.

It is well known that Mr. and Mrs. Hooker were advocates of the cause of Woman's Rights in the days when the movement for their higher education had been but started. In reading the history of the subject, it seems strange to look back upon the steps that had to be taken for woman's advancement now that we are at the final step and it also seems strange to realize how few women were interested in the cause of their own higher education, until the colleges were made ready for them by the few men and women who plead for the matter. Then because, as it were, fashion had set the seal on their education, the young girls were ready to flock to the colleges. He reminds one of the story of the little red hen who worked so hard to prepare the bread to be eaten and when it was ready all were willing to help her devour the good morsel. Even the opponents of Woman Suffrage are ready to acknowledge how much has been done in changing the laws in Connecticut making a married woman her own property owner, and this was done by Mr. John Hooker.

But to return to the Reminiscences, it contains a large number of the author's pleasant anecdotes and bits of verse, and his views on religion which differ from the views of many thinkers in being so simple and yet so broad.

As is well known, the home life of this interesting couple is most ideal, both are generous, kind and hospitable and find their great happiness in helping on the cause of humanity.—*Louise Lee.*

The Hope of the World and other poems is a recent book by the blind poet of New England—Clarence Hawkes. This production is fully up to the standard which Mr. Hawkes has set for himself in his other published works. The introduction is by Charles Goodrich Whiting who says, "Mr. Hawkes's group of thoughts and emotions, which he calls *The Hope of the World*, marks an advance in his power of expression, but also a stirring of depths in his nature and an arousing of spiritual convictions which he had not before discovered."

* * * * * *

Mr. Hawkes's blindness adds nothing to the value of his verse or of his thought, but also, it must be said, it does not need to be considered in judging of the merit of his work. It is simply one interesting incident in

a poet's career, and is to be judged as other incidents are.

That it has had its influence in shaping his contemplation of the earth and its conflicting dramas, that it has toned down his lightsome heart and deepened his reflective judgment, is certain. But Mr. Hawkes's privation of a precious sense in no respect affects these very noteworthy songs, and especially leaves untouched the remarkable sequence of stanzas entitled *The Hope of the World.*"

The "other poems" are under the classifications of "The Bird Chorus," "Trills and Turns" and "Miscellaneous," from the latter of which we will quote.

ANOTHER DAY.

There is one comfort at the setting sun,
One consolation when the day is done;
Its toil is o'er, its bitterness is past,
And can no more their shadows on you cast.

LOVE'S AWAKENING.

Love laid him down in the shade to sleep
Once in the month of May;
A rustic maid, her tryst to keep,
Did chance to come his way;
She stooped to pick a violet,
When Cupid quick upgot;
She wears the flower on her bosom yet,
A sweet forget-me-not.

HEAVEN.

Man is not set within a jasper wall
Where he is good perforce and cannot fall,
But heaven is a self-appointed state
Of man grown strong in truth, by love made great.

TRUTH IS GOD.

If one small grain of truth should die,
And fade into oblivion,
The world would zigzag through the sky,
And God himself would be undone.

MEDITATION.

The wind is singing to the gray old sea,
The waves are talking to the silent shore,
The seashell whispers what the breakers roar,
While I alone am silent on the lea.

The illustrations of this book, which are ample, and exquisitely adapted to the text are by Mrs. Hawkes, (Bessie Bell), R. Lionel De Lisser and Clifton Johnson. Price $1.50. For sale by the Author, Hadley, Mass.

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The Morning Mercury, New Bedford, Mass; The Occident, San Francisco; The Baltimore Methodist; The Bangor Daily Commercial; The Coldwater (Mich.) Daily Reporter; The Sun, Lewiston, Me.; The Milford (N. H.) Daily Pointer; The Pacific Churchman, San Francisco; The Evening Standard, New Bedford, Mass.; The Light of Truth, Columbus, Ohio; The Standard, Woodstock, Vt.; The Sacred Heart Review, Boston; The American Israelite, Cincinnati, Ohio; The Helping Hand, Brooklyn, N. Y.; A True Republic, Cleveland, Ohio; Daily News, Manistee, Mich.; Ram's Horn, Chicago; The Sunday School Times, Philadelphia; The Christian Herald and Signs of Our Times, New York City; The American Friend, Philadelphia; City and State, Philadelphia; The Commons, Chicago.

TALKS AND TALES.

A MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED BY

The Conn. Institute and Industrial Home for the Blind,

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F. E. CLEAVELAND, President.

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DEPARTMENTS.—

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To the Patron Members of the American Association of the Blind:

KIND FRIENDS:—This notice is to inform you that your membership fee can be paid to our treasurer, H. R. W. MILES, 3124 14th Street, N. W., or to Miss Etta J. Giffin, Pavilion for the Blind, Library of Congress, this being in lieu of any further charge for the magazine TALKS and TALES.

WE desire to call the attention of the readers of TALKS and TALES to articles which appear by the following occasional contributors, all of whom are blind.

H. R. W. Miles, Mary E. Sanford, Charlotte M. Hinman, Alice A. Holmes, H. Stennett Rogers, Alfred J. Hosking, Alexander Cameron, Roberta Anna Griffith, Rev. Ghosn el Howie, Syria; Helen Marr Campbell, Clarence Hawkes, Mamie Ray, Harry Forrester, J. Newton Breed.

FROM THE KINDERGARTEN.

TALKS AND TALES.

VOL. IV. HARTFORD, CONN., MARCH, 1901. NO. 6.

REPORT

—OF—

F. E. CLEAVELAND, Secy.

—OF THE—

Connecticut Board of Education of the Blind.

Knowing that our subscribers are interested in our work for the blind and taking it for granted that they will be pleased to read of the progress we are making, we take the liberty to omit our usual travel article and stories and print in this number parts of the report recently submitted by Mr. Cleaveland to the Governor.

Every person who asserts a truth which is opposed to the commonly accepted theory and settled belief of the world, assumes the burden of proving and maintaining the correctness of his assertion. There appears to be a law which makes it necessary for every upward and progressive step taken in the cause of humanity to stand the test of the most persistent, unreasoning and bitter opposition. This is true even when the proposition is susceptible of the plainest demonstration and when popular error and prejudice are defeated in every encounter. There are always relations in life which will be affected by the adoption of a new theory.

The pride of opinion on the part of those heretofore commonly accepted as authority on the questions presented for consideration must be encountered. The self-interest of persons holding positions of profit and honor, under the regime of error, inevitably provokes untiring resistance to every onward step, and a position once gained is held only by the most vigilant and active measures of defense. It matters not though the cause be that of a class whose condition in life excites the greatest commiseration and sympathy;

the rule is not relaxed even when the new theory advanced claims to be able to rescue this class from their unhappy condition.

Not many years ago it was common in dealing with the insane, to chain them with an iron collar about their necks to the wall of a narrow, cold and comfortless cell, and by this treatment to goad them to violent raving. To-day, thousands of the insane, comfortably cared for, are permitted such liberties that they are enabled to wander about beautiful grounds, enjoying warmth and sunshine, enter concert halls provided for their entertainment, and thus become so docile in their behavior that it is difficult to believe them insane; and yet the hopes of the promoters of this change in the treatment of the insane were only realized after many years of determined and most disheartening opposition.

Ninety years ago the deaf were believed to be in as hopeless a condition in life as are the imbeciles of to-day. Now they go forth from institutions of learning equipped to assume the responsibilities of life, and any able-bodied deaf person attempting to assume the role of a mendicant, on account of his limitation, or who would be content to be supported in idleness by relatives or friends, would find neither an indulgent public nor friends willing to be thus imposed upon. In the memory of many now living, the common school system, now considered the very foundation of society, was the object of most bitter and persistent attacks, and only succeeded in establishing its right to existence by the most patient and determined efforts on the part of its advocates.

Witness the enormous cost in blood and treasure which accompanied the abolition of slavery! How many years ago was it that almost every occupation by which women might maintain themselves was closed to them? With what opposition and derision were their demands for co-education met?

Twenty-eight years ago the writer was confronted by a condition and a theory. The condition was a total loss of sight; the theory was, that a blind person was necessarily helpless and hopelessly dependent. The condition remains, but the theory, so far as he himself is concerned, has been effectually exploded. Eight years ago he was charged, as a public servant of his native state, with the duty of solving for others the problems which he had solved for himself. He entered upon those duties with the conviction that it was possible for every able-bodied blind person to so far overcome the disadvantage of this limitation as to be able to provide at least for his own support. Eight years of careful study of the conditions in life, and the various experiences of the blind in America, and the opportunities which his appointment by the General Government as a delegate to the World's Congress of the Educators of the Blind, afforded him, to visit the various institutions for the sightless in England, Scotland and France, have but served to strengthen this conviction.

We desire to submit a letter from a man who, while a private in the ranks, battling for his country, had been stricken blind by a bullet of the enemy. This man, when his comrades were carrying him from the field overheard them say, "Poor fellow, he will never see again; he might better be dead." He replied, "Don't be too sure of that, boys, you may hear from me yet." They did hear from him again as a doctor of divinity, filling the honorable post of Chaplain of the house of Representatives in the Congress of the United States.

The following is an extract from the communication referred to, from the Rev. Dr. Couden, addressed to the writer:

"It affords me more pleasure than I can express to know that you, with others in the State of Connecticut, have espoused the cause too long neglected, viz., that of widening the sphere of opportunities for the blind, which has for its object the elevation of that class to a larger field of usefulness and greater self-respect, by rendering them, like their seeing brothers and sisters, independent and self-sustaining; the field is a wide one, and hitherto, for the most part, unexplored."

One of the first duties of the State is to utilize all its resources to the uplifting of humanity, by giving to each citizen or child the best education and equipment for life and the struggles incident thereto, for maintenance, through honest endeavor and industry, whatever the calling may be. It is true that the blind are handicapped in the struggle for existence, but the time has come when those blessed with the five senses should realize that there are latent forces which by education and practice may be brought into use, enabling the unfortunate to compete successfully with their more fortunate fellows. In this age of mechanism, when the forces of nature are made to do the work of brawn, the difficulties would seem well-nigh insurmountable, especially to those unacquainted with the resources of the blind; but give them the opportunity, and they will solve the problem beyond peradventure. If time permitted, cases might be cited which would afford the strongest evidence in proof of our assertion.

Subsequently, Dr. Couden wrote the following letter to Commissioner of Charities Lewis, of Washington, D. C.:

December, 20, 1899.

"MR. LEWIS, Commissioner of Charities, Washington, D. C.,

DEAR SIR:—It gives me great pleasure to endorse Mr. F. E. Cleaveland in the plan which he has in view for the blind of the District; the plan is feasible and will, if put into practice under the proper authorities, and managed up to a certain point by educated and intelligent blind people, prove all that he claims for it.

He will undoubtedly cite kindred Institutions which are doing for others exactly what he would do for the blind of the District.

I should be glad to talk with you myself upon this subject at any time,

and would be glad to render assistance whenever I can, to promote this most laudable enterprise, which, as I understand it, is to help the blind help themselves.

Respectfully Yours,

H. N. COUDEN."

During the past twenty-five years of an active business life, we have met and become acquainted with many energetic, progressive and successful blind men.

During the past eight years we have met and compared notes with the most eminent blind men in Europe and America, but we know of no man better qualified to judge of the needs of the adult blind, or what it is possible for them to accomplish, than Dr. Couden. When he was stricken blind he was a mere private fighting in the ranks to uphold the Union. His first attempt to master a trade was successful. From a journeyman he became a manufacturer, then a student in college, and afterwards of theology; then a preacher of the Gospel, in charge of a New England parish, and finally the incumbent of the honorable post which he now holds in the Congress of the United States.

If called upon to point out the greatest obstacle to the success of the blind, judging from our own experience and from what every successful blind person we have met has said, we should point out the erroneous opinion entertained by the public, of the extent and importance of the limitation of blindness, as being responsible for the failure of the blind to overcome the disadvantages of this limitation, and take their place among the bread-winners of the world.

The exaggeration of the limitation of blindness, in the mind of the world, is so great that mothers have suffered their children to lie in the cradle until they were five or six years of age, with no opportunity to develop their other powers. Parents and public officials have allowed blind children to go uninstructed, so that there are many instances where they have reached adult years with their minds wholly undeveloped. The adult blind, though graduates of institutions, and well fitted to follow some useful calling, could their education be supplemented by even a few months of special training, have been suffered to idle away their lives in dependence upon friends, or as inmates of alms-houses. Those who have become blind by accident, after they have reached adult years, have been led to believe that they were necessarily, hopelessly dependent, and have sooner or later found their way into poor-houses, or have become mendicants, thus confirming the public in their idea of the helplessness of the blind. Pursuing this subject, we can do no better than adopt the language of a letter from the writer to the Commissioners of the District of Columbia, which is as follows:

GENTLEMEN:

My attention has been called to a letter from the Superintendent of Charities to the Editor of the *Washington Post*, which appeared in its issue of February 19th, and I am much gratified to see the progress he has made towards grasping the correct idea of the position taken by intelligent blind people who, from years of contact with the world, have been able to bring to a thoughtful consideration of the problems presented to the sightless, a knowledge born of experience. In the communication referred to, in which he takes exception to the published abstract of his report, he makes use of the following language:

'Blind persons of the better class are everywhere clamoring for the correction of the exaggerated notion of their helplessness. They are not asking for charity. What they want is a fair recognition of their abilities, and a chance to work out their own independence.'

I recall the interview which I had with the Superintendent of Charities one evening, on the occasion of his visit to my office, at which time he did me the honor to confer with me concerning the wisdom of the legislation proposed by House Resolution No. 4347. At the close of the interview he stated it to be his intention to make a careful study of the situation, and that he would endeavor to obtain information from every source that would throw light upon the problem.

I have waited with considerable anxiety for his conclusions. The reason for this anxiety will be apparent when I state that I knew he would find a wide difference existing between the opinions of sighted persons holding positions which give color to their claim to be authority on the subject, and the opinions entertained by the educated and successful blind.

It is therefore with much gratification that I note the language employed by him in the communication above cited, and that after having given the subject a careful study, and having read the theories and opinions of sighted persons claiming to be authority on the subject, he has been able to grasp so correct an idea of the real needs of the adult blind. I specify the adult blind, because the institutions now existing for the education of blind children, so far as the scope of their work extends, are accomplishing excellent results. It is therefore with the adult blind and their chances in life that we have to deal, and in what follows, I, as their advocate, desire to submit to the Commissioners of the District of Columbia the principal reasons why I believe the efforts of the American Association to Promote the Education and Employment of the Blind should be seconded; First, by the people of the District of Columbia, and finally by Congress.

Therefore, Mr. Commissioner, let us suppose, for the sake of the argument, that you are totally and permanently blind. Would you thereby become altogether a different person, a person whose judgment, motives and character would become so changed that you would need to have some person with sight to think, act and decide for you upon all matters? Are you able to discover now any impairment of the powers of the mind? Do you not recall that many times in your life, when your mind was occupied in the solution of some difficult problem, and you desired to reason closely, you have closed the natural eyes in order that you might reason more clearly and see more plainly, with the eyes of the mind? Do you perceive any reason why, even if you were compelled to walk through life thus handicapped, you

would not be as capable of exercising sound judgment in the discharge of the duties of the office you now hold? In fact, can you discover any reason why you could not continue to hold the office of Commissioner, and, making use of the eyes of others, as men use spectacles, be as serviceable and valuable a public servant as you now are? Will you not agree with me that the office you now hold is an office the incumbent of which should be elected because of his qualities of mind? Will you not go one step further and agree that any office, occupation or position where probity and superior powers of the mind are the chief requisites, could be filled by a person possessing these qualifications, even though he be blind? Do you not recall that Mr. Fawcett, Postmaster General under Gladstone, who was one of the most popular and successful postmasters general England ever had, was a blind man? Turn with me to the Encyclopedia and read the life of the celebrated naturalist, Huber, who is still a leading authority. Let us have his testimony in his own words, on the ability of the sightless to overcome the disadvantages of the loss of sight. We quote his language to a friend who could see: 'I am much more certain of what I declare to the world than you are, for you publish what your own eyes only have seen, while I take the mean among many witnesses.'

Entering the domain of poetry and history, it is hardly necessary to ask you to recall that Homer completed the 'Iliad' and composed the 'Odyssey' after he became blind. That it was not until after Milton was turned from his political career by his becoming blind that he wrote 'Paradise Lost,' and that our own Prescott, author of 'Ferdinand and Isabella,' 'Conquest of Mexico' and 'Conquest of Peru,' gathered his material and produced these valuable contributions to history after losing his sight.

We are living in an age of wonderful achievements of the mind, and the triumph of inventions. But ask of any scientist or inventor whether he cannot trace much of his success to the quiet hour when, with the head upon the pillow and the eyes closed, he has found greater power to see clearly with the eye of the mind? Did you ever realize that it is to the sense of hearing, and not to the sense of sight, that we are indebted for the invention of the telegraph and telephone, and that a seeing man, when connected by telephone with the business world, in this relation is no better off than a blind man would be?

Blind men, as clergymen, have attained the greatest eminence, and as lawyers and physicians have met with remarkable success. William E. Cramer, of Milwaukee, as a journalist, and at one time editor of the 'Albany Argus,' takes rank among the distinguished men in that vocation in this country. How many are aware that Herreshoff, the designer and builder of the Defender and Columbia, is a blind man? Blind men have successfully engaged in printing, book-binding, telegraphy, farming and mining, typewriting, stenography, crystal cutting, contracting and building, to say nothing of the well-known avocations such as broom-making, chair-caning and mattress making. As musicians, who stands higher than David Wood, of Philadelphia, and Dr. Bischoff, of Washington, D. C.?

With so many examples of achievements of the blind, and a thousand more instances that might be cited, where blind men have overcome all obstacles and have carved out for themselves a successful professional or business career, how is it, you ask, that ninety-nine out of every hundred are

dependent either upon friends or the public, and why is it that the blind men most in evidence are mendicants or the inmates of alms-houses?

Dr. M., an eminent divine, relates that while standing on the sidewalk in Philadelphia, waiting for a friend to join him, he took off his silk hat to cool his head, and a passer-by, noticing that he was blind, dropped a nickel into it. His intellectual face and general appearance of refinement and culture were no protection against his being taken for a street beggar.

Mr. Fawcett, when a member of Gladstone's Cabinet, calling on an eminent lawyer, took it for granted that the lawyer's clerk knew him, and neglected to send in his card. He overheard the clerk say to his employer that a blind man wished to see him. The reply was, 'Give him a shilling and tell him I am too busy.' The embarrassment of the lawyer when the clerk returned with the card of the visitor, a moment later, and the profusion of apologies which followed, may be readily imagined.

Dr. E. Park Lewis, of the New York Institute; Maurice de la Sizaranne, author of the leading authority on work for the adult blind in France; Dr. F. J. Campbell, at the head of the Royal Normal College for the Blind, in England; and Prof. C. F. Fraser, Director of the Canadian Institution for the Blind, at Halifax, which institution is the most successful in the training of blind people to become self-sustaining, of any in America, all agree that the blind and the public must be impressed that the powers of the sightless are worth developing; that the obligations of the public are not fulfilled by the giving of alms. It is important, say these gentlemen, three of whom are themselves blind, that training schools for the adults should be established and an opportunity for employment afforded.

Let every blind child come to know that he is expected by his parents, his friends, and the public to prepare himself to take his place among the workers in the world; let it become thoroughly understood by the people everywhere that blindness is no excuse for a life of idleness and mendicancy, and that self-respect, independence of thought and action may be preserved, even though the sight be lost, and you will make blindness a thousand times easier to bear. Empty your alms houses of their blind inmates, and hand down to posterity a blessing to those whose fate it shall be to walk in darkness in the centuries to come.

I learn that over a half million dollars has been expended by Congress in aid of the grand and noble work for the deaf; that they are leaving Gallaudet College to take their places as respected and honored citizens in all parts of the land. I find no deaf beggars on the streets of Washington, and yet I have only to look back to the time when the illustrious father of your honored citizen, Dr. Edward Miner Gallaudet, began his work to educate and elevate the deaf mutes of America, to find that their lot was as unenviable and their condition as pitiable as that of the majority of the blind to-day. Is it strange, then, that I should indulge the thought that if Dr. Gallaudet had been a blind man, and laboring in the interests of the blind, there would not be forty blind men begging in the streets of the Capital City, in the daily view of representative people from all parts of the United States, and saying by their presence and condition, 'We are the typical blind. Blindness is indeed a pitiable, hopeless and helpless condition and all you can do for us is to give us alms, that we may live on, and clog the wheels of progress.'

Do they not blast the hopes and aspirations of those who seek to rend the

pall that hangs over the land, in order that the light of intelligence may dispel the unfortunate misconception of the seeing world?

As space at my disposal will not permit me to extend this communication, let me close by calling your attention to the condition of the adult blind of the District of Columbia, which speaks with a more eloquent tongue than I possess, and add that the Association I represent craves the opportunity to demonstrate the possibility of placing every able-bodied adult blind person in the District in a way to become self-sustaining, and by so doing to furnish an object lesson to the Representatives of the several States that will not fail to arouse a spirit of emulation on the part of the State governments.

Praying that I may have the support of the philanthropic people of the district until Congress can be made to see its plain duty, I remain, etc.

In June, of the year 1900, a meeting of the educated and progressive blind people of New England, as guests of the Alumni of the Perkins Institution, was held at the United States Hotel in Boston, and was addressed by Dr. Couden and many others whose success in life had qualified them to speak from knowledge gained by experience.

Shortly after this conference, the writer received the following communication:

"RESOLVED: That this Association views with great gratification and approval the establishment of an Institution for the training of the adult blind at Washington, D. C., under the fostering care of the National Government, and we are especially gratified with the article of association of this Institution which provides that at least three of its nine trustees shall be chosen from the experienced and progressive blind.

RESOLVED: That this resolution be spread upon the records of the Alumni Association, and that a copy be transmitted to Mr. F. E. Cleaveland, at Hartford.

JOEL W. SMITH,
Master of Ceremonies.

United States Hotel, Boston, June 21st, 1900."

Thus we have seen how those who may be regarded as experts look upon the work undertaken in behalf of the adult blind in Connecticut, and at the National Capital.

Let us see now how this movement is regarded by prominent citizens of the state and country, and by persons who have had their attention directed to it, and whose opportunities for judging have enabled them to speak with far greater knowledge than the public possesses.

For example, the Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, who for eight years has been President of the Advisory Board of the Connecticut Institute and Industrial Home for the Blind, writes as follows:

"I desire to testify that as chairman for a number of years of the Board of Trustees of the Connecticut Institute and Industrial Home for the Blind, and as a member of the Advisory Board, I, in common with all my colleagues, am

so entirely convinced by proofs, that it seems to me everybody must accept, that it is entirely practicable to rescue the blind as a class from the pathetic condition of dependence on public or private charity, and render them all self-supporting members of the community."

Writing to Bishop Satterlee, of Washington, D. C., Dr. George Williamson Smith, President of Trinity College, speaking of the work for the blind in the Industrial Home at Hartford, says: "What has been accomplished here borders on the marvellous."

Mr. Job Williams, Director of the American School for the Deaf at Hartford, writes, concerning the work for the blind in Connecticut, "Much has been done to advance the interests of the blind in this State, and in the way of providing employment for the adult blind, and fitting them for self-support. He (referring to the President of the Institution) has done a unique work."

The following is a letter from General Joseph R. Hawley:

"U. S. SENATE, WASHINGTON, D. C., June 1, 1900.

DEAR MR. CLEAVELAND:

I am glad to congratulate you upon your success thus far. I shall try to attend the first meeting of the Trustees of the Columbia Polytechnic Institute for the Blind, and think I can easily do so.

Very truly yours,

J. R. HAWLEY."

The success referred to in the foregoing letter from General Hawley, relates to the work at the National Capital.

At a convention of the educators of the blind of the United States and Canada, in July, 1898, the writer was appointed chairman of a committee to wait upon Congress, and promote legislation which that body considered desirable. The condition of the blind people of Washington being inquired into, by him, taken in connection with the argument advanced to the last General Assembly of this State by the Commission on Retrenchment and Reform, upon which they based their recommendation that the work attempted for the adult blind in this State be abandoned, and the Board of Education for the Blind be abolished, led the writer to put forth every effort to break the force of this argument. The argument referred to was a statement on the part of the Commission that they had investigated and learned what is being done for the blind in New England, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. "The provisions for adult blind," they say, "seem to be very meagre in every state we have mentioned with the exception of Pennsylvania." Therefore, it was reasoned, that because other states were not doing what Pennsylvania and Connecticut were doing for the blind, Connecticut would be justified in refusing to perform its duty to this class of its citizens. Although the argument failed to accomplish the purpose of the Commission,

at the time it was offered, the writer feared that unless something could be done to give new impetus to the work for the adult blind, that would improve their chances in life throughout the country, this argument, reinforced by the influence of those interested in heading off the movement, might, at any time, result in action being taken by the Legislature of Connecticut abandoning all progressive steps in this direction.

No better place could be selected to continue the work for the adult blind, so far advanced in our own State, than the National Capital; accordingly the writer, for the past two years, has devoted all the time at his disposal, consistent with the faithful performance of his duties in his own State, to accomplishing this object.

The following letter from the President of the United States, together with the article which appeared in the *Hartford Courant*, May 16th, 1900, a reprint of which is here furnished, shows what has thus far been accomplished:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION,
Washington, D. C.,
Jan. 8, 1900.

F. E. Cleaveland, Prest., etc.

MY DEAR SIR:—I have been much interested in reading of the work for the promotion of the education and employment of the blind which your Association has undertaken, and am glad to have the opportunity of expressing my hearty approval and cordial best wishes for the abundant success of any movement so laudable.

Very sincerely yours,

WILLIAM MCKINLEY."

"TRAINING THE BLIND."

WORK ACCOMPLISHED BY MR. CLEAVELAND IN WASHINGTON.

"F. E. Cleaveland has returned from Washington where through the efforts of himself and others a bill has been put through Congress for the establishment of an industrial school for the adult blind of the District of Columbia. It is to be known as the Columbia Polytechnic Institute for the Blind, and the bill appropriates $5,000 for the first year's expenses.

In the articles of association it is provided that there shall always be on the board of trustees at least three blind men of the country, so that the interests of the blind who are instructed at the institution may be looked after from the view-point of the blind.

Following are the incorporators: The Rev. Dr. H. M. Couden, the blind chaplain of the House; Senator Joseph R. Hawley; Justice David J. Brewer, of the U. S. Supreme Court; J. W. Bischoff, the blind organist and composer, who has been organist for many years at Dr. Newman's church in

Washington; The Right Rev. Henry Y. Satterlee, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Washington; Frank E. Cleaveland, the blind lawyer of Hartford; the Rev. James E. Mackin, of the Roman Catholic Church in Washington; E. S. Parker, President of the National Bank and Trust Company; Judge J. M. Wilson, a prominent lawyer of the District; Lieutenant Commander Fred A. Miller, U. S. N.; H. F. Kauffman, principal owner of the *Washington Star;* Beriah Wilkins, principal owner of the *Washington Post;* the Rev. Richard P. Williams, Rector of Trinity Church; the Rev. Alexander McK. Smith, Rector of St. John's Church; Colonel Frank S. Colton, U. S. A., retired; Dr. S. O. Ritchie, and H. R. W. Miles."

At the present writing, a Golding Job printing press, run by an electric motor, is being operated daily in the beautiful new Congressional Library, by one of the former pupils of the Connecticut Institute for the Blind. Members of Congress and prominent personages from all parts of the country are daily witnessing this exhibition, and an interest has been awakened throughout the city which promises well for the future. The police department no longer permit blind persons to beg upon the streets, and there is every indication that an institution for the instruction and employment of the adult blind will be erected, thus creating an object lesson which, like a lamp set on a hill, will shed rays of light along the pathway of the thousands of blind throughout the country, whose prayers for an opportunity to make the most of their lives are as yet unanswered.

Thirty years ago, one of the most enthusiastic, energetic and persevering blind men whom America has produced, made a determined effort to awaken an interest in Congress, in the future welfare of the blind, and attempted to establish a Normal College in the District of Columbia; but there were those at the head of institutions for the blind who assumed to know more of what was needed by the sightless, whose positions lent color to their claims. The seeing world had not advanced far enough to listen with any degree of patience to what a blind man had to offer in behalf of his fellows. As a consequence, more than a quarter of a century has been lost to this country of the services of one pre-eminently qualified to take the lead in this important work. I refer to Dr. F. J. Campbell, the founder and present head of the Royal Normal College of London, which easily ranks as the most successful institution in the world in fitting the blind to become self-sustaining, as the record shows that from 80 to 90 per cent. of the graduates of this institution are self-sustaining, and many of them are earning handsome incomes.

What Gallaudet College has done and is doing for the deaf of the United States, the Royal Normal College has done and is doing for the blind of Great Britain. Its influence is felt all over the kingdom. As a result, workshops for the adult blind may be found in every large city.

It was Dr. Campbell and the pupils from his institution, at the World's

Congress of the Educators of the Blind, who were accorded the highest honor, and when the writer listened to the round after round of applause which greeted the performances of these pupils, and to the address of Dr. Campbell, he was proud, first, of the just tribute which this ovation paid to the achievements of a blind man; and second, of the knowledge that, notwithstanding like Columbus, he was forced to leave his native country to obtain a hearing and recognition of his great worth, still he was an American, of whom the blind of America could justly feel proud.

I now desire to quote the words of this eminently successful blind man, in a paper prepared by him on the Education of the Blind:

"In the public mind blindness has been so long and closely associated with dependence and pauperism, that schools for the blind, even the most progressive, have been regarded hitherto as asylums, rather than educational establishments. The fact of being classed among dependents, and considered subjects of special charity, is not only a mortification, but a serious disadvantage; it leads to the workhouse. A great mistake in the training of the blind is the lack of an earnest effort to improve their social condition. Whenever pupils in institutions are treated and habitually spoken of as poor, indigent blind children, a feeling of semi-pauperism is fostered; and when the blind leave such institutions they become paupers in reality. In most countries free education has been provided for seeing children; but when instruction is given to the blind, it is still considered charity. In the United States free education is regarded as the corner-stone of the Republic; the public school system provides a good education alike for rich and poor, the seeing and the blind. But even in America the schools for the seeing are placed under the management of State Boards of Education, while corresponding schools for the blind, in common with asylums for the imbecile and insane, with work-houses and reformatories, are placed under Boards of State Charities. I rejoice that a more enlightened public opinion is working an important change, and already a few of the states have transferred the management of the schools for the blind from the Board of Charities to the Board of Education."

After a very full, interesting and instructive paper on the early training of the blind, which, as it relates to blind children, we do not think it necessary to quote, he closes as follows:

"The blind, whether educated for the church, trained as teachers, musicians, piano-forte tuners, or for any other trade or occupation, require assistance at the outset. They need help in finding suitable employment, recommendations for establishing a connection, pecuniary assistance in providing outfits of books, tools, instruments, etc., help in the selection and purchase of the best materials at the lowest wholesale rates, in the sale of their manufactured goods in the best markets, and, if overtaken by reverses, judicious and timely help toward a fresh start. This will furnish a grand field of labor for all branches of the national society. The sick and aged will also be moved to the sunny side of the hill and the blind beggar will disap-

pear from our streets and highways. The cry which went up from the beggars' post at the gates of Jericho, more than eighteen hundred years ago, still vibrates upon the ears and moves the hearts of men. Charities have been created, asylums, homes and schools have been established, but the blind as a class are still floating helplessly down the stream of pauperism. Ten, even hundreds of thousands of pounds are obtained for technical schools and colleges of music; scholarships are multiplied even for the wealthy who have sight. All honor for those who are doing so much for the cause of education! Shall less be done for the blind? Shall we not lift up the weak hands and strengthen the feeble knees? The blind plead for a thorough, comprehensive education, which will give them strong bodies, well disciplined minds and courageous souls. Then, and not till then, will the blind as a class become productive members of society. Therefore, I ask you to pass the following resolution:

RESOLVED: That the time has arrived when the blind should have a well-graded, practical, comprehensive course of instruction. That the training of the blind should not be conducted on a charitable basis, but form a part of the national system of education."

Not long since, in conversation with some of the successful blind of our own State, we heard them deploring the great loss which the cause had sustained in the death of that whole-souled and well-known philanthropist, Dr. Samuel G. Howe, who may be regarded as the founder of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, which was the first institution of its kind in America.

We now desire to call your Excellency's attention to the words of Dr. Howe, as we find them recorded in the annual report of that institution, published in 1849, concerning the great need of the identical work for the adult blind, since undertaken by the Connecticut Institution.

Speaking of the desirability of placing the blind upon the same footing with the seeing, so far as their education is concerned, so that they will be no more looked upon as objects of charity, than are the pupils of the common schools, he says:

"The consciousness of being a burden upon others, or an object of charity, should never be added to the grievous calamity of the sufferer's blindness. The appeal in his behalf should be to justice, and not to mere charity; for it is an admitted truth with us that all have the right to an education at the hands of the State, and accordingly, schools adapted to their condition and wants are everywhere provided. But here is a whole class, who, by reason of blindness, cannot enter common schools, or be benefitted by common means of instruction. Shall they be shut out from a share in the public bounty because a heavy calamity is weighing them down? Surely not!

If the State cannot teach them in common schools, let her provide special schools, and give them special instruction, without calling them charity scholars, any more than others. This is virtually the policy of Massachusetts, who, like a kind parent, provides schools and instruction for all, even the blind and the deaf mutes.

It is to be hoped that the liberal policy of Massachusetts will soon be imitated everywhere. Each state should, as far as may be, put blind children upon a level with other children in regard to the facilities for obtaining instruction, and do it, too, in such a way as not to wound their self-esteem by calling them charity scholars. Indeed, every scholar in a public school, in a certain sense, is a charity scholar, for no man, be his school tax ever so high, pays back to society a tithe, even, of the cost of his child's instruction, because that is the result of a vast outlay of capital, and an immense accumulation of experience through generations and ages of the past. The difference between what his son receives from the public bounty and what the blind son of his neighbor receives is only a difference of more or less; and why should the name of charity scholar be thrown solely upon the latter, and the burden of his infirmity be thus made greater? The cost of instructing the blind, involving as it does the necessity of an establishment into which they can be gathered and provided for, is necessarily great; but this is not the real difficulty in the way of setting up such institutions wherever needed, for ten times greater cost is borne by society without a murmur for the support of establishments of a different character, and which are not demanded by Christian and humane considerations, as is the instruction of the blind. Indeed, the means of support for all worthy institutions of beneficence will not be long wanting when people come to look upon it as the object and the duty of government to bless rather than to destroy. When all has been done that man can do, when love has exhausted its consolations, and art its contrivances and wealth its power, to make the lot of the blind a happy one, still it never will be coveted by those who can see.

We refer the Board to the report of the Director for a detailed account of the events of the year, and of the actual condition of the several departments. Especially would we recommend to its attention his remarks upon the necessity of increasing the facilities for giving employment to those of the blind who need it after their course of instruction is finished; and likewise upon the great desirableness of continuing the work of printing.

It is found by experience that often sufferers present themselves and ask earnestly for help and solace, and work, for whose case the institution was not originally intended, but who are totally unprovided for elsewhere, and whose appeal is so touching as to be irresistible; we mean those who are suddenly struck blind in early manhood, by accident or by disease. We think that the proportional number of those made blind by accident has increased of late years. Nature has so safely lodged the eye in a bony bed, and curiously fenced it round with sensitive guards, that it is safe from all the common injuries to which the body is exposed. But some of the modern inventions in mechanical arts expose the eyes of a workman to as great danger as any part of his body. Such, for instance, is the contrivance of blasting rocks with gunpowder, which is becoming very common with us. It is not a rare occurrence that a young, healthy and bright-eyed man is in an instant blinded for life. The condition of such persons is more deplorable than that of those born blind, who know not what darkness is, because they have never known what light is. But to the man who has lived in an atmosphere of light, whose existence has been, as it were, enlarged and multiplied by the vast range of visible objects which the sense of sight seems to give him for his own, to incorporate, as it were with his very being, until light and life

become one and the same,—to him there is something real, sensible and terrible in the darkness which suddenly covers him like a pall when his eyes are blasted. He is at first like one buried alive. All his thoughts, all his efforts, all his prayers are for deliverance from this thick gloom—for some means of struggling out of it and back into light again. He knew the world mainly by its visible beauties, his wife by her loving looks, his children by their rosy cheeks, his friends by their smiling faces; but these and all other things are to him suddenly eclipsed, and friends, children, wife, the world, are all lost, as it seems, forever. Hope, that cannot be killed outright, at first whispers that by some miraculous recovery of sight, all these lost treasures may yet be restored to him; and though the word of promise is broken to the ear, he finds it is kept to the hope, that these things are really restored to him, and that his intellectual and social relations with the world and with the objects of his affections may be maintained in all their intimacy and strength, in spite of blindness. As the needle points to the pole, by night as well as by day, so his love for relatives and friends still draws him to them, through the darkness that hides them from his sight. Little by little he becomes resigned; he even recovers his cheerfulness and his interest in life is reawakened; but soon his sky is clouded again by the discovery of his helplessness, and his dependence. The interest and the sympathy of others, so warmly excited at first by his terrible misfortune, gradually grow less, and if he has no parents to support him, he begins to be considered a burden. He has then before him the dreary prospect of a life of dependence upon relatives and friends, to be dragged on until they are weary of well-doing, or are dead; and beyond that lies the cheerless scene of an old age and a death-bed in the alms-house. Besides this, the rust of idleness soon begins to eat into his soul. He finds that it is not life merely to be alive and unemployed, and begins to pine for an occupation as much as he ever pined for recovery of his sight. He is not young enough to enter a school for the blind, and go through a course of study with the boys, but he is not too old to learn a trade and earn his own livelihood.

It is for the relief of such cases as the one thus described that further provision is necessary; and we recommend to the Board the suggestions of the Director respecting it."

We have said that the miserable condition of the blind was due to the unenlightenment of the seeing world and consequently to the ignorance of the blind themselves, as to what it was possible to accomplish without sight. As an illustration of how little assistance is needed to rescue an able-bodied intelligent person from the condition of despair, into which he is plunged by the loss of his sight, we wish to tell the story of Mr. Charles J. Leary, of Fall River, Mass., a former printer and book-binder.

Connected with our Industrial Home for the Blind at Hartford we have a printing and book-binding department. This department was established as the result of the efforts of the writer to find a suitable and remunerative employment for young women who, by the death of relatives and friends, have been left alone in the world.

The sad story of a cultivated and refined young woman who, when a

mere child, an orphan, had entered the Perkins Institution for the Blind, stirred the writer to do his utmost to find some means of rescuing her and others similarly situated from a fate, the very contemplation of which, for a time, unsettled her reason.

Most of us can remember the happy occasion when either we ourselves, or near and dear friends, have walked proudly and hopefully out upon the platform to receive a well earned diploma, returning to be met with the congratulations and rejoicings of our parents and friends.

With high hopes did this blind girl look forward to that day, and when at last she held her diploma in her hand, she realized for the first time that she had no parents or friends to congratulate her or rejoice in her triumph. Then it slowly dawned upon her that this glad day was to end in the blackest night, for, on the morrow, she must leave the cultured home where during her childhood and maidenhood she had passed so many happy hours, and go out into the great wide world alone—and blind. Where was she to go? No one was willing to burden themselves with the support and care of a helpless blind girl. Shock followed shock until the day came when the last unbearable blow fell. It was the day when the selectmen of the town, from which she was sent, when a little girl, receiving back this charge upon the town, passed their sentence upon her. They were sorry, very sorry, but there was nothing else to do; she must become for the remainder of her life an inmate of the town poor-house.

Tramps, dissipated vagabonds and women who had soiled their own lives were to be her daily companions. The odors of a police station hung about the premises, and here, this girl, accustomed to cultivated and refined society, herself an accomplished pianist, must spend the rest of her days. It was from this fate that we sought to rescue her and her kind.

Determined to find an occupation which this young woman could follow, by which she could maintain herself in a comfortable Christian home, we sought out the occupations of girls who could see. In a large publishing house we found young women employed in printing, folding and binding pamphlets, and the like. We undertook to do the work they were doing and found that it could easily be done by the sense of touch, and though skeptical, at first, we succeeded in convincing those engaged in the work that it was not the sense of sight which they most employed, but that unconsciously, perhaps, what they were doing, they were doing mechanically, and that with a little practice they could do their work as well and as rapidly with their eyes closed.

The seeing world laughed and scoffed at the idea of the blind engaging in printing and book-binding, but the writer had heard and witnessed the skepticism of the world too many times in his own life to be easily discouraged,

and as a result, we have a well-ordered printing establishment, where a number of these blind women are employed.

One of our former pupils, as we have before stated, is feeding a power printing press which has been set up for the purposes of exhibition in the library of Congress, at Washington, where in the daily view of hundreds of visitors from all parts of the country, a girl who is totally blind is demonstrating the practicability of this occupation for the blind. We now invite the attention of the reader to the story of Mr. Leary as told in the *Inland Printer*.

"Probably there is no more striking instance of what can be accomplished by grit and insistent and ambitious courage, in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties, than is set forth in the case of Charles J. Leary, who conducts a job-printing establishment in Fall River, Mass.

Deprived as he is, of one of nature's most valued and necessary gifts—the sense of sight—yet he successfully carries on and conducts personally a printing establishment which is always busy, and which has the reputation of turning out work second to none of its class in the city. Leary entered the employ of Almy & Nilne, publishers of the *Daily News*, the oldest newspaper in Fall River, in April, 1864, at the age of thirteen years, and was in almost continuous service there until failing vision forced him to retire in March, 1897. He worked as an "all-around" man until 1879, when he was made foreman of the book and job department, and retained the position for eighteen years. His work in the office was of the finest description, and a good many specimens came in for honorable mention from the editor of *The Inland Printer*, of which Mr. Leary was and is a regular reader. No pen can picture and no language describe the despair and anguish of heart and soul during those dark hours of trial and despondency immediately following his loss of sight.

Mr. Leary, when he now talks of them feels perplexed as to why he did not break down in spirit and in courage, and give up the unequal battle with the vicissitudes of a cruel fate. One day, while in one of his saddened and despairing moods, two of his friends sought to encourage him by reference to a hopeful future. They were Miss Hughes and Miss McHale of Bristol, R. I., the former a sister of his wife. They began to tell him of the almost marveleous work of blind people done at a concert and entertainment some time before, at which they were present. The people referred to were the inmates of the Connecticut Industrial Home for the Blind, which was under the management of F. E. Cleaveland, a lawyer, blind himself, yet engaged in the regular practice of his profession.

Mr. Leary, after hearing the encouraging reports of the kindly disposed young women, had a letter written to Mr. Cleaveland, the outcome of which was that the latter invited the Fall River printer to enter the department for printing and book-binding.

Mr. Leary went to Connecticut with a friend, and with the intention of accepting the offer, but whether it was the sense of homesickness at the thought of being temporarily separated from the dear ones at home, or the Spartan-like courage which has since marked his career, that actuated him, he soon returned. He says that he had been there but a few hours when he

got to thinking over his case and arrived at the conclusion that if he could work at the good old trade in an institution, what was to hinder him from doing the same at home for the benefit of those dependent upon him, and where he might be able to accept and enjoy the comfort and companionship and affection they were so anxious to bestow upon him.

With the assistance of kind friends, two of the city's leading business men—and few men have more friends in Fall River than Mr. Leary—he fitted out a small room in the A. J. Borden building and started in to earn a living. His outfit consisted of a one-eighth and a one-fourth medium job press, with a good supply, etc., and he intended to do his work by foot power; but found in the first week that he could not get orders out and was forced to put in an electric motor. Here was where the kindness and loyalty of the business public were in evidence, for inside of one year he had to double the size of his room and add new stock. At the end of two years, he finds himself forced to take still larger quarters in the M. T. Hudner building, on South Main Street, where he has put in a half medium jobber, and additional type and stock. His place is one of the neatest, best arranged job-rooms in the city, and he keeps from four to six hands at work. As an instance of his energy and skill, it may be stated that he set up, spaced, locked up and fed the press for the first work done in his shop, with his own hands, though not able to see a particle, it being a business card of his own establishment. Another example of the skill and proficiency of Mr. Leary may be found in the following fact: not long ago he had a call from Superintendent Bates of the public schools, who asked him if he could do a job for him, personally. Mr. Leary replied that he could, and Mr. Bates left the copy for a circular of which he ordered quite a number. Mr. Leary set up the copy, having it read to him, took a stone proof and sent it to the office of Superintendent Bates for correction and revision. It came back without a single correction, and Superintendent Bates was so enthusiastic over the accuracy of the work that he took occasion to show it to several of the teachers and pupils, as an instance of what might be accomplished by courage, energy and persistency in the face of disadvantage and adversity.

Mr. Leary's long experience in a book and job room has made him so familiar with the stock used, that he is enabled to buy all his own materials. He can tell by touch many of the grades of paper, the weight of card board, and buys by sample. When business is rushing, he helps regularly in the selecting and setting up of display lines, discerning the faces of the larger of the job type by touch, making designs for fancy work, and in many other ways. His work compares favorably with the best turned out in his home city and is superior to much of it."

Reverting to the status of our work, we believe with Dr. Howe and Dr. Campbell that it is desirable to dissociate the Educational Institutions of the Blind from charitable and humane institutions. It was this purpose that originated the Board of Education of the Blind of Connecticut, and not a desire to escape scrutiny, for, on the contrary, we court the closest inspection. We feel confident the more the public knows of the work we are doing, the more willing it will be to come to our support.

As regards the financial embarrassment suffered by our Institution in the

past, and its management, I shall content myself by referring your Excellency and the Public to the testimony of the eminent and well-known citizens who appeared before the Appropriation Committee of the General Assembly of 1899.

We here append a communication from Dr. H. P. Stearns, Superintendent of the Hartford Retreat for the Insane, and Lieut. Governor Ernest Cady, who, as auditors of the accounts of the Institution for the Blind, were in a situation to speak with knowledge:

"HARTFORD, CONN., March 6, 1899.

Hon. Joseph L. Barbour,

MY DEAR SIR:—Having been a member of the Advisory Board of the Industrial Home for the Blind in this city, and also one of the auditors for the last four years, it has been my intention to be present at the hearing before the Committee on Appropriations, which will relate to the interests of this Institution. As, however, I am to be absent from the State and cannot be present, I desire to say a word in behalf of its management.

I have been probably in a better situation than anyone else except my associate, Governor Cady, to understand and appreciate how much has been accomplished by the management, and with what limited means, and I unhesitatingly affirm that instead of careless financial management, deserving adverse criticism, those in charge of it are deserving of credit and commendation. It is my opinion that they have made the most of the means at their command, and that the results of their work, both in the Kindergarten and industrial departments, compare very favorably with those of any other similar institution in the country.

I further beg to say that in my opinion the State cannot afford to withdraw its support from the industrial department of this institution, which has already passed the period of its existence which always tests the character of its usefulness more fully than any other is likely to do. Moreover, I have no question as to the practicability of the industrial education of the Blind, especially when it is commenced during the period of adolescence or early adult life.

The brains of some blind people may not be capable of receiving an education which would render them self-supporting, but the same is true of some adults who are not blind; besides many hundreds of the blind have been educated so as to become self-supporting, and they nearly always take much pride and satisfaction in being able to support themselves.

A retrograde movement in the education of the blind would in my opinion be a serious mistake. It certainly would result in no saving to the State, and would be a loss, as it would necessitate doing the work over again at some future time under reorganization, thus losing the advantage of experience already had and of disbursements already made.

I have the honor to be,

Very truly yours,

H. P. STEARNS."

From Ex-Lieutenant Governor Cady:

"The financial management has been excellent. I have been treasurer and am now auditor of the Board. The matter of profit should not enter into consideration in connection with the Industrial Home. The Board of Trustees exercises a close control over its finances."

The following is taken from a report of the hearing before the Committee on Appropriations of the last General Assembly:

"Rodney Dennis, President of the Conn. Humane Association and a trustee of the Institution for the Blind, indorsed the idea of educating the blind to be self-supporting and eulogized Mr. Cleaveland. He believed the business had been conducted economically and that the Institute should be supported by the State. The appropriation to liquidate all indebtedness ought to be made. Dr. Stearns and Ex-Lieutenant Governor Cady, the auditors, had assured him that the financial affairs were well managed."

"Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, President of the Advisory Board of the Institution, spoke in favor of the Institution. There are seven hundred blind people in the State, four hundred of whom would be without hope except for the State's beneficence. The scheme of educating the blind to be self-supporting had many adverse influences to overcome, especially the natural incredulity of people regarding the ability of blind persons to work. He commended the work of the committee on State receipts and expenditures and accepted all its conclusions except those which applied to the education of the blind. The report on this subject seemed to be influenced by the same incredulity. He endorsed the financial management and said that judging by the results, he knew of no example of better management. As to the concert troop, it has raised money and been a good educating influence among the people. He criticised the report of the committee, particularly its conclusion."

"Chief Justice Andrews, a member of the Board since its creation, said Mr. Cleaveland was the managing man, and he had confidence in him. With Governor Coffin, the witness had approved the appropriations and expenditures for buildings during the former's administration. He had given the matters connected with the Board such attention as he could, and was frequently in consultation with other members. The obligations incurred for buildings, machinery, furniture, etc., were incurred by authority of law, and he expected they would be provided for by an appropriation by the General Assembly of 1897. The Institution had a legal and just claim upon the State for the amount necessary to meet these obligations. He thought that a blind person would be in touch with blind persons and get into sympathy with them, a good reason for the appointment of Mr. Cleaveland on the Board. He knew that he was industrious and faithful and a man of high integrity, truthfulness and usefulness. The State should continue the work of educating the blind to become self-supporting. The work has not been going on long enough to permit of full development. He knew generally about the administration of the Board's affairs.

The Committee room was filled with the friends and supporters of the Institution, who urged the adoption, on the part of the State, of a policy calculated to foster and further the work undertaken in behalf of the blind.

Among the speakers who favored this policy were Ex-Speaker of the House, Allen W. Paige, Professor A. R. Merriam, of the Hartford Theological Seminary, Joseph L. Barbour, Judge Lynde Harrison, who endorsed the opinion given by Chief Justice Andrews, that the claim of the institution was legal and just.

Mrs. Emily Wells Foster gave a history of the work in this State from its inception.

Mrs. Foster, who is a member of the Board of Education for the Blind, had labored for years before the Board was created, and it was due to her untiring devotion to the cause, and to the persons interested by her, that the attention of the State was called to the neglected condition of the blind within its borders.

A communication was also read by Mr. Barbour from Mrs. H. L. Olmsted, who has been a co-laborer with Mrs. Foster and Mr. Cleaveland from the beginning.

A memorial from over twelve hundred of the leading citizens from the principal towns of the State, in support of a liberal policy towards the Institution, was handed the Committee."

The number of blind persons now under instruction as State pupils is sixty-five. Thirty at the Kindergarten, eighteen at the Industrial Home, seventeen at the Perkins Institution at South Boston, and one at the New York Institute.

In addition to this number, the Conn. Institute furnishes employment for sixteen adult blind people, and there are in the nursery department five, making in all twenty-one adults and children for whom there is no per capita allowance by the State

This Board is compelled to pay the same amount per capita to the Perkins Institution and the New York institute for nine months' board and tuition, which the Connecticut Institution receives for its pupils, although this Institution is compelled to furnish support for nearly half of them the entire year, besides caring for the homeless pupils during the summer months, returned to us from the Perkins Institution. The amount received by this Board from the State during the fiscal year ending September 30th was $20,271.82.

RETROSPECT.

Looking back over the seven years since the Conn. Institution for the Blind was organized, and making up the record, showing the success or failure of those who are no longer pupils of the Institution, we find it to be as follows:

Two have died; five, for various reasons other than the loss of sight,

have profited but little by these instructions and may still be regarded as wholly dependent.

One, who is deaf and blind, is living with her parents and contributing to her support by work which she learned to do at the Institution.

One young man is a law student in the office of a leading law firm, and has already been made a Commissioner of the Superior Court.

Two are endeavoring to establish themselves as piano tuners, but as they have had but a short time since they left the Institution, there is nothing definite to report.

Six are contributing more or less to their own support.

Two women are married and are doing their own house-work.

Thirty-six are wholly self-supporting, some of whom are prospering beyond their expectations.

It will also be noticed that Mr. Charles Leary, whose story is told in this report, gives this Institution credit for setting him on his feet.

Is not this a record for our Institution that entitles it to the confidence and support of the General Assembly of the State? Laying aside the humanitarian features of the work, and thinking of the purely economic side, measured not only by what is saved to society, but by the influence of the example set by these thirty-seven blind persons, in thus caring for themselves, is there still room to ask, does it pay? This record should convince the most skeptical and obstinate of our opponents that our Institution has earned the right to live and prosper. We should no longer be left to struggle under a large mortgage indebtedness, without capital, and with credit impaired, on account of the failure of the legislature to provide for the discharge of obligations contracted by authority of law. The thousands of dollars we have raised and invested in buildings, machinery, etc., should be refunded to us, to be used as a working capital.

Covering the period of seven years—above the regular per-capita allowance—the State has given by special appropriation towards the entire plant, including land, buildings, furnishings, and machinery but thirty-one thousand and two hundred dollars ($31,200.) Compare this amount with the cost of any one of our Normal School buildings, or with the cost of any of the City Public school buildings of our State and it must be realized that the petitions of this single State Institution for the education and manual training of the blind with its sixty-five inmates in both branches, the Industrial Home and the Kindergarten, have been in accordance with the most economical calculation, and are but just.

We have sacrificed many hundred dollars during the last two years and have been at the mercy of the broom-corn trust because we have had no means with which to purchase supplies in the open market, at a time of year when we could have taken advantage of low prices. Broom-corn that could

be purchased at the time the crop was being harvested at the rate of from eighty to one hundred dollars per ton, we have been compelled to purchase in small quantities at the rate of from two hundred to two hundred and twenty dollars per ton, and in marketing our product we have been compelled to compete with large concerns who were able to purchase a year's supply, when the market was at its lowest.

Even when the trust is not able to control the market, dealers invariably advance the price from forty to sixty dollars per ton, to small consumers, as soon as the year's crop has been disposed of.

For the past three years our printing department has been endeavoring to establish a magazine to furnish employment to our blind women. Like all new enterprises, the expenditure must exceed the income for a season; there must be a seed time before the harvest. While we were permitted to give concerts, we were obtaining from three to four hundred subscribers per month to our magazine and at this rate we would soon have secured a revenue which might have made our Institution self-sustaining, besides enabling us to wield a most beneficial and helpful influence, through the example of the successful blind, accounts of which are published in every number.

In July of the past year we were most fortunate in securing the services of the Rev. Chas. H. Jones, as superintendent, his daughter having been connected with our work for several years. Mr. Jones for twenty-four years has been principal of boarding-schools and academies in Maine, New Hampshire and New York State, so brings into our work an experience which is already bearing fruits and will be invaluable.

A statement of the receipts and disbursements of the Institution during the past year will be given by Mr. Jones, who has charge of the accounts.

Before closing this report we desire to bear testimony to our gratitude and love for our good friend Rodney Dennis, who, since the publication of our last report, has joined the silent majority. Ever ready to respond to our needs, the blind people, as well as all others, in affliction, throughout the State, knew him as a wise counselor, a generous benefactor and a faithful friend. We are indebted to the untiring devotion of Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Olmsted, Mrs. William H. Palmer, Chief Justice Andrews, General Joseph R. Hawley, Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, Dr. Stearns, Ex-Lieut. Gov. Ernest Cady, Herbert H. White, and a score of others who have been our steadfast friends from the beginning; nor do we forget to render our gratitude and thanksgiving to our Heavenly Father who, when the heart sank and the mind was overburdened with anxious thought, gave us strength to struggle on; and from out the darkness in which we dwell showed us the lights along the shore.

Respectfully submitted,

F. E. Cleaveland, Sec'y.

DONATIONS.

Received since last issue of TALKS AND TALES.

From the estate of the late Ellen Berry of Watertown, Mass.,.....$1,000

Clothing and other necessities,.....Mrs. G. W. Griffith

" " sewing,.....Mrs. Henry Merriman

Seven Comfortables.....A Friend

Making Six Aprons,.....Girls' Mission Circle, Park Cong. Church

Several hours sewing.....By members of The Daughters of the King

.....From Church of the Good Shepherd

Package of Clothing.....Mrs. L. L. Hollister

Oranges, Apples and six loaves of cake.....Mrs. M. B. Cady

Box of Clothing.....Wethersfield Needle-work Guild

Entertainment at the Institution.....Miss Burt, "Alice Burt, "Marian Burt

" " " " .....Misses Adair, Rouss and Saunders and Messrs Saunders & Williams

" " " " .....Talk on Cuba, Mr. Ober

20 Ticket to "Vanity Fair".....Mr. Parsons

30 " " "Bird Lecture".....Prof. Kellogg

To what we have received,
Our thanks we do extend,
And are the more relieved when favors have no
end.

First Day of the New Century.

"POSTSCRIPT."

(*For Talks and Tales.*)

THE new year began at watch meeting. A watch meeting in this town was an experiment and a successful one, although there was room for improvement. Just after midnight, we were addressed by one of our loyal orators, and the orator was all right and what he said was all right, but the tinted clouds of eloquence which he rolled up over our heads, obscured the dim glimpse of God which had been vouchsafed us at the solemn prayer service a few minutes before. The tumble from reverent contemplation of things divine to things terrestrial, was a good deal of a shock.

The daylight part of the New Year began cold and horrid. Everything in the back part of the house was frozen. The fires made little impression on the temperature of the rooms, and Pop and I took breakfast at the cook table in the kitchen. I said "dismal" and declined it and, Pop being a Christian didn't swear. All the week before, I had been busy with Battenburg pieces, which ought to have been finished for Christmas, and only got sent off the afternoon of the last day of 1900.

For respectability's sake, I had to begin at the front door with the broom, and work straight through to the back door. I shivered and shook when I raised the windows, and I banged them down again, before the dust had hardly begun to settle. My spirits dropped to suit the mercury. The only pleasant thing that I did all the morning was to sit down and read, deliberately, two letters, which I had saved for that special purpose, from a batch received the night before. I have learned to spread out pleasures. Bread is better with butter on it, even if the butter is thin.

I had particularly asked Pop to provide a good dinner for New Year's and he said "turkey," but Pop is one of the procrastinating kind. The turkey didn't gobble up to his office door, and there was something wrong with the telephone, and he forgot and forgot. Nothing in the line of provisions appeared at the house before noon. I fried potatoe and put a rabbit over the coals to broil. Before it was thoroughly done, Pop came. He was in a rush, and I turned the half cooked rabbit on to a plate, and found a scrap of steak in the safe and broiled that in a hurry for him, and afterward finished the rabbit and ate my dinner alone. I said some more about "dismal." Such a

way to live the first day of the new century. Meals served anyhow, and the hours dragging with drudgery. I washed the dishes and sulked. It was the worst case of hypo, I have permitted myself to indulge in during all the long year that I have been out here, a thousand miles away from home, and friends and every relation save one, simply to cater to Pop's whim.

I washed off the stove with the dishcloth as if I had been a native born Missourian, and I crammed it full of wood, hard black walnut and brilliant osage orange. Then I lugged chuncks in and filled up the sitting-room stove. I had been lugging wood all the morning and the rooms were beginning to get warm. That was a comfort. As I brushed off the hearth the spirit in me that never will be downed, asserted itself in riotous rebellion. I threw a fascinator, a Christmas gift, around my shoulders,—I never wear such things over my head—and went over to Callie's. Callie is my neighbor, and she is just the age of my youngest sister back East, so I have sort of adopted her in loving remembrance of the dear Curly Head at home. I invited Callie over to make candy and she came with alacrity. That note of the chord responded all right.

After we had talked a little bit and studied receipt books, I left her to keep house for a few minutes, while I went to mail a letter that I wanted to have start East on the next train, and on the way I stopped to see George Hayse and tell him how heathenish I thought it was for these Missouri people to keep their shops open on holidays. I told him in the most aggravating way I possibly could, that Callie Moore was at the house and we were going to make candy, the nicest kinds we could think of. He wished he could help eat it, and I said he might telephone to his sister Bess if he wanted, and ask her to come down and help make it and then she could help eat it. Bess would be delighted, he said, she was having a lonesome day at home. So the second note of the chord was struck. Then I ventured to hit the third. "Since you are so mercenary that you can't close your store, I suppose we could have an extra good streak and let you stop in for supper. You are so afraid of girls it might be safest for you to bring the Little Photographer with you."

I left an order for fruit and cookies, and some canned goods, and when they were delivered a half hour later, a funny little note was brought with them, saying that Sister Bess would be down directly, and the two young men would appear as soon as business duties permitted.

Sister Bess' "directly" was a short one, and Callie danced around the dining-room as she saw her coming in at the gate. "It was perfectly lovely in you," she said as she took off her hat. "It hasn't been a bit pretty day. I don't see how you live in New England if you have such cold weather as this right along. It's a right smart warmer this evening than it was early, but it is mighty sharp out now."

"You won't get much to eat" I informed her encouragingly. "I ought to have thought of this sooner and had something nice."

"Law me! All we want is a good time. Do you suppose those men will think what they are eating?" She asked merrily. "They don't think of anything but foolishness when they get together. I reckon George does his serious thinking when he is asleep, he must do it sometime or he couldn't run his business."

I pulled the sorghum bucket out of the safe, and a sack of sugar, Callie ran over to her house for a bottle of vanilla, which I didn't have, and we started two pans of candy. "I reckon that when the Little Photographer isn't at you all's house, George aims to be down there," said Callie who was carefully grating chocolate.

"He does, sure enough," Sister Bess answered. "George sleeps at the gallery most of the time. I reckon the Little Photographer thinks he hasn't got any bed at home. When it comes time for Sunday dinner they never stay down there, they always come home from preaching straight, and they come hungry too."

"Well, I would collect board for Brent," said Callie, "I wouldn't make biscuit for him for nothing."

"Oh, I am aiming to even it up," Sister Bess replied with decision. "He has got to make me some pictures next spring, fine ones too, if he doesn't it will be a good time then, to say a little speech to him, but he will, he is the best natured thing ever lived. Hasn't he got the biggest sight of plunder down in that gallery?"

I laughed and said "Yes." The Little Photographer is a true Bohemian. He has a studio built according to his own ideas, and judging by the cushions and giddy pillows, the ruffled curtains and various other dainty and luxurious possessions, which can not be purchased ready made in this town, half the girls in the place helped him furnish it. Everybody likes him and he likes everybody, making friends with no apparent thought of the personal advantages or disadvantages that any particular friendship may bring in its wake. This broad mindedness never seems to cause him any special trouble, but I certainly believe it would some people. He seems to be one of those clean souls to whom much dirt, moral or material, doesn't stick. Being past the kittenish age, I heartily appreciate and admire such men, and my admiration is not lessened in the least because I may be one of many.

We were teasing him at the supper table about his household arrangements. He admitted that he hated to wash dishes. He said he didn't mind frying chicken and meat, and when the boys were there, he could make biscuit if they wouldn't eat light bread, and nobody wanted to go to the bake shop in time to bring them down hot, but when it came to doing dishes he had rather sit in the sun and fan himself. He said he had so much company

over Christmas, that everything got messed up, the safe was filled with stale food and all sorts of odds and ends, and he was actually compelled to go to work and wash dishes for an hour or two like any old woman. "Some of the things had been stuck up so long" he said in conclusion, "that after they were clean, I couldn't tell they were mine."

Sister Bess attempted to say that he ought to have a black woman come every little while and clear up the house for him. "Why, Brent you really ought to have a woman," she said, and then she unintentionally hesitated and everybody laughed. "Why, a *darkey* woman, I mean, it would be such a help to you."

"No, you mean I need a woman, just as you said first," he made quick answer. His face was a picture and he laughed so heartily that the joke was all on Sister Bess.

"That is it. He needs a woman," George Hayse repeated with shameful disregard of his sister's confusion, "but I pity him too much to tell you all a great deal about it. I have seen him eat on the same plate twice," and then he and the Little Photographer went into convulsions of laughter over some joke that we could not persuade them to tell us. They knew they were mean, and they apologized beautifully but I shall always wonder about that joke.

George Hayse is the funniest thing. I have tried dozens of times to repeat his witticisms but they always loose edge in the telling. When we sat down to the table he said as "Paw" had not come, he would sit in "Paw's" place and be the father, and he played host and mimicked poor old Pop until I was quite convinced that Sister Bess was right when she said no one would know what they were eating.

That was fortunate for me, for the menu was an odd one for a New Year's supper. Hot bread for every meal is the rule here, and I got Sister Bess to make biscuit, because I never do and don't know how. I sent for pork chops which everybody eats and Callie fried them while I arranged the table. She left one in the skillet to keep warm for "Paw," and when he came, I went out to get it and somehow I managed to turn a pint of the hot grease over one hand and down the front of my new tailor-made gown. Nobody really believed I was hurt until I held that blistering hand under the glare of the dining-room lamp.

"Why didn't you yell?" they all asked. "You only just laughed." They were dreadfully sorry, and Callie did it up in sorghum while the rest united in waiting on "Paw." I went back and finished my supper and everybody jollied me about sweetness. "If it would only strike in," I said with more earnestness than they realized, "I should have reason to be thankful."

We were still talking when the first bell rang. Our church began "protracted meetin,'" as the people say, the last night in December, and as we count ourselves among the faithful we never think of staying away.

The girls washed the silver, but Pop ate his breakfast, the next morning, at a corner of the table, not however on the same plate, a' la the Little Photographer, and later I had a darkey girl come in and "clear up."

Sister Bess helped me change my gown, and managed to draw a mitten on to my damaged hand, and we reached the church and stowed ourselves away in the choir seats back of the organ one minute before the first hymn was announced. Old Preacher Kennedy gave us a good New Year's sermon all about new leaves, and good resolutions, and helpfulness to others, and we listened as attentively as people near the organ usually do, and we didn't beam around on the congregation, or whisper, or smile, or eat candy any more than does the average choir.

"Seems like we had a mighty nice time to-night," George Hayse said as we lingered at the gate for a few words before saying "good night."

"So nice not to begin the year with lonesomeness," added Sister Bess.

After they had gone on and taken Callie with them, and after the Little Photographer had said some pleasant things in his usual graceful way and gone too, and I was left alone, I threw my hat and jacket across a chair and drew a rocker up by the fire. Waif, the ugliest looking, prettiest eyed terrier that was ever allowed in a house, stepped slowly off from her floor cushion in the corner, and when she had yawned enough to break her jaws, trotted across the room, shook her bells merrily and jumping into my lap nestled down lovingly against my arm.

However it began, the day ended pleasantly I said to myself. My hand only hurts a little bit, and one dress doesn't count. I will accept it as typical of the unknown and the dreaded year. Half the burden is lost when one lives in hope.

WHO CAN PAINT LIKE GOD?

MRS. GHOSN-EL-HOWIE.

(*For Talks and Tales.*)

In walking through the halls of art,
  I saw displayed to view
The choicest gems of human thought
  Expressed in every hue.

"A Snow Storm," and a "Storm at Sea,"
  "A Sunset," rosy red,
"A Tender Mother" watching o'er
  Her baby in it's bed.

"An old Decrepit Miser," worn
  With greed and misery;
"A Young Girl," tripping light to school,
  "A Good Old Domine."

These and a thousand scenes where love
  Beamed from the sparkling eye
Of youth and maiden as they met
  In "Comin' thro' the Rye."

Grand works of art from nobler minds
  Enthralled my spirit there;
Murillo, Titian, Angelo,
  Who can with these compare?

And Raphael! what works like thine
  Revered shall ever be?
Thy sweet "Angelic Faces" peer
  So lovingly at me.

The charm, the grace, the harmony
  The blended light and shade,
The bold free-hand, the fine detail
  The diverse scenes pervade.

I left the gallery behind
  To step on Nature's sod,
Ah! what a gallery was there!
  The gallery of God!

I thought the works were beautiful
  That I had lately seen,
But in the light of God's own sun
  They were but as a dream,

Misty and faint, full of defects
  Compared with what was here,
The whole expanse a picture was
  And that surpassing fair.

Mountains, ten thousand feet uprear
  Their summits to the sky
While on the canvas they appear
  Ten inches or so high,

The dancing cataract, and spray
  Thrown lightly in the air,
No brush could e'er depict it as
  I saw it pictured there.

And then the trees! not pigmy shrubs,
  But giants, waving high
Their branches in the limpid air,
  Against the azure sky.

And as I gazed upon the scene
  The contrast seemed to grow,
Between the gallery of art
  And Nature's works below.

All human art in patience wrought
  By artists who must plod
To but a dabbling after truth
  For who can paint like God?

Fanny Crosby's Reminiscences.

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NUMBER THREE.

THE greatest piece of good fortune that attended me when a little girl, was that I was taught the Bible—line upon line, and precept upon precept. When nine years old we moved to Ridgefield, Conn., and there lived for a time in one of the numerous and intelligent Hawley families, of which Connecticut has so many, and from one of which Senator Hawley sprang.

Mrs. Hawley taught me the Bible, and the poetry of the day, in about equal portions. She was an old Puritan Presbyterian, and took everything in the sacred writ as literally as the most orthodox Scotchman could do; but she loved at the same time the green meadows and singing brooks of imagination.

When ten years old, I could recite the first four books of the Old and the first four books of the New Testament, without a mistake; and I knew poems almost without number. Of course as soon as I began to hear poetry, it made me want to write some of it. I believe I am not entirely unique in this respect: editors tell me that their mail-bags teem with poetical attempts made by all sorts of people in all sorts of places and on all sorts of subjects.

I composed a great many little bits of verse, which I did not have the trouble of burning, as they were never committed to paper. But writing down my lines was not necessary for me, until I wanted them put in type; I have never had any trouble in remembering anything I had composed. This is largely a matter of habit and practice, and you will find that it obtains, to a great extent, with all blind people.

My first poem, composed when I was eight years old, was as follows:

Oh, what a happy child I am
  Although I cannot see!
I am resolved that in this world
  Contented I will be.

How many blessings I enjoy
  That other people don't!
So weep or sigh because I'm blind,
  I cannot, nor I won't!

I quote this poem, it is needless to say, not on account of its literary style, or as anything very remarkable, except that it gives an indication of the spirit in which I have taken life throughout all these eighty years—a spirit of optimism, and of thankfulness because I had as many blessings as I did rather than of repining because one was left out.

I composed other poems and always on the subjects nearest me. The fragrance of a rose—the singing of the wind in the trees—the death of a favorite bird—all these inspired me to juvenile effort; and, anxious to hear what others thought of my work, it was not long before I began to free these little stanzas from the leashes of my memory, and let them loose upon my poor dear mother.

She wrote down some of them, and was greatly pleased; she and the good Mrs. Hawley held a consultation concerning them. They decided that they were very good, for a girl of that age; and copies were sent to my grandfather.

The dear old gentleman wrote a very enthusiastic letter concerning them, and told my mother that we indeed had a poet in the family, and that if I lived and improved as I ought to, I would be an honor to them all. "But," he added, cautiously, "you must not *tell* her this, or it will make her proud, and spoil her." And it is due to my mother's prudence and good sense, to say, that I never heard anything about my grandfather's encomiums till he saw me and could not refrain from giving them to me at first hand.

But there was one terrible yearning that afflicted me during all these years, and that was for knowledge—knowledge—knowledge! I felt that there were a million things that I ought to know, and that there were no means of learning.

If I ever lamented that I was blind, it was through these opening days of girlhood—and that for only one cause—the fact that it debarred me from reading for myself. The amount of literature printed in raised letters for the blind was very limited in those days, and I had been so accustomed to knitting, that my fingers were not at that time adapted to learning how to read by their means, even if there were many of them to be had.

So, night and night again I have gone to bed drearily, weeping because I could not drink of the waters of knowledge. I felt at times like a traveler on the desert longing for a glass of water to quench his thirst.

At these times, I would pray to the great Giver of all good gifts, that my longings might some time be gratified; and I always rose from my knees with a cheerful heart, and feeling that the prayer would be answered.

When I was fifteen years old, in 1835, it was decided that I could attend the Institution for the Blind, in New York! and I shall never forget the thrills of joy that I felt when it was told me that I could go there. If the founders and sustainers of such institutions knew how much happiness they

confer upon helpless ones, they would feel their efforts a thousand times repaid!

Behold me, then, journeying once more toward the metropolis of the new world—journeying as before for light, but of a different kind—one that should illuminate the mind, and make happy all the rest of my days.

I was cordially received by Dr. John Denison Russ, who was Superintendent of the Institution. He was only thirty-four years old, but had already been through an interesting and varied experience. He had settled in New York as a physician after his graduation at Yale College, but one year afterward, in 1826, he was moved with pity at the sufferings of the struggling Greeks, took with him a cargo of supplies from Boston, and remained there three years, during which time he established a hospital at Poros, and conducted it personally for fifteen months.

Returning to New York in 1832, he began at his own expense the instruction of six blind boys; but the same year was appointed Superintendent of the Institution of which I was happily so soon to become an inmate.

MY MESSAGE.

HELEN MARR CAMPBELL.

(For Talks and Tales.)

Little roselet, say, what art thou thinking?
  Ah, tell me whence the sunshine in thy smile;
Say, doth the pearly dew-drop thou art drinking,
  Live in thine heart, and sing love's song the while?
Couldst thou, when thy soul is blithely singing,
  Sweet message bear to her in realms of light?
Couldst thou, in thy grateful praise upspringing,
  My prayer enclose, and chase away grief's night?

Woodland daisy, say, what art thou dreaming?
  Just when thine eye looks up to kiss the sun,
Say, dost thou, in his radiance o'er thee streaming,
  Behold thy God, the Good, the perfect One?
Couldst thou, in thy joy that knows no measure,
  Bear tender thoughts to her who dwells in heaven?
Couldst thou, snowy daisy, tiny treasure,
  Tell her that my love to her for aye is given?

Meadow grasses, ye can sweetly tell me,
  As ye softly hum your beauteous lay;
If through all the sorrow and the silence,
  I may speed love's message on its way;
And methinks I hear your answer lowly,
  God is love, and therefore what is His,
Will be carried by bright angels holy,
  To thy dear one in the land of bliss.

Sketches from Our Exchanges.

HOW MONTANA WAS NAMED.

F. M. CLEVENGER, a lawyer of Wilmington, O., in an interesting letter tells how Montana was named. He says:

"In the year 1888 I was a law student in the law office of the late General J. D. Denver in Washington and also occupied the position of confidential clerk to him. During a conversation between us about Montana territory the general asked me if I knew how the territory got its name. I answered in the negative, and he remarked. 'I am the only person living who knows,' and proceeded in his modest way to relate the incident to me.

"Denver had been the much loved territorial governor of Kansas, which at that time included the greater part, if not all, of the present state of Colorado. He was very intimate with Stephen A. Douglas. I cannot remember the exact time of this incident as given me by General Denver, but it was after Denver had been governor of Kansas territory and before Douglas ceased to be a senator. Douglas sent for Denver to come to his house, which was in Washington, both being there at the time. During the evening's conversation Douglas said that he was going to introduce a bill to form some new territories and wanted Denver to give him an appropriate name. He had a map of the country before him. Colorado was the first named suggested, but Douglas replied, 'I have suggested that name for this one, pointing on the map to what is now the state of Colorado. 'I want a name for a territory I am going to mark out up here in the mountains.'

"Denver's life in the west and service in the Mexican war made him familiar with many Spanish words, and he remarked, 'Why not call it Montana?'

"Douglas immediately said, 'What does it mean?' Denver replied, 'It is a Spanish word and means a mountainous country.'

"Douglas' wife was one of the most noted linguists of the capital, and he, doubting Denver's knowledge of Spanish, walked out into the hall and called to his wife, who was up stairs, and said, 'My dear, do you know any such word as 'Montana' to which she readily replied, 'It is a Spanish word and means a mountainous country.'

"Douglas returned and said, 'Governor, it's just the word, and I will adopt it.' A bill followed in a few days in which 'Montana' appeared. The bill did not pass at that time and if I correctly remember the story not in the

lifetime of Douglas, but the name stuck, and from that incident Montana got its name.

"General Denver was a very modest man and rarely even to intimate friends spoke of events with which he was connected, and as he is now dead I may be the only person who knows of the incident. I have given it to you as related to me by the general, and I thought your people might be interested not only in knowing the story, but in preserving it."

TORN BANK-NOTES.

TWENTY-NINE bundles of mutilated national bank-notes, aggregating $1,000,000 in value, were returned to Washington, on January 1, by the subtreasury in New York. The consignment represents "holiday money" received by local banks from all sections of the country, and is the largest lot of old notes sent to Washington from New York this season. Since it is estimated that mutilated bills returned by the banks represent in value only 25 per cent. of the "holiday money" sent to the metropolis from interior points, it is believed that at least $4,000,000 has been recently received. Notes of the smaller denominations, $1, 2, and $5, were most mutilated. The money is turned into the Bureau of Redemption at Washington, where it is verified. The notes are then cut lengthwise and sent to different divisions, where they are counted. The "top and bottom" divisions then compare notes to discover possible discrepancies. After that the notes are ground into pulp and sold to paper manufacturers, who make it into little statuettes or busts of famous men. These are then sold as souvenirs and bring in a considerable sum of money to their makers.

Before this disposition was made the notes were burned in a furnace.

Upon one occasion the heavy draught drew the notes up the flue and one-dollar bills, with fractional currency, were found floating all over Washington. After that the present method was adopted.

LIGHTS FOR BIRDS' NESTS.

MANY birds suspend their nests from the branches of trees, one of the most curious nests of that kind being that of the baya bird of India. It is hung from the branch with its opening at the bottom, and hangs like an inverted bottle, so as to be secure from the approach of tree snakes and other reptiles. The most curious thing about the baya bird is that it is said to light up its nest by sticking fireflies on its sides with clay or soft mud. There seems to be little doubt of the fact.

Dr. Buchanan says: "At night each of the inhabitations is lighted up by a firefly stuck on the top with a piece of clay. The nest consists of two rooms; sometimes there are three or four fireflies, and their blaze in the little cells dazzles the eyes of the bats, which often destroy the young of these

birds." Perhaps other animals are scared off by the baya bird's electric light, since a writer in Nature records this curious observation: "I have been informed on safe authority that the Indian bottle bird protects his nest at night by sticking several of these glow beetles around the entrance by means of clay; and only a few days back an intimate friend of my own was watching three rats on a roof rafter of his bungalow, when a glowfly lodged very close to them and the rats immediately scampered off."

UNITED STATES FIRST THINGS.

THE first American college was Harvard, which was opened to receive students in 1638, at Newton, Mass., now called Cambridge.

The first American railroad was laid in 1826. It was three miles long, from the granite quaries of Quincy, Mass., to Neponset River.

The Erie canal in New York, was the first artificial waterway begun in the country. Ground was broken for this enterprise July 4, 1817.

The first locomotive in America was brought from England in 1829. In the same year the first American locomotive was built by Peter Cooper.

The first book printed in the limits of the United States was the "Bay Psalms Book," which was issued in Cambridge, Mass , in 1640. Specimens are extremely rare and command very high prices.

The first great fire in an American city occurred in Boston, August 8, 1679. By this conflagration 150 buildings were destroyed, the loss amounting to over £200,000.

The first bank within the limits of the United States was chartered in Philadelphia in 1781. It was incorporated by Congress under the title, "The President Directors and Company of the bank, of North America.

It is said that the first Sunday school in this country was by the Dunkers, in Pennsylvania, in 1740. This claim, however, is disputed, and the assertion is made that Sunday instruction to children was given by the Puritans in New England long before that date.

The first bricks made on North American soil were manufactured by the colonists of Virginia in 1612. They were used in building the church at Jamestown and the residence of the Governor and the more important citizens. A portion of Jamestown Church is still standing and the bricks of which it was built are in good preservation and appear to have been very well made.

Clocks were introduced in 1720 from Great Britain and soon came into common use. Before that time hourglasses were generally employed, and in the churches an hourglass in the pulpit was deemed almost as indispensable an article of furniture as the Bible. The sermon was measured by glasses, and it was frequently known that the preacher "turned the glass" three times in the course of a sermon.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

Nobody's Kitty.

Nobody's kitty
was out in the
snow,
Nobody's kitty
had nowhere
to go.
Nobody's kitty
cried, "Miew, miew, miew!
Somebody pity me. Do, do, do!"

So somebody peeped from a window
high,
She saw little kitty and heard her
cry.
Somebody pattered down, stair by
stair,
With blue, blue eyes and with golden
hair.

Somebody gathered the wanderer in,
Nobody's kitty, so cold and so thin,
Noboby's kitty was somebody's pet.
Ha! Ha! my tale is not ended yet.

Somebody's doggie barked: "Bow,
wow, wow!
So I'm to be nobody's doggie now!"
"Fie! said his mistress; "fie! that
is not true;
I've room in my heart for kitty and
you."

—*Selected*

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

A CHIEF, growing old and weary of life, determined to set out for Paradise which he believed to be beyond the winding river and blue hills in front of his dwelling. He started, accompanied by his wife, son and two faithful followers. His favorite dog kept close at his master's heels. The way was long and finally the chief's wife left his side and returned to her home. The dog looked back with a low whine, but turned and followed his master. The track lay up steep hill sides. After a time his son faltered and fell back and turned. The way grew more difficult and they crossed over crags and swamps, hills and valleys and through deep snow. His two servants could not endure the hardships longer of the way to Paradise. They had followed him day by day and night by night. They besought him to turn and go back home, but he turned to the radiant light and he thought he could already see the pearly gates of the Golden City. Only a snow capped peak lay between the chief and his long desired journey's end. The chief said, "You can return if you will, I will struggle on alone." The servants turned away and were sorry to leave their master, but glad to have his permission to go. The dog lifted his wistful eyes to his master's face and nestled his rough head under his hand and refused to leave him. The rosy and golden light of Paradise

shone upon the deep snow, yet it did not make it less cold or less deep. As he bravely ploughed a passage across the chill height against the blast, laden with snowflakes, he fell overpowered by the freezing wind's icy breath. The dog which had kept close to his heels, now sprang forward, lying on his breast and kept the warmth in his feeble heart. He licked his beloved master's face and hands and gave sharp barks to arouse him from the drowsiness which was creeping over him. Stumbling to his feet he patted his faithful dog which by joyful gambols and cheerful barks, led his master onward.

In another half hour the chieftain stood knocking at the gate of Paradise and a shining winged one stood at the gate. "I wish to come in," said the chief. The angel replied, "Willingly, but what is the shadow behind you?" "It is my faithful dog which has followed me all the while," replied the chief. "He cannot come in," said the gatekeeper. "The dog has been good to me and saved my life while on the way across the deep snow I will not go in without him," said the chief.

The angel said, "It is forbidden. It must not be. You can enter but the dog must stay outside."

"I will not leave my dog. I will share his fate as he has shared mine."

He pleaded earnestly begging that his companion might be allowed to enter with him, but all in vain. The angel said, "Enter, but the dog must remain without." The chief turned to leave the gate, but lo! a shining form with white wings, instead of the trembling limbs of the frightened dog with his upturned head, stood by him. With a radiant countenance, but with eyes as full of love and kindness as the creatures' had been, the angel took the chief's hand and led him toward the gate. "If you had not been true to me, I could not have led you into Paradise. Let us enter and be happy forever."—*F. C. Horton in Colorado Index.*

How General Grant Started.

When General Grant was a boy, his mother one morning found herself without butter for breakfast, and sent him to borrow some from a neighbor. Going, without knocking, into the house of his neighbor, whose son was then at West Point, young Grant overheard a letter read from the son stating that he had failed in examination and was coming home. He got the butter, took it home, and without waiting for breakfast, ran down to the office of the Congressman from that district.

"Mr. Hamar," he said, "will you appoint me to West Point?"

"No So-and-So is there, and has three years to serve."

"But suppose he should fail, will you send me?"

Mr. Hamar laughed. "If he don't go through, no use for you to try."

"Promise you'll give me a chance, Mr. Hamar, anyhow."

Mr. Hamar promised.

The next day the defeated lad came home, and the congressman, laughing at Uly's sharpness, gave him the appointment.

"Now," said Grant, "it was my mother's being out of butter that made me General and President." But it was his own shrewdness to see the chance, and promptness to seize it, that gave him his start on the road to success and fame.—*Young People's Paper.*

In Papa's Boots.

It was winter, and the snow was very deep where little Katie lived. Katie did not like the winter, for she wanted to run and play out of doors. One day she asked her mamma to let her go out and play in the snow.

"Why, Katie! you would freeze," said her mamma.

"Papa goes out in the snow, and he doesn't freeze," said Katie.

"But papa is larger than my little girl. Besides, he dresses warmer. You know what large rubber boots he wears when he goes out in the snow."

Katie said no more, but the next day she found the big boots in the hall where her papa had left them. A large coat and fur cap were hanging there, too.

Pretty soon Katie's mamma heard some one crying. She thought it sounded like the voice of her little girl. She began to search for her, but she was not to be found anywhere in the house. Then she went to the door. There stood Katie a few steps from the house in the deep snow. She had on the big boots and the coat and cap. They were so large and heavy that she stuck fast in the snow, and could neither go on nor come back. "I don't want to play in the snow any more," she sobbed, as her mamma took her into the house. She is now willing to wait until the sun shall melt the snow away.

A Newsboy's Sermon.

A story of a bright-eyed, barefooted, shabby little fellow is told by Forward. He was working his way through a crowded car, offering his papers in every direction in a way which showed him well used to the business and of a temperament not easily daunted. The train started while he was making change, and the conductor, passing him, laughed: "Caught this time, Joe!" he said. "You'll have to run to Fourteenth street." "Don't care," laughed Joe, in return; "I can sell all the way back again." A white-haired old gentleman seemed interested in the boy, and questioned him concerning his way of living, and his earnings. There was a younger brother to be supported, it appeared. Jimmy was lame, and "couldn't earn much himself."

"Ah, I see. That makes it hard; you could do better alone."

The shabby little figure was erect in a moment, and the denial was prompt and somewhat indignant.

"No, I couldn't! Jim's somebody

to go home to; he's lots of help. What would be the good of havin' luck, if nobody was glad? or of gettin' things, if there was nobody to divide with?" "Fourteenth street!" called the conductor, and as the newsboy plunged out into the gathering dusk, the old gentleman remarked to nobody in particular, "I've heard many a poorer sermon than that."—*Telescope.*

The Little Parson.

Katie was a minister's little six-year-old daughter, and although as happy and lively as most children of her age, her favorite amusement was "playing church."

Her audience consisted of her little brother Morton, two years younger than herself, while she officiated in the double capacity of preacher and choir. One day while thus engaged, her father was much amused at hearing the little parson offer the following petition:

"Oh, Lord, bless the wicked people," here there was a pause, as though she doubted the propriety of the request, then she added, "but don't bless them very much."

A Pretty Custom.

There is a pretty custom in the imperial family of Germany which dates from time immemorial. On the birthday of one of the royal children the Empress goes through the stock of toys which has been accumulating since the child's last birthday, and sends all, except a few special favorites. to the sick children in the hospitals.

The present Kaiserin, who is the most motherly of women, has paid special attention to this custom, and on the occasion of little Princess Victoria Louise's birthday, which occurred some time ago, Her Majesty packed with her own hands a large case of dollies, picture-books and little dishes all in a fair state of preservation, and had them sent to the little sufferers.

The sick children are always told who sends the presents, and in past years this has resulted in the saving of some curious and interesting relics. In this way the battered tin soldiers which amused the childhood of old Kaiser William have been saved from the wreck of time.—*Sunday Afternoon.*

At a recent public school examination for girls this composition was handed in by a girl of twelve: "The boy is not an animal, yet they can be heard to a considerable distance. When a boy hollers he opens his big mouth like frogs but girls hold their tongue till they are spoken to, and they answer respectable, and tell just how it was. A boy thinks himself clever because he can wade where the water is deep. When the boy grows up he is called a husband, and he stops wading and stays out nights, but the grown up girl is a widow and keeps house."

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Micawber—"How do parrots talk?"

Swiveller—" In pollysyllables, of course."

———o———

She—"Papa says our minister's salary is only half as much as that of this pitcher."

"Well, perhaps the pitcher's delivery is better."

———o———

"What's the matter, Bobby?"

"Gra'ma, they's too many folks a-bringin' me up. I'd get along better 'f I only had you."

———o———

If a girl has a piano, it is dangerous to give her a bust of Mozart or a picture of Beethoven, for then the parlor is changed to "the music room."

———o———

"Give us a proof of your boasted wisdom," cried a lot of chattering magpies to the owl.

"I will," he said, and flew away.

———o———

Harduppe—"I always do my hardest work before breakfast."

Borrywell—"What's that?"

Harduppe—"Getting it."

———o———

Criticus—"D'Auber is certainly a genius."

Palette—'What's he been up to, now?"

Criticus—"He has just sold a five-hundred-dollar picture of a one-hundred-dollar horse."

"Doctor, don't you think that raw oysters are healthy?"

"Yes; I never knew one to complain."

———o———

Reports of cane rushes, freshman suppers, football and a few similar matters show that active work has begun in the American colleges.

———o———

"Great Scott, and the bank has gone up for $500,000! For how much are the directors responsible?"

"Only for the failure."

———o———

Grimes—"Is your wife fond of pets?"

Harum—"I should say she was. She is almost always in one."

———o———

"Here, waiter, you have charged for three soups instead of two."

"Yes, sir; there is the one I spilled on madam's dress."

———o———

Judge—"How old are you?"

Fair Witness—"Well—er, I'm—er—I'm—"

Judge—"Better hurry, madam. Every minute's delay makes it worse."

———o———

She—"That was a long sermon, wasn't it?"

He—"I should say so. Why, it took him half an hour after he began to preach before he got back to where he started."

She—"Don't you find journalism rather thankless work?"

He—"Oh, no. Almost everything I write is returned with thanks."

———o———

Mrs. Gadd—"That new minister isn't much on visitin', is he?"

Mrs. Gabb—"No, I guess maybe his wife is a purty good cook herself."

———o———

At a recent concert, the conclusion of which was the song, "There is a good time coming," a farmer rose in the audience and said, "Mister, you couldn't fix the date, could you?"

———o———

"Yesterday our literary club discussed 'Conversation as a Lost Art.'"

"What was the final decision?"

"Oh, such a hubbub arose that nobody heard what anybody said."

———o———

Miss Atkyns—"Do you know, sometimes it seems to me that the prettiest girls marry the homeliest men?"

Mr. Wilkyns (promptly)—"Am I homely enough for you, Miss Atkyns?"

———o———

"If I walk backward down the cellar-stairs in the dark I'll see my future husband."

"Nonsense; you'll be more likely to see our family surgeon."

———o———

Mrs. Smith—"So Hattie is going to marry Mr. Stickler after all?"

Mrs. Brown—"Yes; she was forced to it. It was the only way of ever having an evening to herself."

———o———

Church—"I see by the paper that thirty-nine doctors arrived home recently from Europe on one steamer."

Gotham—"Yes; you see, the football season has opened in this country."

"Every avenue to success is now open to you!" said Fate.

"And I haven't a decent street-dress to my name!" faltered Woman, tears dimming her eyes.

———o———

"Mamma, I've found out my dog's pedigree!"

"What is it, dear?"

"Uncle Jim's hired man says he's a full-blooded mongrel!"

———o———

"Well, I wonder how this marriage happened to be brought about?"

"They simply fell in love with each other."

"How unromantic!"

———o———

"I presume you carry a memento of some kind in that locket of yours?"

"Precisely; it is a lock of my husband's hair."

"But your husband is still alive!"

"Yes; but his hair is all gone."

———o———

He—"You climbed ze Matterhorn? Zat was a great foot."

She—"Great feat, you mean, Count."

He—"Ah! Zen you climed him more as once?"

———o———

A duck, which had laid several dozen eggs during the season, complained that while her working record was better than the hen's the latter had books and poems written in her honor while no one had a word of praise for the duck. A wise old rooster standing by said: "You lay an egg and waddle off without saying a word, while that sister of mine never lays one without letting the neighborhood know it. If you want to cut any ice here you must advertise."

SELECTED MATTER.

Some Day.

"Some day" the dreariest road will turn
And wind through landscapes fair and green,
By sparkling waters fringed with green,
And the gardens bright with fragrant sheen—
"Some day," you say, "some day."

"Some day," you say the weariest feet
Will pause and loose their sandal ties.
And rest where shadows, cool and sweet,
Shut out the burning noon-tide skies—
"Some day," you say, "some day."

"Some day," the busiest hands will let
Their stint of work slip from their hold
Unfinished; and the stain and fret
Of labor from their waxen mould
Fade out you say, "some day."

"Some day," ah, well, I'm glad 'tis so!
Else heart and hand would fail—
"some day."
Life holds so much of pain and woe
Ere yet we find the fair, glad way,
That blooms for all—"some day."

"Some day," ah, yes; I hope the Hand
That in its hollow holds life's sea,
And what I do not understand
Of life and life's long mystery,
Shall be revealed—"some day."

—*Selected.*

SHELLED peanuts contain from 30 to 50 per cent of oil. In 1899 some 80,000 tons of peanuts were used in Marseilles alone for oil making. Of the 4,000,000 bushels of peanuts raised in this country 3,000,000 bushels are used as roasted peanuts. It is quite possible that the highly nutritious peanut product of our southern field may come to be used in more ways than at present, and especially in combination with other materials. Roasted peanuts, ground into an oily meal and generally mixed with water to the consistency of butter, has been put on the market and is used when it is fresh. There are those who like its flavor when it is fresh. When the oil has been pressed from the ground peanut the mass remaining, called oilcake, is used for fattening cattle. Some experiments have also been made as to its fodo value for human beings. Oilcake contains 47 per cent. of protein and 9 per cent. of fat and starch and costs about 5 cents a pound. At present the American crop is not large enough to more than supply the roaster and

confectioner, hence the pressing of oil from the peanut has never become established here, but in Europe large quantities of the African raised nut are used for this purpose.

In the botanical garden of Berlin is to be seen a cactus which has grown for seven years in a glass flask sealed by fusion; it was presented by a German pharmacist, Ludwig Rust. He explains the growth of the plant by the fact that the soil in which it grows contains a certain quantity of spores of fungi, which germinate from time to time and cover the sides of the flask with a greenish layer. These, in dying, furnish the carbonic acid necessary for the life of the cactus. This explanation appeared satisfactory at first, but it was then asked from whence came the carbonic acid for the fungi; again, the phenomena of nutrition which take place in the green parts of the plant require an excess of carbonic acid, This seems, in fact, to be furnished by the process of putrefaction which takes place in the soil. Another question which is more difficult to answer is the origin of the water which is necessary to maintain the life of the plant; this may be derived from the decomposition of the cellulose. However these questions may be answered, the fact remains that the plant lives and develops in a hermetically closed medium. The experiment is not difficult to carry out, and its study may lead to interesting results.

"Please state to the court exactly what you did between 8 and 9 o'clock on Wednesday morning," said a lawyer to a delicate-looking little woman on the witness stand. "Well," she said, after a moment's reflection, "I washed my two children and got them ready for school, and sewed a button on Johnny's coat, and mended a rent in Nellie's dress. Then I tidied up my sitting room and watered my house plants and glanced over the morning paper. Then I dusted my parlor and set things to rights in it, and washed some lamp chimneys and combed my baby's hair and sewed a button on one of her little shoes, and then I swept out my front entry, and brushed and put away the children's Sunday clothes, and wrote a note to Johnny's teacher, asking her to excuse him for not being at school on Friday. Then I fed my canary bird, and gave the grocery man an order, and swept off the back porch, and then I sat down and rested a few minutes before the clock struck 9. That's all. "All," said the dazed lawyer. "Excuse me, judge, I must get my breath before I call the next witness."

When his age was eighty years, John Quincy Adams was met on the streets of Boston by an old friend, who, tapping his trembling hand, said: "Good-morning. And how is John Quincy Adams to-day?" "Thank you," the ex-president replied' "John Quincy Adams himself is well sir; quite well. I thank you. But the house in which he lives at present is

becoming dilapidated. It is tottering upon its foundation. Time and the seasons have nearly destroyed it. Its roof is pretty well worn out. Its walls are much shattered, and it trembles with every wind. The old tenement is becoming almost uninhabitable, and I think John Quincy Adams will have to move out of it soon, but he himself is quite well, sir, quite well."

THE brook or speckled trout have been caught that weighed ten pounds; grow to twenty inches in length. They are esteemed the very choicest of table fish and the taking of them the acme of anglers' sport. They are caught with a variety of bait, artificial flies, grasshoppers, worms, anything almost. The great lake trout has names, almost without number. A few of them are Lunge, Togue, Siscowet, Tuladi, Namaycush, Macinaw Trout, Lake Salmon, Winnepausogee Trout and what not. They grow to be two and three feet in length and weigh as high as twenty pounds. They are caught with bottom fishing with live bait and with spoon hooks. This trout is esteemed as a food fish, and it requires but little skill to catch them.

CONAN DOYLE is not only a skilled physician and a writer of most fascinating detective stories, but has also some very sound and sensible ideas on matrimony. The following are a few "Marriage Maxims" credited to him: Never both be cross at the same time. Wait your turn. You were gentleman and lady before you were husband and wife. Don't forget it. A blind love is a foolish love. Encourage the best. If you take liberties be prepared to give them. There is only one thing worse than quarrels in public. That is caresses. The man who respects his wife does not turn her into a mendicant. Give her a purse of her own. If you can't then you had better do without a wife.

BRAZIL has a tree that provides buckets, bowls and cups for general use. The famous and useful member of the vegetable kingdom is called the calabash. In the fruitful season the trees, which are plentiful all abont the homes of the natives, are loaded down with what look like green cannon balls. When this singular fruit is ripe it is cut in two, scraped free of pulp, and the shells soaked for a long time in water. When the shells are smooth and dry they are painted with the solution of a native cumati-bark, which, being exposed to the fumes of ammonia, becomes a brilliant black lacquer. The natives scratch designs and picture-writing on this lacquer, or paint the shells in brilliant colors. The bowls, baskets, cups and so forth thus made are called calabashes, and are highly prized, specimens of them being very costly in this country.

LAST year's report of the post office department of the United States shows that the weight of third-class matter carried is 68,227,169 pounds, and the number of pieces mailed amounts to 747,695,000 pieces, and

the postage paid is $10,093,882, from which it will be seen that the amount of postage paid in this class is thoroughly adequate to produce a surplus. The weight of fourth-class matter is 21,776,347 pounds. The number of pieces mailed is 66,174,000, the postage paid being $3,421,181. The weight of foreign mail carried is 7,760,377 pounds, and the cost is $2,546,800.

THE entire Carrara quarries of Italy, noted for the splendid quality of their statuary marble have passed into American hands. Senator Proctor, of Vermont, now has a large portion of the marble output of the world under his control. Now the Carrara quarries, instead of being owned by a number of people who were warring with each other, will reap great benefit by the consolidation. The cost of production will probably be largely reduced, and the modern American methods which will be introduced will probably increase the output.

THE papers are giving us excellent comparative studies of Washington and Lincoln. Yet the articles in the religious papers are far better than in the daily newspapers. Of the many things said by Lincoln, not one is more beautiful and tender than this: "Speed, die when I may, I want it said of me by those who knew me best that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower when I thought a flower would grow."

WHILE plowing in a field upon a farm near Leighton Buzzard (England), an old earthen vessel was turned up in a furrow. Upon examination, the vase was found to contain sixty-three ancient British gold coins, each measuring about 1½ inches in diameter. It was in this same district, a few years ago, that a rich haul of one thousand two hundred gold pieces of the period of King Cymbeline, B. C. 55, was discovered.

IN Norwegian Mines a singular custom prevails in paying the weekly wages of the men. They present themselves on Saturday evening to the inspector, who, having settled accounts with each, bids him turn round, and writes in white chalk, upon his back, the sum due him. Thus numbered, the man goes to the cashier, who also turns him around to look at the figures, and pays him without a word.

A COMMISSION has been appointed to examine into the rapid death of the elm trees in New Haven, and it is found the trees are dying from lack of plant food in the streets, mutilation by horses, poisoning by illuminating gas and by insects and elm tree beetles. Some time ago an attempt was made to attribute the death of trees to stray electric currents.

JANUARY 1, 1901, the Centigrade thermometer began to be used exclusively in Germany, the Chancellor of the German Empire having issued an order to that effect.

WE are told so often of the immense sales of popular novels in England and our own country that it is interesting to compare notes with France, and see how the works of a popular novelist sell there. The works of Alphonse Daudet sold as follows:

"Tartarin sur les Alpes,"	188,000
"Sapho,"	166,000
"Tartarin de Tarascon,"	110,000
"Jack,"	71,000
"L'Immortel," . . .	94,000
"Port-Tarascon," . .	55,000

A CHILD'S saving bank has been dug out of the ruins of Ostia, the seaport of ancient Rome. The bank was an earthen pot containing 145 silver coins issued by Roman Emperors between the years 200 and 19 B. C. The little savings bank was almost perfect when it was uncovered. It is 3 inches long and 2½ inches wide, with a slit in the top through which the money was dropped.

DURING some excavations in the Forum at Rome, the laborers unearthed the head and part of the body of a marble horse. It is a magnificent piece of sculpture, and great value has been placed upon it. According to experts, the relic dates from about the second century before Christ.

LAST year Berlin was visited by 1,000,000 strangers; Vienna, by 500,000; Munich, 600,000; Dresden, 500,000; Hamburg, Leipzig, and Zurich, each 400,000 while Düsseldorf, Bâle, and Stuttgart each had over 250,000 visitors.

SOUTH CAROLINA has two colored poets, both of whom live in Charleston and each of whom has published a volume of poems. They are Rev. George C. Rowe, editor of the "Charleston Enquirer," and a native of Connecticut, and Mrs. Mary Fordham, a native of South Carolina.

THE Sahara is not a barren waste, as is popularly supposed. Not long ago there were 9,000,000 sheep, 2,000,000 goats, and 260,000 camels in the Algerian Sahara alone, and the cases furnish a million and a half of date-palms.

"WOMEN in the last stages of starvation are found breaking stones on the government roads for twelve cents a day," writes ex-Governor Pattison of Pennsylvania. in a report of his recent visit to our new territory of Porto Rico.

THE girls' clubs of several Southern Kansas towns have resolved never to marry a young man unless he served with the famous Twentieth Kansas Regiment.

THE Czar's little daughter, the Grand Duchess Olga, is the owner of a doll whose frock is ornamented with priceless emeralds and fastened with gold pins.

SOIL was brought up from a depth of 326 feet from a coal mine in Belgium, and from it sprouted weeds of a species entirely unknown to botanists.

THE total length of the railroads in Asia is 30,000 miles.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE GLOBE-TROTTERS.

CONGRESS.—The State Legislature of Pennsylvania, elected Mr. Matthew Stanley Quay to the United States Senate on January 25, thus ending a bitter two years' fight, there having been countless charges and recriminations on all sides. It is because Mr. Quay is a professional politician that his election to the United States Senate must be regarded as a misfortune. The Committee appointed by Congress to investigate hazing at the United States Military Academy presented its report to the House on February 9. At the same time a bill was introduced by Mr. Dick, the Chairman of the Committee, the purport of which was to prevent all hazing in the future. The report analyzes the social code of the Academy, dwelling upon the gulf between the upper classmen and the "plebs." The forms of hazing are described as of three general classes. Instances of different kinds of hazing are given. The Committee does not sustain the charge that hazing caused the deaths of Cadets Booz and Breth, but, says the report, "while we cannot fix upon hazing the responsibility for these deaths, the possibility that it hastened them and the blot it throws upon the fair and glorious fame of the Academy, its conflict with proper training and discipline, and unfitness in this new century urge the adoption of the reasonable, yet we believe, effective measures for its eradication." After a long period of amending and re-amending, Congress has finally passed the Army bill. The President now has authority not only to add some 40,000 men to the regular army but also to increase the fighting strength still further to a maximum of 100,000. On a peace footing the strength of the Army will hereafter be 58,000. One of the most important feature of the Bill is the clause doing away with the army canteen.

CUBAN CONSTITUTION.—The Central Committee of the Cuban Constitutional Convention has submitted a draft of the proposed Cuban constitution. It is partly modelled after the Constitution of the United States. The sovereignty of the country will be placed with the people as a whole. This is due to the fact that the different parts of Cuba are not separate colonies as our States were at the formation of our Constitution, and therefore have not separate rights to be considered. The form of government is republic with an executive power consisting of a president and vice-president to be elected every

four years. Cubans by birth and others who have served ten years in the Cuban army during the wars for independence are eligible for these offices. There is to be a Congress consisting of two Houses,—Senate and House of Representatives. The representatives are to be elected by direct vote, the senators by electors. Congress will meet the first Monday in November of each year and remain in session ninety days, excluding holidays and Sundays. There is to be a Supreme Court of Justice. Each of the six departments of Cuba are to have Governors elected by direct vote for three years. Municipalities are to be governed by bodies of councilmen with a mayor for each. The future relations of the United States and the new republic have not been considered in the Constitution. There has been a general understanding that when Cuba began to govern herself there would be closer relations with the United States than between Cuba and foreign countries. If the Constitution is approved by our Congress there will be no other alternative for the United States but to withdraw our representatives who are administering affairs in Cuba. Still the United States, it is claimed, would like coaling stations and military depots in the Island.

MARSHALL CENTENARY.—On the 4th of February, 1901, was observed the one hundredth anniversary of the induction into office of John Marshall as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. The principal celebration took place in Washington, and the event was commemorated with impressive ceremonies in the House of Representatives. Addresses were delivered by Chief Justice Fuller and Wayne MacVeagh. President McKinley and his Cabinet, the members of the Supreme Court and the Courts of the District of Columbia and the members of both Houses of Congress attended in a body. It is very fitting that so much honor should be paid to his memory. He did an imperishable work for his country. When he entered office the exact force of the Constitution was a matter of doubt. He was hated by the political partisans of his day and the correctness of his decisions was often questioned, but in later years men came to understand that his wisdom has insured stability to our Government.

MRS. NATION'S CRUSADE.—The daily press has been devoting considerable attention to the efforts of a Mrs. Nation to stop the sale of liquor in Kansas cities and towns by personally going to the liquor dens and smashing glass and furniture. Sellers of intoxicants have been terrorized by her acts, the more so since their business is not legal in Kansas. In her raids, she has faced not only the law, but also the danger of personal violence. She has lately gone to Topeka, where at the news of her coming all places where liquor is sold were shut up. Calling upon Governor Stanley, she demanded that he enforce the prohibitory laws. She announced her intention of organizing an army of women to destroy all

the saloons of the State, when he expressed his inability to act. Mrs. Nation has laid herself open to be called a fanatic, and her determination to defend an ineffective law which she holds to be right and proper has led her to disregard all other laws which would interfere with her violent measures. The liquor traffic in Kansas is illegal, but the failure of the prohibitory laws to operate does not warrant any one to violate the laws of property and general order. It is gratifying to note that temperance workers in general do not favor Mrs. Nation's methods.

VENEZUELA TROUBLE.—President Castro of Venezuela, finding that the grant of land made to the New York and Bermudez Company in 1883 did not include the asphalt lake near Guanoco, although the Company was under the impression that it did, sold the Lake to Warner and Quenlan Company of Syracuse and ordered the former company to vacate. This they were reluctant to do and appealed to Washington. War rumors were whispered about for a few days but it was finally decided to leave it to the courts to decide.

NEW KING OF ENGLAND.—King Edward VII's speech at the meeting of his first Privy Council has been acknowledged as being excellent and shows a spirit of conservatism and loyalty very pleasing to the English nation. His first address to Parliament although considered by the German press as being remarkable for saying nothing, was considered by most people as being very well written and showing an intimate knowledge of affairs. The general opinion is that King Edward will make an excellent constitutional sovereign, tactful, impartial and one who will work always for the good of the people.

QUEEN WILHELMINA'S MARRIAGE.—The marriage of Queen Wilhelmina to Duke Henry of Macklenburg-Schwerin was the occasion of great rejoicing and festivity in Holland. The streets and houses were beautifully decorated, open-air concerts were held day and evening, and singing, dancing and general merriment testified to the sincere affection which the people feel for their young Queen. The marriage service was very simple, the private civil ceremony being followed by a religious ceremony in the church.

SPANISH MARRIAGE.—Maria de las Mercedes de Bourbon y Hapsburg (eldest sister of King Alfonso XIII) was married to Prince Charles of Bourbon February 14. There was perfect order amongst the crowds who gathered near the palace to watch the arriving guests. The civil authorities resigned their powers to the military and cavalry regiments patrolled the streets.

DEATH OF VERDI.—Guiseppe Verdi, the famous musical composer passed away upon January 27 at Milan at the age of nearly ninety. He was born in 1813. He was of humble birth but the lad's musical genius being early recognized, efforts were made upon the part of his parents to give him a musical train-

ing. After many struggles and disappointments he scored a great success in 1839 in his first opera, "Oberto di San Bonfacio." His best known works, "Rigoletto," "Il Trovatore" and "La Traviata" were produced between 1851 and 1855. His best later opera is "Aida."

BALDWIN-ZIEGLER POLAR EXPEDITION.—Another party in search of the North pole will start next June. Mr. Evelyn B. Baldwin, has purchased a fine steam whaling vessel which he has called the "American" and chartered Fritjof which was used by the Swedish Polar expedition. This latter ship will serve as an equipment and provision ship, and will also accommodate a party of scientists and sportsmen. It will return to temperate regions before the Arctic winter. The other will carry thirty-five people. Their headquarters will probably be in Franz Josef Land and from there will move northward over the route taken by the Duke of Abruzzi.

SCIENCE.—One of the first achievements of the new century is ocean telephony, the result of a long series of experiments by Professor M. I. Pupin of Columbia University, New York. According to latest reports, he has received $500,000 from the Bell Company for his great invention and he is to be paid an annual royalty. His experiments have been thorough and he has shown that telephoning any distance over land or under water is possible. He illustrates how a message will be transmitted rapidly and clearly by his invention. The manner in which this will be done will be by inserting induction coils, one coil every eighth of a mile on cables, and one every mile on land lines. These coils will act as relays for the electrical waves and sustain the energy while permitting greater rapidity of transmission with relatively the same current. The putting into practice of the system will be a work of great magnitude. Professor Pupin claims to be able ultimately to save more than $100,000 on each land circuit of a thousand miles or so, though he admits that the first cost of laying a cable or of inserting the induction coils into an old one will be enormous. An ingenious process of improving unhealthful room-air in a short time has recently been invented by a French physician. He has two powders which he encloses in two different papers. One paper contains white barium peroxide, the other potassium permanganate in the correct proportion so that on mixing the two together in a solution, oxygen is set free, thus improving the bad air in the room. For sick rooms and wherever an opening of the widdows is not desirable, this air purifier will doutless be valuable.

Glimpses of Good Books.

Weird in text, title and illustration is *The Weird Orient* by Henry Iliowizi. The author says, introducing the nine stories which make up the book, that the material was accumulated during many years of residence at Tetuan, Morocco and vicinity. The legends of the East are preserved from generatiou to generation by the minstrel and the story teller. We quote Mr. Iliowizi to show how he succeeded in collecting the material for his book :

"After many rueful failures to get at the sources of Barbary's folklore, the author of this book conceived the idea, which happily met with success, of creating a social focus sufficiently attractive to ensnare unwary stragglers of infallible Islamism, such as itinerant students, beggars, story-tellers and pilgrims, who, being strangers iu the place might be induced by liberal treatment and a little policy to impart some glimpses of the precious lore so dear to one who had set his heart on the acquisition of so promising a treasure."

The foreign residents were pleased with Mr. Iliowizi's idea, an organization was formed and after some weeks matters were perfected and the pleasure-house was opened.

"In the conrse of a few months the members of the Casino entertained visitors not alone from Europe and many quarters of Barbary, but from the more distant Orient, the most of them coming by the way of Tangier, sometimes called the 'white city of the dark continent.' But nothing advertised and dignified that institution more than the standing offer of twenty-five pesetas to him who should, upon a fixed evening, regale its members with the most interesting tale, subject to the critical verdict of three judges, the decision to be sustained or rejected by a majority of votes.

"The tale was not to be wholly fictitious, but should either turn around some historic event, or be based on some popular tradition or legend current in the lands of the rising sun. In a country where, thanks to nature's bounty, a peseta is sufficient to supply a numerous family with food for several days, the prize held out as an inducement proved an object of keen competition. Once a month the competitors were given the opportunity of displayiug their story telling talents, and on one occasion a 'fukié' of Fez, a Jew of Yemen, another one of Jerusalem, and a Parsee of Bombay, claimed the attention of the interested auditors, in their endeavors to secure the coveted prize. Such were the beginnings of this work; it contains in substance all the tales for which prizes were awarded, but it is only fair to state that the Parsee was the one to whom the author is mostly indebted for the mass of his material.

* * * * * * *

"Yakonb Malek (The Parsee,) was a mystic adventurer, and his narrative

mystified his audience. But for that delightful dreamer this book would never have seen the light. His passing out of sight, with an echo that rings in the ear forever, charmed by a voice that enchanted the soul, suggests the career of those prophetic wizards who, having stirred the world with the fire of their breath, departed this life, leaving song and prophecy to vibrate in the air to the end of time."

The stories which compose *The Weird Orient* are "The Doom of Al Zameri;" "Sheddad's Palace of Irem;" "The Mystery of the Damarant;" "The Gods in Exile;" "King Solomon and Ashmodai;" "The Croesus of Yemen;" "The Fate of Arzemia;" "The Student of Timbuctu;" and "A Night by the Dead Sea."

This book is published by Henry T. Coates and Company. Price $1.50

" 'An' mus' de ole man go home alone an' say ter Dinah de dear gear'll nebbah come back ter de cabin?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'Couldn't Cupe an' Dinah come ter a cabin h'ar 'bout an' lib wha' dey kin see de big house yo' lebs in? Et 'ud be monstrous soovin' ter de ole man!'

" 'I am with you always, I love you as much as ever. But you must not come here to live. Go back to Dinah and be happy in the old cabin.'

" 'An' dis am de en',' he muttered, 'de en' ob de walkin' up an' down' an' up an' down.' Then he added: 'Ef yo'll be de one ter say good-bye, an'll let de ole man stan' heah fo' a bit ter-night, dah won't be no cause ter scold him, fo' in de mahn'n he'll be walkin' back ter Stringtown. Honey chile, he wan's ter stan' heah till the sun goes down, till de da'kness settles obah de lan' an' obah de house what shets yo' up ferebah.'

" 'Good-bye Cupe, my dear old Cupe,' said the sweet-faced Susie. She pressed his black, wrinkled hands between her white palms, while tears trickled down her cheeks. Then she turned and left him standing where the cemetery path joins the great elm avenue which leads down to Nazareth.

"The shadows settled as fall the shades of summer's evening in this midland between the North and the South. The mournful cry of the whip-poorwill, that strange bird of night, arose from an old elm to the right and from the left came the answer. Then rang the bell that summoned the nuns to prayer and repose, and soon thereafter, throughout the great house, each light went out. And now occurred a thing unknown before in Nazareth. From near to where moaned the gloom-birds, a soft strain of music floated onto the air and into the windows of the nuns' silent house. The melody was that of a single violin, its tone so plaintive that it thrilled each listener with a sense of sadness. The good Father in the little house to the right stepped to the door; seemingly heaven was sighing to some one in that great bank of buildings where all was dark and still. Then a husky voice, which, wordless to all but one, seemed scarcely human, arose and blended in the melody; but to that one of the listening nuns it breathed a familiar refrain:

" 'Yo' ax what makes dis da'key weep,
Why he, like uddahs am not gay;
What makes de tears roll down his cheek
From early dawn till broke of day?'

"The music and the voice died out forever; the moon cast the elm trees'

shadow across the vacant avenue where stood the mourning singer; once more arose the cry of the night bird."

Thus endeth John Uri Lloyd's *Stringtown on the Fike*, one of the best books of the past year.

One of the most remarkable discoveries of the opening century, so far, has been made by the renowned savant, Augustus Le Plongeon. In studying the inscriptions upon the Pyramid of Xochicalco, sixty miles from the city of Mexico, in photographs sent to him by a friend, he found these were in ancient Maya and Egyptian characters and being able to read the same by means of the key he himself discovered some time ago to the Maya hieroglyphs, he has now succeeded in deciphering the ornamental inscriptions, and become convinced of the interesting fact that this pyramid, which has been visited by many travelers during the last century, is nothing less than a memorial structure erected to commemorate the destruction and submergence of the Land of Mu (Plato's Atlantis). As this is the fifth record which Le Plongeon has found in Maya characters, of that same awful cataclysm, the event must cease to be regarded as a mere myth; and there seems little doubt that this was the great catastrophe which eventually resulted in the story of a unisal Deluge.

Dr. Le Plongeon, it will be remembered is the author of *Queen Móo and the Egyptian Sphinx*; *Immigration to America from the year 500 B. C. to 1462 A. C.*, and other books relating to the Mayas and their civilization—which we noticed in this department recently.

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TALKS AND TALES.

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To the Patron Members of the American Association of the Blind:

KIND FRIENDS:—This notice is to inform you that your membership fee can be paid to our treasurer, H. R. W. MILES, or to Miss Etta J. Giffin, Pavilion for the Blind, Library of Congress, this being in lieu of any further charge for the magazine TALKS and TALES.

WE desire to call the attention of the readers of TALKS and TALES to articles which appear by the following occasional contributors, all of whom are blind.

H. R. W. Miles, Mary E. Sanford, Charlotte M. Hinman, Alice A. Holmes, H. Stennett Rogers, Alfred J. Hosking, Alexander Cameron, Roberta Anna Griffith, Rev. Ghosn el Howie, Syria; Helen Marr Campbell, Clarence Hawkes, Mamie Ray, Harry Forrester, J. Newton Breed.

RIVER AND VALLEY.

TALKS AND TALES.

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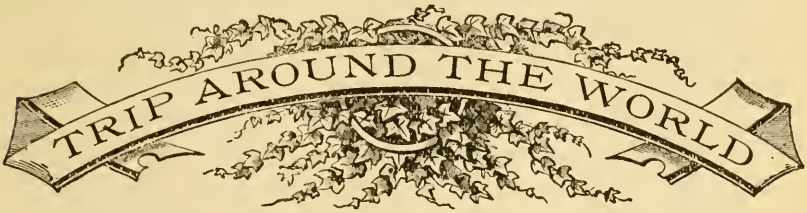


BY THE FAMOUS TRAVELERS E. AND E. AND THEIR EQUALLY FAMOUS SERVANTS S. AND P.

HOW well I remember the interest and enjoyment I experienced when a lad, while perusing the wonderful and ever pleasing stories of the "Arabian Nights," and well do I recall the tale of the magical carpet, upon which the possessor could sit, and by a mere wish, find himself instantly in the place where he most desired to be. Fanciful as this appears, yet, there is within the reach of every person who has at his command the time and means for travel and observation, the possibility of so enriching the mind, that the memory, upon the slightest suggestion, may carry him back to a fresh realization of all that is grand in nature, beautiful in art or pleasurable to the senses. Oh, the joy of it! To have a simple strain of music bring back before us the moonlit evenings on the Grand Canal, a roseate cloud, recall the Alpen-glow upon Mont Blanc, a rhythm of a waltz transport us to the Danube, the tawny sand within an hour glass, hint of the Sahara, and the rich fragrance of a Jacqueminot suggest the rose garden where blooms in fadeless beauty that perfect flower of architecture, the Tag Mahal. Who can doubt the benefits of travel, as a means of enlarging the scope and sweep of the mind? What an ideal Seminary of Learning it would be if one of our great ocean "Greyhounds" could be utilized for this purpose and give each pupil an opportunity to visit the countries where lived the people whose lives, fortune and fate, make the pages of history, enrich our literature and whose productions are the art treasures of the world. Once having gathered these treasures and stored them in the art gallery of the mind, you have a mine of wealth which can never be exhausted or destroyed. While life and reason

last, no accident or theft can rob you of the many invaluable trophies of the past. The Cathedral of Milan may be razed to the ground, the Venus de Milo may be broken to atoms, but memory will reproduce them in all their original grandeur and beauty. The eyes may grow dim and the ears refuse to perform their office, but memory will recreate for his enjoyment, the beautiful visions which the traveler has once enjoyed. Among the many scenes thus happily recalled, few are more pregnant with interest than Belgium and Holland. The Netherlands are spoken of as the low countries, but here indeed valiant men, fine arts and famous deeds, supply what may be wanting in natural grandeur of scenery to enlist the interest of the tourist.

The inhabitants of Belgium are composed of two distinct races, almost as different from each other in racial characteristics as are the Germans from the French. The northern provinces, bordering mainly on the North Sea, are inhabited by the Flemings, a sturdy, blue-eyed, fair-haired people of Teutonic origin, somewhat akin to the Dutch. In fact, the language spoken by them closely resembles that of Holland, and the Dutch and Flemish read each other's newspapers, although they cannot very well understand each other's conversation. In this portion of Belgium—which constitutes the real Flanders—are located the interesting old cities, Bruges and Ghent, as well as the great seaport, Antwerp; but, aside from the important commercial interests of the latter city and the lace-making of Ghent and Bruges, the population of these provinces is mainly engaged in agriculture.

In southern Belgium, however, which is the manufacturing part of the kingdom, lives an entirely different people known as the Walloons.

They are descendants of the Gauls, and are as a rule, of a high-strung nervous temperament, with dark complexions and lively dispositions, like the French. These people speak not only French, but a dialect of the French language, known as the Walloon, which more closely resembles the old provencal of southern France than does the modern French itself. The splendid cities and prosperous towns in these Walloon provinces of Belgium, full of industrial life and enterprise, and inhabited by thrifty, pleasure-loving people, are profoundly interesting and attractive, and the exquisite beauty and charm of their river valleys and wooded hills, dotted here and there with a stately castle, leave ineffaceable impressions on the memory. It is strange that two such dissimilar races as the phlegmatic Flemish farmers and the light-hearted Walloon workmen should coalesce and form a homogeneous people; yet such is the fact. The Flemish element is the larger, constituting about four-sevenths of the population and is devoutly Roman Catholic in religion and conservative in politics; while, on the other hand, the Walloons are usually very liberal in their political and religious views. Yet the two races make a happy, contented people, and meet on common ground in the beautiful capital, Brussels, where each is represented in all branches of the

administration, as well as in the courts of justice and the two Houses of Parliament.

Brussels, the capital of Belgium, is often called a miniature Paris. In fact, a traveler suddenly transported thither would hardly know that he was not in some retired section of the French metropolis. The same language is spoken in Brussels as in Paris; similar street signs greet us everywhere; the creamy color of the buildings is analogous to that which makes the city of the Seine so light and cheerful in appearance; the style of architecture, also, in both cities is nearly identical; and even the shops, cafés, and covered passageways in Brussels are thoroughly Parisian in appearance. Friends who have lived in this bright city of the Belgians assure me that it is far superior, as a place of residence, to many larger Continental capitals; and it is therefore singular that Englishmen and Americans who wish to spend considerable time abroad, in order to perfect themselves in the French language, almost invariably go to Paris, where the large English-speaking colony and the incessant whirl of gaiety make serious study well-nigh impossible. The central situation of Brussels, also, renders it very advantageous as a place of sojourn. London, Paris, Berlin, and Berne are about equally distant from the Belgian metropolis, which may in consequence be likened to the hub of a wheel, upon the outer rim of which some of the principal European cities are located.

Many travelers consider Brussels the third handsomest capital in Europe, ranking it after Paris and Vienna. Certain it is, that with its miles of superb boulevards, shaded by noble trees and flanked by magnificent modern residences; its splendidly constructed pavements, washed and swept every night with characteristic Flemish cleanliness; its Palace of Justice, Conservatory of Music, Museum of the Fine Arts, and palatial Bourse, in addition to its venerable Cathedral of St. Gudule, the Hotel de Ville, and other noble edifices of the past, it has few rivals among the leading cities of the world. The most interesting square in the Belgian capital is the Place de l' Hotel de Ville. Its history is almost identical with that of Brussels; for hardly one remarkable event in the annals of the city has lacked this area for its scene of action. What memories, therefore, cluster round the venerable buildings which front upon it.

On one side stands that beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture, known as the Hotel de Ville, which still appears almost as stately and imposing as when its richly decorated walls sent back in noisy echoes the revelry of brilliant tournaments, or cast its shadow like a pall upon some cruel execution in the square below. This noble edifice suffered severely during the bombardment of the city by Louis XIVth, in 1695, but the injured portions have been carefully restored after the original designs, and the result is one of the finest mediaeval structures on the Continent.

The most interesting apartment in this historic City Hall is the large banquet-room, which is adorned with fine oak carving, and has a ceiling remarkable for the splendor of its ornamentation. It was here, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, that the rich Flemish burghers and the powerful Guilds of Brussels used to entertain with proverbial hospitality, the kings, dukes, princes, and ambassadors who came to them from other lands. Nor is Belgian hospitality a thing of the past. In 1890 when Henry M. Stanley was a guest of the King of Belgium, immediately after the explorer's return from his last trip through Africa, the Mayor and Aldermen of Brussels gave a grand dinner in his honor in this ancient banquet-room.

It was a most interesting scene; for there were gathered here, to meet the famous traveler, the ministers of England, France, the United States, and other great Powers, together with representatives of the highest Belgian nobility, and the leading men in the professional and literary life of the kingdom. Meantime, looking down on these distinguished guests were the impressive faces of William the Silent, Maurice of Orange, Grotius, Egmont, Hoorn, and other Dutch and Flemish heroes, whose noble portraits in Gobelin tapestry adorn the sombre walls. On the other sides of the Grand Place, as it is often called, are still to be seen a number of imposing buildings, constructed three or four centuries ago, yet well-preserved, with elaborate façades and Gothic roofs; and these, together with the Hotel de Ville, are eloquent reminders of the days when the rich and powerful Flemish Guilds governed all Flanders, and brought their country to as high a position in respect to manufactures, military prowess, material prosperity, and the fine arts as was attained by any European nation of that age. One of the most curious and interesting of these buildings is known as the House of the King. This name, however, did not indicate a residence of royalty, in the usual sense of the term, but merely signified the official residence of the King of the Guilds, who, as the Chief of the Municipality, lived here and entertained with sumptuous hospitality the city's guests; for the liberty-loving Flemings held only a nominal allegiance to the House of Austria, and practically knew no other king than the chosen sovereign of their industrial Unions. Even now in the active life of Brussels the Grand Place still holds a prominent position. It is not only the centre of all business pertaining to the Municipality, but it is also the site of some of the most interesting temporary markets that are held in the city.

Once a week, for example, from six to nine o'clock in the morning, there will be found within this area a great bird market, when hundreds of canaries, nightingales, mocking-birds, thrushes and parrots may be seen flitting about in their cages chirping, singing, whistling and filling the air with almost deafening, yet melodious sounds.

On such occasions, the square is chiefly occupied by the shrewd, jovial

Flemish and Walloon peasant women, who are often somewhat boisterous in their eagerness to exchange the silvery notes of their feathered songsters for the musical clink of silver coins. Twice a week, also, at the same hours, there is held here a flower market, and the whole square becomes fragrant with the perfume of exquisite roses, carnations and other floral products brought in enormous quantities from the country districts. A visit to either of these markets, on a bright spring morning, is a charming experience, and gives a picture of the industrious habits, and the happy and contented life of the people, that will never fade from memory.

"Our many deeds, the thoughts that we have thought,
They go out from us thronging every hour;
And in them all is folded up a power
That on the earth doth move them to and fro;
And mighty are the marvels they have wrought
On hearts we know not, and may never know."

PA'S WOOING.

MARIA LOUISE POOLE.

"DON'T you think pa's kind of odd lately, Zenas?"

The man to whom this question was put was sitting at the other side of a small table which was placed against the wall in the kitchen. The breakfast was spread upon this table.

Mr. Simpson paused momentarily in the act of chasing a few peas around his plate with a knife with a view to eating the peas.

"No; I ain't noticed nothin'," said he, slowly. "Guess you're gettin' notional."

Mrs. Simpson was slowly sipping tea from her saucer, occasionally dipping a twisted doughnut in her drink.

"I don't think men can see things 'less they're chucked right under their noses, 'n' their heads rapped at the same time," she remarked, with some disdain. "I've be'n noticin' of it for more'n a month; 'n' I don't know what to make of it."

Mr. Simpson leaned back in his chair.

"Old gentleman ain't thinkin' of marryin' ag'in, is he?" he responded.

Mrs. Simpson flushed all over her thin, nervous face as she replied:

"Course he ain't! Marryin'! Why, he's in his eightieth year! Besides," with an air of relief, "there ain't no woman 'round here that'd have him."

"Needn't be so sure of that," said Zenas, more quickly than he had yet spoken. "Women'll have anybody; don't make no difference what."

Here the speaker laughed again. As the present Mrs. Simpson was this man's third wife, she now remained discreetly silent.

The couple were living in Mr. Littlefield's house; for this reason Zenas could let his own house and have the rent money to use. Zenas was forehanded, but that fact did not prevent its being a very good arrangement that they should all live in the old man's house. Mr. Simpson could not remember that he had ever been able to make quite so advantageous an arrangement with any of the men who had been his father-in-law. His own suggestion that his wife's father was thinking of marrying again began really to worry him.

He was frowning and fingering a toothpick, when the door opened, and a tall, heavily-built man entered, and walked to his place at the table.

Mrs. Simpson looked at him and exclaimed:

"Why, father!"

Mr. Simpson also looked and exclaimed. But he said:

"Oh, thunder!"

The elder man hurriedly extended his cup for coffee. He grew red in the face as he tried to smile unconcernedly.

"What's the matter now?" he asked. "You seem kinder s'prised 'bout something. Lyddy, I wish you'd pass me the sugar."

The daughter passed the sugar. She continued to gaze at her father, who had the appearance of a well-preserved man of seventy.

"I didn't hardly know you," she said. "I ain't never seen you 'thought your whiskers sence I c'n remember."

Mr. Littlefield put his hand complacently over his long white mustache. He had always worn a full beard.

"Thought I'd try shavin'," he remarked. "I did it myself. My hand's jest as stiddy"—

He held up his hand as he spoke, and glanced about him with pride. There was a slight tremor in the fingers, but not enough to proclaim his eighty years.

Suddenly he sat back in his chair. His fresh, ruddy face grew grave.

"We ain't arst no blessin' on our victuals," he said.

"That's a fact," responded Zenas. "Go ahead, pa."

Pa bent his head. His voice quavered somewhat as he began:

"Heavenly Father for what we are about to receive make us duly thankful. Amen."

For more than forty years Lyddy had heard this blessing at every meal when her father had been present.

She felt it to be an ill omen that he had forgotten it for a moment, even though he was late.

She sat back in her chair and looked at him furtively. How strange his face was without his beard, and with that mustache sweeping back at each side!

"I declare, pa," she broke out, "I feel kinder lost seein' you so. What made you do it?"

"I've been thinkin' of it this some time," was the answer. "'N' finally I thought I'd do it 'fore the convention meets over to Gurley. I s'pose you're goin', ain't you, Lyddy?"

Mr. Littlefield was making a very good breakfast, notwithstanding his recent interesting experience with his toilet.

"No," said Lyddy, "I ain't goin'. I never was no hand to gad, you know, pa."

Mr. Littlefield looked disappointed.

Mr. Simpson shoved his chair gratingly away from the table as he

remarked that he " 'n' Lyddy didn't have no time to go 'bout the country to conventions."

"I didn't know but, bein' Baptists, you'd be thinkin' of attendin'," was the response.

The old gentleman presently added that there "wan't never anybody to go anywhere with him." He was always alone.

His daughter stared at him in silence. It was true that she did not go anywhere with her father. But, then, she did not go anywhere with any one. She always stayed at home. She was busy. She knew that her father was around; but she did not notice him any more than she noticed the old dog, who slept in different out-of-the-way places.

And she did not care for dogs, though she intended to treat them well. She cooked, and washed, and ironed for her father. If he should be sick, she would take "first-rate-care" of him.

But he never was sick. She supposed he would be, sometime. And old folks died.

It never occurred to Mrs. Simpson that she was not the best kind of a daughter, or that her father did not have the best kind of a time.

The man who drove the depot wagon always flung out the Boston daily paper which Mr. Littlefield had bought for years. It was true that Zenas, if he were at home, always got the paper and had the first reading of it; but the old man had it pretty soon, anyway; and he always seemed to read every inch of it.

Neither Mr. Simpson nor his wife said much to Mr. Littlefield. Unconsciously, Lyddy had in her mind placed her father somewhat outside the pale of the common interests that absorbed her. He was old; of course, old folks didn't care about things as they used to care. She herself was over fifty, but that was different.

Lyddy had noticed sometimes that her father's face had a kind of wistful, lonesome look as he sat with his paper on his knee after he had read it, or as he waited for Zenas to finish reading it.

But she never thought much about that look.

The next day he said to her that he "couldn't help kinder wishin' she was goin' to that convention. There'd be some first-rate ministers there."

" 'Tain't no use for me to think of it," she replied, shortly. "You c'n go. You ain't got nothin' else to do."

"But it's kinder lonesome, never havin' nobody with ye," said Mr. Littlefield. " 'N' you know I'm what you'd call a sociable sort of a man, Lyddy. Your mother always said I was real sociable."

The speaker was standing at the window in the kitchen, with his cane in his hand and his hat on the back of his head. Liddy did not look up from the milk-pail; she was washing it at the sink. She only said, with a

careless contempt, that "old folks always wonld take up queer notions."

Her father stood a moment longer. He stroked his mustache, and he straightened up involuntarily as he did so. But he was conscious that he did not get much comfort from this caress of the mustache.

He walked to the end of the kitchen, where his bedroom was. He put his hat and his cane on the bed. He moved somewhat aimlessly about the small room.

A large lilac grew in front of the one window. In that lilac a pair of robins had built their nests, and the young ones were now sitting there in constant expectation of the arrival of one or both parents with worms.

Mr. Littlefield sat down in the chair by the window, and leaned forward to watch the birds. Presently the father and mother came, the mouths gaped and swallowed.

"They ain't lonesome," said Mr. Littlefield aloud. "I'm a real sociable man. Lyddy's mother used to say so. I ain't one of them kind that likes to be alone. There ain't nobody nowadays that wants me with 'em."

The florid, still handsome old face broke from its usual lines; the mouth under the mustache began to tremble with self-pity. The corded hands resting on the chair arms shut tightly.

The old man sat there for a few moments. Then he rose and knelt down by the bed. He was obliged to guard his movements, though he was young for his years.

He always prayed night and morning, kneeling by his bed, but he could not remember that he had ever prayed in the daytime like this; and the fact naturally added an importance to the function in his own eyes, and he could not help thinking that it would have the same effect in the eyes of God also.

The uncertain whisper became audible.

"Oh, Lord, thou knowest how I am situated. I need a companion. Lord, if, in thy wisdom, thou thinkest it best, I pray thee send me a companion. Thou knowest I have property enough to be real comfortable, and leave Liddy something, too. I pray thee, Lord, think about a companion for my declining years. For Christ's sake. Amen.

Just as he had said "Amen," his daughter opened the door. She shrank back. She thought her father had gone out, and she came with a broom in her hand.

She was startled. She understood about praying night and morning, but it did not seem necessary to address the Lord at other times.

The old man was a little hard of hearing, and he had not noticed the opening of the door.

He placed his hands on the side of the bed, and braced himself, so that he could rise more easily.

He saw Lyddy and became confused.

"Why, pa!" she exclaimed.

She had vague thoughts of sending for the doctor. When a man goes and prays after breakfast, after having prayed before breakfast, she felt as if something ought to be done.

"Does your stomach seem to be out of order, pa?" she asked.

"Stomach, no!" was the response.

Mr. Littlefield reached forward and took his cane from the bed, planted it firmly on the floor, and leaned heavily on it as he confronted the woman in the doorway.

"I've been addressing my Maker," he said, solemnly.

"Ain't you's well as common?" she asked.

"Yes, I be."

At this point the old man began to waver from his firm attitude.

"I was kinder lonesome," he said, "'n' I thought I'd make a bit of a prayer. God hears prayers, you know, Lyddy."

"Lonesome?" repeated Lyddy, now beginning to be irritated. "I don't see how you c'n say that when me 'n' Zenas are round here all the time."

"I know you be. But somehow I'm outside. I d'know how 't is, but I be outside."

His voice was pitched in the high note of age as he went on: "Your mother always said I was a real sociable man, Lyddy."

"Do you want me to sit down 'n' spend my time talkin' with you?"

Mrs. Simpson put this inquiry with some scorn. She went on: "If you do, I c'n tell you I've got my work standin' 'round waitin' to be done."

"'T ain't that," said Mr. Littlefield, "but I'm outside."

Lyddy turned away with her broom. She took her implement into the back porch, which she swept with much vigor. She hadn't any patience with her father when he told her he was "outside." What did he mean? Outside of what? She had a fleeting thought that she would try to go with him to that convention, but she didn't see how in the world she could do it. There was always butter to make, if nothing else.

Three days later, when the morning came, she had given up all such intention, if she could be said to have had it. But, as she fastened her father's necktie, she did say to him that she would go if she "wan'nt driven to death." The old face above her looked so pleased and grateful at these words that Lyddy's heart gave a curious, quick beat of something like pain.

"I'm mighty glad you thought of it," he said.

She watched him walk down the path to take the depot wagon.

"He's a real good-lookin' old man, if he is my father," she said to herself.

"Old gentleman's quite chirk, ain't he?" said Zenas, with a laugh. Lyddy did not know why the tone and the laugh grated so upon her.

"Mebby he'll be makin' up to some gal over to the convention," remarked Zenas, chuckling.

Mr. Littlefield conversed affably with the three other people in the depot wagon. They were going to Gurley to the convention, but when they arrived, they separated themselves from him.

After Mr. Littlefield had taken his place in the church, he bent his head forward to the back of the pew in front of him, and repeated in a whisper the petition to the Lord for a companion.

The repeating of this prayer seemed to put the maker of it in good spirits. He rose with cheerful agility to let a woman pass into the pew, for the people were beginning to come in fast now.

When he sat down again, he stroked his mustache; then he turned and looked at the woman sitting a few feet away from him. He pretended that he was gazing beyond her at something the other side of the church.

He noticed that her gray hair was wavy, and he thought it was pretty. She had a dark face, with lines and wrinkles all over it; but for all those lines and wrinkles, it had a certain fresh appearance. As he watched her, she bowed and smiled, greeting some one who came into the seat opposite. The smile seemed to warm Mr. Littlefield's lonely heart. He sat up erect. He wished he knew some way to get introduced. He remembered his prayer. It might be that it was the Lord's will to answer it favorably.

When the hymn was given out, the woman found the place, and handed the book to the old man. He took it with a trembling hand. He was inwardly glad that he had shaved off that long gray beard.

He tried to hear the speaking by the different ministers, but his mind wandered in a vague, pleasant way, and he found that he could not follow their words.

At noon, tickets were given to the people from out of town to the residents. Each ticket bore a name and address, and entitled the bearer to a dinner.

These conventions were a generally hospitable time among the Baptists.

Mr. Littlefield took his bit of pasteboard, found the right street and the right house, and, when he reached the yard, he flung up his head and walked smartly up the path.

He could not help a little start when the dark woman with the gray hair opened the door to him. Then he gathered himself up, and said, gallantly:

"I guess I am in luck, this time, to git sent here."

The two sat alone at the dinner table. After the first cup of tea they began to talk.

Does any one call youth frank? There is nothing like the frankness of age, and nothing like age for the asking of leading questions.

As he stirred his cream and tea, Mr. Littlefield inquired:

"Is your husband living?" Mrs. Tate looked steadily down into her teacup, as she answered:

"The Lord took Mr. Tate five years ago the 17th of last February. He had old-fashioned consumption. He was sick a long time."

"It must have been real wearin' to you, Mis' Tate."

Mr. Littlefield spoke with unction. The years seemed to roll off him. To sit opposite this woman, and talk with her, while he drank excellent tea and ate an excellent dinner, was having the effect of a miracle upon him.

"'T was wearin'," was the response, "but the Lord helped me to bear it."

The man liked this reference to the Lord.

He was silent for a moment. Then he passed his cup a third time.

"'I d'know when I've drunk such tea," he said. "What kind do you use, Mis' Tate?"

"Reg'lar black. But I guess it's in the steepin'."

"I guess likely 't is. Lyddy, she's apt to bile her tea."

"It spiles tea to bile it," remarked Mrs. Tate.

"So I tell um."

Another short silence.

"Is this house your'n?" suddenly asked Mr. Littlefield.

"No, 't ain't. But I have the use of it 's long's I live; or till—"

The speaker paused, and a dull red crept over her face.

"Till what?"

"I marry. But 't ain't no ways likely I sh'll marry again."

"I d'know about that," returned Mr. Litttlefield, with a great deal of meaning. "A lady like you, young lookin' 's you be, must have lots of chances."

Mrs. Tate made no reply to this, save by a conscious smile.

"Lots of chances," repeated the man, boldly.

Suddenly Mr. Littlefield began to dilate upon the lonely condition of a widower, even though he lived with his married daughter. He went on to explain that he owned the house, that he had $6,000 in the bank, and that If he should take another wife, he should give her $1,000 outright. He said he never had been mean, and he wa'nt going to begin now.

"You don't know nothing 'bout me," he went on, speaking faster and faster, "but you c'n send anybody over to Winslow, 'n' have um ask all they want to, 'n' if things ain't 's I say, why—"

The speaker paused. He was gazing at the woman opposite him, and thinking how pleasant her face was, and what a good housekeeper she seemed to be, and how good her tea tasted.

"If you ain't no objections," he began again, "I wish you'd git somebody to go over to Winslow, will you?"

Mrs. Tate was folding her napkin contemplatively. She glanced up at the sturdy face opposite her.

"You said your daughter lived there," she remarked.

"Yes; but Zenas, he's got a house, 'n' they c'n move there. Ye see," confidentially. "theyve got other int'rests, 'n' I'm tired of bein' an outsider. I've be'n an outsider ever sence Lyddy's mother died. The Lord seems to have led me here. The Lord's hand is in it."

"I guess I'll send Deacon Miller over to Winslow some time next week," said Mrs. Tate. "How old be ye, Mr. Littlefield?"

The man passed his hand over his mustache. He hesitated an instant, then he answered: "I shall be seventy-three next August."

And to himself he said: "So I shall be seventy-three then."

He could not put that question to the woman sitting there. But Mrs. Tate remarked, with great apparent frankness:

"'T ain't no use keepin' such things hid. I was fifty-six last birthday."

She was sixty-five last birthday.

Mr. Littlefield came up bravely with his rejoinder. "You was!" he exclaimed. "It's 'stonishing how young you look."

Deacon Miller was duly sent to Winslow to make investigation. When he came back he told Mrs. Tate that everything was just as Mr. Littlefield had said, only—. Here he paused and grinned.

"Only what?" impatiently.

In the meantime the widower had paid the widow several visits, and the courting was advanced wonderfully, as is the way with widowers.

"He's eighty years old—or will be in August."

Mrs. Tate smiled.

"'T ain't much matter," she replied.

So it happened that Zenas had to take his wife to his own house before the summer was over. He swore about it. He said Lyddy's pa ought to be put in an asylum. He began to say something extremely disrespectful about widowers, but Lyddy looked at him so strangely that he remembered, and did not finish his sentence.

Mr. Littlefield carried himself with the air of a conquering hero. He talked of Mrs. Tate to every one who would listen. He said that some folks didn't believe that God answered prayer, but, as for him, he was sorry for "them kind of folks." Mr. Simpson would not allow his wife to go to the wedding. He said "it was all a mess of tomfoolery; and, likely 's not it never'd have come about if she'd had sense enough to have went to that convention with the old man."—[*Woman's Journal.*

THE LOGICAL SUBSTITUTE.

HARRIET STANTON BLATCH.

IT was in that great sea of chimney-pots called the East End of London that the Goodyears took a house, when they first came up from Hampshire to try their luck in the metropolis. John Goodyear was a blacksmith, and a year or so after his marriage it was decided that he should join his wife's brother Andrew, who was doing well in London at the smith's trade.

Andrew stood on the platform as the train bringing Mary and John and the baby steamed into the station. He waved an excited greeting to John, who hung anxiously out of the carriage window, and a still more enthusiastic welcome to his sister, when she showed her face, full of timid questionings.

"It do seem a w'irl," she said, as Andrew helped her to the platform. "W'at's a-goin' h'on? There's so many folks 'ere!"

"Nothink, nothink. H'ain't in 'Ampshire now, that's h'all," replied Andrew, as he and John collected the parcels and put them in a pile. "See you brought the h'old clock. That's good, 'e'll a keep us h'up to time!"

"Yees," drawled John, "we 'a' brought 'e right in the kerridge along with us, seeing 'im might a get broke goin' luggage train with the h'other thinks. 'As the furniture a come yet?"

"Nay, nay, John," put in Mary, reading the answer in Andrew's face, "thinks are fast h'up 'ere, but not so a fast as that." And they moved off, laughing at Mary's joke, to take another train, which would carry them deeper into the world of chimney-pots.

"The river, the Thames," explained Andrew, as they ran out on the bridge, crossing to Cannon Street. "Big, h'ain't 'e? Bigger 'an chalk streams down in 'Amshire, heh?" And he held the baby up high, and said it was "a-cooin' to the water."

And next, Mary and John found themselves in a cab, a four-wheeler; Mary thought she would like her friends to see her driving in a real closed carriage; but the pride was a little spoiled by fear, as the great drays and omnibuses pressed close to them on all sides. While Mary was having her moments of mounting pride in silence, John spoke out his. He looked at the horse's shoes and said, "H'ain't very good work. Could do better. We'll show 'em, H'andy!"

The baby began to nod, and Andrew gave it to Mary, and took the clock on his knee to nurse. He loved the old time-piece, and he loved the new baby; indeed, Andrew Bransom was like Browning's Duchess, though he

never heard of her, nor of any poetry in fact; still he was the twin of her who

"liked whate'er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere."

As they drove on and on, the big buildings gave place to row upon row of small, closely packed cottages built right on the street. Mary and John knew that at last they were in the district where such as they lived. She moved a little nearer to her husband, and he laid his hand across on the baby. Andrew pulled the clock up closer to him. He knew what they were thinking, and said, apologetically:

"H'it do look naked; forgot to put h'on h'its green dress this morning."

The drive seemed as if it would never come to an end, but Mary wished they might go on again, when Andrew announced, as the cab drew up in front of a long, monotonous row of cottages, "'Ere we h'are!" Her heart was a bit lighter, however, when she saw the efforts her brother had been making to put all in order for them. As the men brought in the boxes and parcels, she gave a word of praise to Andrew for his taste in curtains and window flowers. It did not escape her housewife's eye that the fire was burning, the tea-kettle singing cozily, and everything ready on the table for tea. Her final comment was, "Well, H'andy, you are 'andy!"

As the week went by, and Mary found plenty to do in putting the new home in order, and began to enter into the spirit of the half-holiday treats each Saturday which John and Andrew gave her, the dismal little street looked quite neighborly to her, and she really got so that she knew one house from another, and could tell when she had reached her own home. Gradually she stopped saying the backyard "were narrer," and was less and less homesick for the "'igh 'ills."

John and Andrew did so well at their trade that the expenses connected with the coming of the second baby gave no cause for worry. Mary, to be sure, had additional work; but she was a real 'faculty woman,' and dovetailed the extras in so neatly that no one suspected how hard the little housewife was working. As time went on and trade increased, the men too came to know what overtime work was, and they were all the more ready for the half day off on Saturday, even if Mary could seldom go on their excursions with them. The little woman did not notice herself that she was overdoing; she only found, when the third baby was coming, that "nothink went h'easy." The meals were not ready on time, and at last John, even good-natured John, fell to grumbling. One day, when he was over sharp, Mary broke down, and owned she felt ill. And then the doctor was called in, and Mary was ordered to bed. After the new baby was born, she never rallied.

For a time after Mary's death, John and Andrew hired a woman to look after the house and children, but they found her a "poor 'un." One day, when Andrew caught her whipping one of the children, he made up his mind

to "talk h'it h'over with John."

That evening, when the children were safely tucked in bed, Andrew drew his chair up to the fire, saying, "Now, see 'ere, John, h'ain't h'i a more wanted 'ere than at the shop?"

"'Ere?" questioned John, with a long interrogatory pull at his pipe.

"Yees, 'ere, in this 'ere 'ouse. We can get a some one at the smithy in my place, but 'ere not. H'ain't h'i always been 'andy? You 'ave heered Mary, poor gal, a say as much, H'i can cook a tidy bit, and h'i love those child'en. H'i 'ave 'elped lots with 'em. H'i can't stan' seeing 'em whacked." And there were tears in Andrew's voice.

"Wall," said John, "we can try 'un."

In a few days Andrew was established in his new position, and soon the house shone again as it did in Mary's reign. The children were clean and happy, and John found something of the old cheer awaiting his homecoming. Andrew had much to learn, and a meal did not always turn out just as he expected; but at first John took it all good-naturedly, and laughed off the discomfort. But gradually, as he came to see that the children always stood first in Andrew's calculations, jealousy somewhat changed his good-natured acceptance of inconveniences. He did not find half boiled cabbage digestible because the baby never had colic on account of badly prepared food; nor was he made more patient about his belated meal by seeing Andrew sitting and very slowly giving the baby its bottle in just the way the doctor recommended.

John began to think a great deal of the bread-winner playing second-fiddle, and he held many imaginary conversations with Andrew on the subject. He could not screw his courage up to an open talk in cold blood, and he had not yet been quite angry enough to break into unpremeditated eruption. Words, of course, had been dropped now and again: "Think that child might be a fed h'earlier." "Allis late, seems ter me." "More money? Well, h'i'm no gold mine." But the beginning of these little storms had always been turned to sunshine by some amusing or touching word from one of the older children. The hurricane was, however, only gathering force; for Andrew noticed the remarks, and fell to holding imaginary conversations also.

It was a cold, wet Saturday in May. The month was well on towards the end, but there had been no hiut yet of summer. The baby had kept Andrew awake most of the night in audible conversation on the tooth question. The day had been too rainy for the older children to play in the yard, and they had been under Andrew's feet all the morning, while he was trying to do the regular Saturday "tidy-up." John was accustomed to something extra for Saturday dinner, but on this particular day nothing more than the usual meal greeted him.

"Wall!" he shouted, 'h'ain't much worth sitting down to."

"What h'ain't worth a-sitting to?" shouted back Andrew.

"This 'ere feed. H'i 'ave been a-working all the week for you all. Don't lay h'out a h'extra 'a' penny but for a bit of 'baccie, and you a spend, and a spend money you h'ain't h'earned."

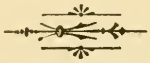
"H'ain't a 'andled my h'own money for a time now, that' true. H'it's all yours. H'i'm tired o' work and no pay."

"No pay?" stormed John. "H'ain't you a-getting victuals and a 'ome? H'ain't you a supported just a like any lady?"

And then there was an ominous silence. Finally Andrew seemed to have argued it all out to his own aatisfaction.

"H'i am supported, eh? Wall, h'i will go up-stairs to bed, then. H'i am tired. H'i 'ill take a rest, and let you support me." And he bustled out into the narrow passage; went a few steps, then turned, as if he had a second thought, and putting his head in at the door called, "Think h'i'd be quieter across the street at the pub. As you support me, h'i'll tell 'em to send you the bill."

The front door slammed, and all was quiet for a moment. Then the baby turned in its cradle and whimpered, and the two children ran in from the scullery saying, "Where's h'uncle? We want h'our dinner, daddy!"—*Woman's Journal.*



"The world is wide in time and tide,
And God is guide—so do not hurry.
And he is blest who does his best,
And leaves the rest—so do not worry."

In the Garden of Gethsemane.

ESOLINA AIDA CARRIERI.

(For Talks and Tales.)

ONE day I wandered into the Garden of Gethsemane, to find solitude and to think. Nature was fair and bright on that clear May-day; the birds were singing amid the thick-leaved trees, and they trilled their joyous little songs in tones of silvery sweetness. The air was fragrant with the odor of many flowers, and the Earth was robed in a vesture of most beautiful green. The cool south-breeze whispered through the woods, and told secrets of a land far away, causing the tree-tops to sway, with stately grace, to and fro, and their leaves to dance and flutter with a soft and rustling music. This and the carols of the hidden birds, were the only sounds that disturbed the drowsy stillness. Through the swaying branches I caught glimpses of a sky, clear and blue, in which the sun, like a golden jewel, was smiling its love to the Earth.

I paused beneath a large spreading oak, and pillowing my head against its rough gnarled trunk, closed my eyes and inhaled deep breaths of the balmy air. The wandering winds, discovering me, gently lifted a lock of hair and cooled my heated brow. They wafted my thoughts, on their airy pinions, to the land of fancies.

Oh, how glad I was to be away from the work-a-day world, with all its turmoil and strife; thankful for the peace that held my spirit in its thrall. I felt so near to an invisible power that I involuntarily opened my eyes, half expecting to see some divine presence near me. I sighed impatiently at my folly and recommenced my walk.

"What nonsense am I thinking, why should I expect to see beings in whose existence I have no faith?' I mused. "Science surely proves that there is no God." And yet I felt that I would willingly have given all the knowledge of years and all the wisdom I possessed, only to be a child again with the olden faith of God in me. "O, for light and understanding on this most puzzling subject!" I cried, my spirit awakening to new longings and new desires. "I am so tired of proving everything that I see, without finding the 'why' and 'wherefore' of it all. Surely there is something better than this dull life of ours, where each is striving to put down the other. Is there nothing more pure, more noble, nothing worth struggling to attain? O great and wonderful Power! that welds worlds together, and holds the Earth in the hollow of Thine hand, Give me Light, that I may see, and true Wisdom, that I may

understand. Not as the world gives, but with the Light and Wisdom that comes from the Divine. How can I face the world again with my longings unfullfilled?" This I cried, battling with the hopes and fears that arose in me. When in the midst of these I came upon a sylvan scene of wondrous beauty.

I found myself at the foot of a rugged mountain, down whose sides rushed a stream that ended in a cataract. I watched it dash against the rocks overhead, and leap out into the air with a mighty bound for freedom, then plunge with an angry roar into the rocky basin below, where it churned and foamed in impotent fury at its failure, throwing up thin sprays which the sun turned into miniature rainbows. Then smoothing out its angry waves it rolled and danced away between its banks of changing green, like a glittering thread of silver, till lost to view amidst the trees that framed it in, like a mighty picture painted by a divine hand.

I seated myself at the foot of a tree, and gazed at the ever rushing waters. And as I sat there it seemed as if the deafening roar threw a spell over me. A drowsy feeling stole over me, then suddenly I found myself in the midst of the whirling flood. It did not occur to me to be surprised at where I was. I stepped through the shimmering curtain, which parted to give me passage, and found myself in a grotto about three by five feet.

It was well lighted, for the sun shone through the sparkling veil that hid its opening. The floor and walls were covered and carpeted by mosses. While here and there, a tiny baby-blue-eye blossomed in peace. At the other end of the grotto, beside a great moss covered rock, I saw a thick patch of flowers, like unto violets. And such violets! I could just see their pretty heads peering from beneath their broad leaves. But most wonderful of all that I had seen, was their color, which was of a deep, deep crimson, while their eyes scintillated like diamonds in their dark setting.

I stooped to pluck some of the flowers, when a voice, small but sweet and clear, like a silver bell, rang out: "What have they done to thee, that thou wouldst take them from their native home, only to cast them away when thou hast tired of their beauty?" I stood still, wondering if I were awake or dreaming. "Who are you," I asked at last, "that seems to speak from the violets?" "We are spirits that keepeth watch over these flowers," was the answer given. "Tell me your story. Why do you keep this lonely vigil?" I asked. "Willst thou leave us in peace and untouched?" the voice, so sweet, inquired. "Yes," I said. Then seating myself beside the flowers, I listened to the wondrous but beautiful story.

"One thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven years ago, the flowers had birth. It was when the Saviour came into the Garden to pray, (the night that he was taken prisoner,) and as He knelt, the agony was so great the blood mingling with perspiration fell from His brow to the ground.

"We were spirits at that time, roaming from place to place, neither of Heaven, nor of Earth, and had come upon Him in our wanderings. We were filled with pity, for the agony seemed, even to us, more terrible than death. We stopped and watched, wondering at such great love that would be willing to die a most painful and shameful death, for the sake of a world lost in its sins. And lo, as we watched, an angel came down from Heaven, whose beauty was more than mortal eyes had ever seen. And over the head of the Lord, bowed so low, a light began to glow and take shape. It quivered and sparkled like smouldering fire; one moment it was bright and clear, and again it was dull and smothered; it seemed to be a part of the gloom, then a glorious light in itself.

"Then into this light, which shed a mellow glow about the kneeling figure, came an arm, whose hand clasped a chalice of purest crystal filled to the brim with blood. And a voice, like the 'sound of many waters' said, 'Drink, to the last bitter drop.' The Saviour answered, and said, 'Father, if thou be willing remove this cup from me, nevertheless thy will, and not mine, be done.' Then we saw the angel, who stood by His side, place on the drooping head a fiery circle, that shone with the brightness of a star, its form was like unto a crown of thorns. And the angel, in a voice of heavenly sweetness, spoke such words of comfort that can only come from God.

"Again the Saviour spoke, but now it was with head uplifted, and voice strong and firm: 'Thy will, and not mine, be done.' His face was transfigured, and such peace shone on it that it seemed that the glory of victory was already His. And truly it was the victory of supreme love.

"We fell on our faces in silent worship, and when we arose He was gone and only the angel was there. 'Why do ye marvel at what ye have seen?' the angel asked. 'We marvel that He who is the Prince of Heaven should abase Himself to save from sin, mortals who refuse Him and seek His life,' we answered. 'Is not what God made worth saving?' he asked in a sorrowful voice. We hung our heads in shame. 'But could not the world be saved by other means than this sacrifice?' was our query. 'The wages of sin is death. The world has sinned and He dieth to redeem the lost. He who is as pure as when He was with us, becomes Sin and proves that Death is the result of living in it.' The angel ceased and we bowed our heads in reverence of him and his words. 'O, could we but show our love for one so pure and noble,' we cried. 'If we could prove how dear He has grown to us! 'Ye shall have what ye desire. Behold, these drops of agony, which the Saviour shed for love of mankind, will I change into flowers, which shall never fade nor die. It shall be thy mission to guard and protect them. And for fear that any shall disturb ye, I shall erect a mountain over this place and cause water to hide its opening, that the eyes of the world shall not see ye.'

"The angel spoke and vanished, and lo, a wondrous thing took place.

At our feet, where the drops of blood were glowing, sprang up a thick patch of flowers, like unto violets, of a deep crimson in color, and eyes glittering like diamonds, sheltered by large green leaves, upon which there seemed to glisten the semblance of tears. And there sprang up a mountain inclosing us in, leaving this grotto, with this lustrous curtain to hide its opening.

"And here we keep our vigil, night and day. We dance on the mossy rock, and sleep beneath the broad leaves of the violets, and this we have done for one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven years and this we shall do till Christ the King shall come back to Earth."

The speaker ceased and a long silence ensued. I was about to speak when a sudden glow shone around me and I found myself outside of the grotto standing on the banks of the stream. I stared blankly at the waters, and I wondered if I had been sleeping and dreamed it all. "Shall I try to find out if it is all true," I asked myself. But a voice whispered in my heart: "Do not venture there again, for that which God hath hidden, man cannot find out nor see." I bowed my head in submission.

The sun was shining on the spray at the foot of the cataract, turning it into liquid gold. This was the glow I had first became aware of. The king of day was just preparing to seek his golden castle, and stood with one foot resting on the peak of a distant mountain; the trees cast long shadows over the ground and as the silence of eventide fell, like a mantle over the Earth, the sound of the waters became intensified.

The king still stood, meditatively regarding, as it seemed, the sacred mountain, then with a solemn movement threw his purple mantle Earthward; a royal sign of favor. It fell slowly, enfolding the mountain with stately grandeur, seeming to honor the place where the treasure was hid.

Then with slow lingering steps the king departed. The lights slowly faded, and one by one the stars appeared in the sky above and began their nightly, twinkling watch. A solemn hush fell over all the Earth as if all things were at prayers.

Ashen gray were the waters that a moment ago had glowed with life The tall trees looked dark and ghostly in the deepening dusk, and as I wended my way homeward, I felt the presence of God near me, and a voice was speaking in my soul, saying: "Oh, foolish but loved one, dost thou still doubt the power and glory of the God you once scorned?" I fell on my knees beneath the dark blue skies, and murmured in tears: "No, no, my Lord and King, I no more doubt! I have found the Light at last. And glorious is Thy Name forever!" And as I arose the moon in all its splendor peered over the tree-tops, and shone full into my face. I lifted my head and smiled. There was such infinite rest and peace in my heart as I whispered: "Thy will, and not mine, be done."

SHADOWS.

ALBA MALONE.

"SOME time, when it is too late, you'll be sorry for this, Lola!" His tones vibrated with pain, tragic in its intensity. And he stood with his hand on the door knob, lingering. Even yet he could not believe that she would let him go without saying one comforting word.

But she laughed in an idle, flippant way that maddened him.

"You forget," she said, "that I have refused dozens of other men besides you!"

He shot a glance at her that would have stabbed, if glances could stab. Then, without other answer, he went out into the night.

She seated herself in a leisurely way and laughed again.

"The little fool," she murmured, 'too think that I meant anything—I, with a face that might capture a duke and he, a beggarly author, with scarcely enough practical sense to keep him from starving! And he offers me, forsooth! his visions and dreams and hopes and aspirations! Thank you, Mr. Denton, but I don't care to waste my time chasing shadows with you; I prefer the substantial realities of life."

Meantime Denton went swiftly homeward, his heart beating to suffocation. He climbed the four flights of stairs to his room, two steps at a time, and then stumbled around in the dark till he found the bed. And as he lay there stunned he wondered dully if life could hold any heavier blow for him.

Two hours later his room mate came in and turned on the gas.

"Hello, Oscar! Gone to bed already?"

Then he noticed that Denton was fully dressed.

"No," said Denton, listlessly, "I was only resting."

As he spoke he rose, drew a chair up to the table, and sitting down, pulled some loose sheets of paper towards him.

"Got an article to write to-night?" asked his friend. "I wouldn't if I were you. You look too dead beat for anything. Let the piece wait till to-morrow."

"It won't wait," replied Denton, with a sternness entirely foreign to him.

He dipped his pen into the ink and began writing rapidly. Tom Williams sat and looked at him, wondering why he seemed so strange.

In about ten minutes Denton handed the paper to his friend silently.

" 'Too Late,' " read Tom. "Come, now, you know nothing is ever too

late; but hold on, it seems to be a song, and that's another question. The name of a song ought to be as sentimental as possible."

The banter died out of his face as he went on reading. When he had finished he turned to Denton and said with grave seriousness:

"My friend, do you know that this song will immortalize you?"

"A pen, dipped in the heart's blood, writes for eternity," replied Denton, slowly, as he lay back in his chair. "Do you want to set it to music, Tom?"

"I certainly do, and we'll make a fortune out of it, and take a trip to Europe—hurrah!"

But Denton made no reply, nor did the shadow pass from his face at the prospect of the European trip.

"I wish it would sell," he was saying inwardly. "I would like to get money in some way—not that I want it myself, but simply to prove to her that I can do something more than dream."

In a couple of weeks Tom had finished his part of the work. As he had caught the spirit of the words to the fullest extent, the result was a first-class composition. In three weeks more the publisher had examined the song and sent them a contract to sign, allowing them a fair royalty.

"Didn't I tell you so?" exclaimed Tom. "We'll make our fortune yet, see if we don't!"

"That depends entirely on whether the piece takes with the public," returned Denton. "It may fall dead from the press."

"You old pessimist, you always would take a gloomy view of everything!" laughed Tom.

But Denton only leaned back listlessly, wearily, clasped his hands across his brow and said nothing.

But he wished—oh, how he wished that he could make a fortune out of his song! It was the only revenge he desired. She had lashed his sensitive spirit by calling him "a beggarly author," a "visionary," a "dreamer," a "chaser of shadows," and he would like to prove to her that he was something more. He knew that he had talent, but he had never taken much trouble to convince other people of the fact. He had been content to plod along in an obscure way, doing his work well, it is true, but without taking any trouble about results, in the line of fame or money. Now a consuming desire had come to him to win fame and money, simply to prove to her that he could win them.

The days, weeks and months dragged on.

"Oscar," said Tom Williams, one night, bursting in with a radiant face, "the ladies of the Methodist church are going to give a concert, and they want you to sing and me to play."

"Well," said Denton, looking up from his writing in amazement, "is that all? I have been asked to sing before in my life; there's nothing so

wonderful in that, and as for you, considering you are a professional, I fail to see where the compliment comes in at all, or why you should be so elated by it."

"I wasn't elated about that," replied Tom, breathlessly; "but our song—it is out—here it is—you can sing it that night—you can give it quite a send-off with that incomparable tenor of yours—it is sure to make a hit."

Denton paled to the lips. Lola was sure to be there; he had written the song for her; he would sing it to her; if she had any heart the arrow would surely strike home.

"Yes," he said shortly, "I'll sing it."

But he went on with his writing, instead of taking the music the other held out to him.

Don't you want to look at it?" asked Tom, aghast at the utter lack of enthusiasm on his friend's part.

"I'm too busy now; I'll see it by-and-by."

"He certainly is the queerest fellow!" muttered the other, as he turned away to the window to examine the song.

The night of the concert came. The house was crowded. Lola was there, looking even lovelier than Denton had ever seen her. An elderly man, a wealthy widower, whom report had recently singled out as her future husband, was sitting beside her.

Denton's piece came third on the programme. Tom accompanied him. Tom was flushed and nervous. The singer was pale, but seemingly cool and collected, though his heart was beating wildly. He rested his left hand on the piano to steady himself, and his dark eyes were riveted on Lola's face as he began to sing.

There was something in the eye of the singer, there was something in the words of the song, there was something in the passion-swept tones that made her quail. She fidgeted nervously in her seat and tried to look away, but his eyes and his tones held her mercilessly fast.

"Some time, when it is too late, you'll be sorry for this, Lola!"

Over and over again these words out of the past kept beating a refrain in her mind, to the words of the song. They seemed to be a part of the song, or in some mysterious way mixed up with it.

"Some time, when it is too late, you'll be sorry"—How much longer, in the name of pity, was that song going to last? It seemed to her that cold chills were creeping over her and that her teeth were chattering. But all the time she was sitting there placidly, toying with her fan and regarding the singer with her set, society smile.

It was over; she drew a deep breath; the house burst into thunders of applause. The singer responded to the encore with a bow. They applauded again, wildly, clamorously.

Again he came to the front, rested his left hand on the piano as before and began to sing, repeating the chorus

"Some time, when too late, you will miss me;

Too late——"

He broke off suddenly, threw up his right hand, staggered forward a few steps, and fell dead in the hour of his triumph.

In a twofold sense the doctors were right when they pronounced his death the result of heart disease.

Whether the song would ever have attained any wide popularity but for the death of its author will never be known, but the public are fond of sensations, and the sale of the piece soon exceeded Tom's sanguine expectations.

Oscar Denton never took a trip to Europe on the proceeds, but, with the strange irony of fate, the girl he loved did; for he had made a will a few days before his death bequeathing her everything of which he died possessed.

She did not marry a duke, but she did marry a titled Italian and reached the summit of her ambition, both in respect to money and position.

And yet she was not satisfied. And when that unutterable longing for the love and forgiveness of the man now passed into eternity took hold of her she wondered if she had not missed the realities of life herself in a chase after shadows.—[*Waverly Magazine.*

THE SKIPPER'S REVIEW.

H STENNETT ROGERS.

(*For Talks and Tales.*)

Dear reader, for years I was sailing the seas
In scores of the 'tudes of the ocean's degrees,
In every conceivable sort of a breeze,
From zones where you sweat out to zones where you freeze.

I've sailed where, they tell us, the Triton's loud blast
Erst smoothed the rude waves of a rough water vast;
—Not that into which a famed preacher was cast,—
But storm stilling conch-shells are things of the past.

With veiled moon enframed in a pluvial wreath,
Forked lightnings above, and wild surgings beneath,
I have worked my way on tow'rds homeland and heath
In spite of the fling of the waves in my teeth.

I've sailed in the night through burgoo black as tar,
Hid shorelight, hid shiplight, hid moonlight and star,
Over Nantucket shoals, 'past cape Malabor
When leadline was only what told me how far.

I've doubled the cape in a furious gale,
Top hamper snug housed, under balance-reefed sail,
With water knee deep at the lee quarter rail,
And wind sounding worse than a funeral wail.

In craft held to wind by a storm-trysail new,
In tempest leagues seaward, and nothing in view
But the ghostly swarms of the snowflakes that flew,
I've been e'en like a body entombed, hove to.

From vessel capsized, which no skill could restore,
I once with my crew, all wet, heartsick and sore,
Escaped in a dory, with only an oar,
Frail autumn night tow on a warmed, ragged floor.

A mackerel schooner came scudding before
The wind under foresail,—she needed no more,—
Her gallant crew saved us when near to death's door;
The kind hearted boys from the south Dennis shore.

With horizon blank, and old Sol beating down,
And canvas as limp as an unlaundered gown,
And water tank low, and my sailors afrown,
I have whistled for wind like hunter for hound.

'Long stretches of coastline, 'cross bays lovely isled,
Past clearlands and woodlands and ridges rock piled,
I have sailed in a breeze as even and mild
As the pulse and the breath of a slumbering child.

At anchor I've swung where the novelist Stowe,
Saw wonderful things, if her story be so,
Unparalled pearls ; monster clams, where they grow
Down hoehandle deep in the clean sand below.

The grotto is there with its pea pebbled floor,
Well out at low tide, on the Lowell's cove shore ;
But, floor flood awash, without ladder or oar
You'll swim, if you're there, else pass Jones' locker door.

With novelist's license an author may try
By the fables and myths and legends that lie
In the waters of fiction, 'neath fulsome sky,
The reader to bear to some "sweet by and by."

Yet their's is light ballast to that which we find
In ships such as Shakespeare and Milton designed ;
The boulders they chose from the headlands of mind
The hatchways won't pass of the penny weight kind.

I've cruised 'round about where the lobster is caught ;
And many have eaten, but more I have bought ;
Yea, hundreds of thousands have purchased, and brought
To market for profit, but some brought me naught.

'Tis many a tale, had I space, I could tell
Of old ocean sights I remember right well ;
None ever, however, more held me in spell
Than that of a lobster while shedding its shell.

Too lacking my stow is of words to portray
That sublime transaction, the instinctive way
The crustaceous creature accomplished its flay,
In silence, so patiently, one autumn day.

O "wisdom and strength" of that marvelous deed
Be Thou my attendant that I may succeed
In fleeing this crust at death's hour, to be freed
Of night for light, my indubitable need.

At sixty I'm sailing the home-craft of life,
Midst currents and eddies of secular strife;
My crew is my family; my mate, my wife;
And a cook, connoisseur when findings are rife.

A Methodist household, the joy of my heart;
From our discipline rules we never depart;
With true spirit compass and old Gospel chart,
We're cleared for Life's River, said to stream Heaven's mart.

About us are many, 'twill please you to learn,
To port and to starboard, ahead and astern,
That certainly seem, by the general turn
Of their movements, consigned to the same concern.

We've less of refraction in taking the sun
Than we had back there where our voyaging begun,
And constantly increasing confidence won
That the Christian course is the right one to run.

The clouds are more fleecy; the days are more bland;
The winds have a fragrance of harvest fields; and
Around us are weeds strange we don't understand;
With a sky rim ahead that indicates land.

The place, without doubt, where we enter the strait,
Whose verge is patroled by winged pilots in wait
To consort us on, who at supernal rate
Shall speed us from thence to the Rivermouth gate.

Come on then, dear readers, large tonnage and small,
You running start sheets and you braced up sharp haul,
Heaven's flagship commander has signaled his call,
The "come whosoever will," come, and come all.

Fanny Crosby's Reminiscences.

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NUMBER FOUR.

BEHOLD me, now, Miss Fanny Crosby, full-fledged student, in a city school! I assure you, it seemed a great step forward—and upward—to me; one that I had coveted through many years; one whose first glad thrills I can never forget.

Some young ladies creep off to boarding-school unwillingly, and as a solemn duty, and maybe I would do so, were I in their place; but under all these circumstances, the occurrence was a joy in my life, though for a time I was a little homesick, and longed often to see my dear mother and friends.

But the world seems built a good deal like the track of a hurdle-race: you are apparently skipping along at great speed, and all at once you encounter something that must be overcome before you can go a step farther!

The first big obstacle that I found standing in my way and looming up like a great monster, was Arithmetic. I have never been a very good hater, even when the best of material was provided for the purpose; but I found myself an adept at the art of loathing, when it came to the Science of Numbers. The gentleman who in a fit of dyspepsia exuded the statement

> "I loathe, abhor, detest, despise
> Those pastry-wrecks, dried apple pies,"

had a parodist in me. I could not agree with him concerning the article of food in question, for I like almost everything that a good cook can send to the table; but I *could* say, at that time,

> "I loathe, abhor, it makes me sick
> To hear the word Arithmetic!"

However, this great foe to my peace of mind had to be conquered, and at it I went, with a vengeance—wishing that every assault would give the Arithmetic a twinge of pain. But no! I was well aware of the fact that the sturdy old creature went right on, without minding me at all, through all the affairs of life, and that we could not do much of anything very long, without consulting him.

The great variety of resources that Arithmetic possessed with which to frighten and appal the student, was something terrible to contemplate. Addi-

tion and Substraction went on quite well, and did not give me so very much trouble; but when the Multiplication Table arrived, that was an entirely different matter. The only alleviation of its miseries was, that it came in a kind of poetical form—a swinging, rhymeless sort of poetry, to be sure—blank verse, I should call it; but that fact, as with many other students, aided me to remember it.

Our progress in Arithmetic was materially aided by metal slates, which had holes in them, with which we could count and realize the numbers as we went on. I am glad and proud to say that I finally became—not an accomplished mathematician familiar with logarithms and the calculus—but a fairly good worker in figures, that could "do" correctly any of the examples presented to us. Our school upon the whole was said to be much more advanced in mathematics than students of the same age that could see.

Grammar, Philosophy, Astronomy, and Political Economy followed, among our studies; and with all of these I was in love. Our lessons were given us in the form of lectures and readings, and not many words that came to our ears managed to slip away from us. Indeed, we could not afford to let them; for we were closely examined each day by means of questions asked us by the teachers, and our progress and standing in the school depended largely upon our ability to remember and recount these lessons.

Noticing the respect and deference paid to our instructors, and realizing how much more personal independence they had, and most of all feeling that I wanted to be financially as self-reliant as possible, I made up my mind to be a teacher, and that as soon as I could.

I think I may say truly that I worked night and day. "How can a blind person work intellectually?"—do you ask? Better perhaps than one that can see. It is not necessary for us to record as we go along, everything we think and accomplish: we can put it upon the tablets of memory, and write it down or have it written as we get opportunity. Memory, when cultivated, grows a wonderful treasure-house of ripened grain.

I do not want to boast of my progress; but as I look back over the past, it gives me a little feeling of pride to be able to say that at the rather early age of twenty-two, I was considered competent to teach Grammar, Rhetoric, and Ancient and Modern History; and became one of the regular instructors of the institution.

What a pleasure it then was to me, to feel that I was imparting to others the same blessings of knowledge for which I had longed through so many weary days and nights!

While I was preparing for this position, there was still one restless, witching little sprite that keep creeping up to me by day and night, and inviting me to take trips with her into the unknown; and the name of that sprite was

Poetry. She was ever tugging away at my hands, or my hair, or my heart-strings, and whispering "Sister Fanny, come with me,"

And I went, as often as I could get time to do so; and the result was several poems, which I repeated to certain of my friends.

When the Superintendent heard of it, he seemed to be in doubt whether to encourage me or not. He talked to me a long while on the subject, said there were a great many people who wrote rhymes because they were poetry-lovers rather than poets, and finally gently but firmly forbade my producing any more of the dangerous article for three months.

I did not then understand his object in doing this; but suppose now that it was to see if that amount of abstinence would not cure me of the habit, or disease, whichever he considered it.

I did not like it, "a little bit;" but, feeling that the good Superintendent knew what was best for me, I acquiesced, and religiously avoided a rhyme as I would the measles.

But I had my little triumph in the little matter; for about this time we had a visit from Dr. George Combe, a distinguished phrenologist, from Scotland. Dr. Combe had found himself a convert to the science in Edinburgh, while Spurzheim was there; and had published several works on the subject.

When he came to America, he "took in" our school, among the other sights; and several of us had the honor of feeling the touch of his learned hand upon our throbbing heads.

Just before he got to me, he examined the phrenological organs of one of our boy pupils. "Why, here is a splendid mathematician!" he exclaimed. "He could do anything, in mathematics!" And the Doctor was right; for this little fellow was almost another Zera Colburn. He could already do a great many wonderful things: for instance, he could listen to two persons both talking to him at the same time, and then while singing a song, could inform both of them without a moment's hesitation the number of seconds they were old—they of course first giving him the years, weeks, and months. (I used to notice, by the way, that very few ladies availed themselves of the offered courtesy.)

When I heard the boy praised, and reflected on those wonderful things he could do, I was almost envious, and wondered why the good Lord could not have given *me* a few of the figures and groups of figures that seemed to line every portion of his brain. I trembled when my turn came to have the head examined, and had a wild impulse to run.

"Why! here is a poet! Give her every advantage that she can have; let her hear the best books and converse with the best writers; and she will make her mark in the world," said the good doctor, as he placed his hands on my head.

The next morning our Superintendent sent for me to come to his room. "Fanny," said he, "you can write all the poetry you want to." From that time, the advice of Dr. Combe was followed: I was prompted to write poetry, was taught how lines should rhyme, and in every way encouraged. And I am bound to say that for a great part of this favorable decision as regarded my muse, I was indebted to Phrenology, and the good Dr. Combe.

About Books, Old and Curious.

Queen Victoria possessed the largest bound book ever made. It weighs sixty-three pounds and is eighteen inches thick.

The most valuable book in the world is the Hebraic Bible. At the Vatican, in 1512, the Jews tried to buy it of Pope Julius II. for its weight in gold. It is so large and heavy that two men can hardly lift it, and it would have brought $100,000 if the Pope had consented to part with it.

The smallest book in the world is not much larger than a man's thumb nail. It was made in Italy. It is four-tenths of an inch long and about a quarter of an inch wide. It contains two hundred and eight pages, each having nine lines and from ninety-five to one hundred letters. The text is a letter—before unpublished—written by the famous inventor of the pendulum clock to Madame Christine of Lorraine in 1615. The next smallest book is an edition of Dante's Divine Comedy, and it is a little less than an inch wide, with type so small that it takes a microscope to read the letters.

When it is finished, the official history of the War of the Rebellion will be the costliest book in the world. It is being issued by the government of the United States, and at a cost up to date of about $2,000,000. It will consist of one hundred and twelve volumes, including an index, and an atlas, which contains one hundred and seventy-eight plates and maps illustrating the important battles of the war, campaign, routes of march, plans of forts, and photographs of interesting scenes.

The most voluminous encyclopaedia work in the world is in Berlin Anthropological Museum. It is in 1200 volumes and is in Chinese. It embraces literature, philosophy, astronomy, natural science and industries. Each volume has from one hundred to one hundred and fifty pages. Originally only one hundred copies were printed and those were not put on sale. But recently a new edition was put forth which sells at $300 for the set. It is splendidly illustrated with maps and pictures.

The largest private library in this country was owned by the historian H. H. Bancroft. It consists of 50,000 volumes, valued at $200,000. A fine collection of manuscripts in dialect, and manuscripts relating to the early settlement of the Pacific Coast, of the Spanish colonies and of the early ecclesiastical missions is included in the Bancroft library.

The largest library in the world is the Bibliotheque Nationale, in Paris, founded by Louis XIV. It contains 1.400,000 volumes, 300,000 pamphlets, 175,009 manuscripts, 300,000 maps and charts and 150,000 coins and medals.

The highest price ever paid for a single volume was $50,000. It was for a vellum missal, which was presented to King Henry VIII by Pope Leo X. The missal was accompanied by a document making King Henry the defender of the faith. It is now in possession of the German government. Charles II gave it to an ancestor of the Duke of Hamilton, and it was sold a

few years ago at the sale of the Duke of Hamilton's library.

It was supposed that only two copies of Washington's first essay in authorship existed, but in 1897 a third copy came to light and was purchased by a gentleman who makes a hobby of collecting Washingtonia; he quite willingly paid $1000. "The Journal of Major George Washington" appears upon the title-page, and it was printed in 1754.

In Russia miniature Bibles are often worn as watch charms. One of these Bibles is owned by a Bostonian, who received it from a friend living in Russia. It is about one inch long, three-fourths of an inch wide and three-eighths of an inch thick, and contains the first five books of the Old Testament. The text of the Book is in Hebrew and the titles in Latin. It can only be read with a help of a powerful magnifying glass.

Not only in numbers, but also in point of territory, the circulation of the Bible exceeds all other books. The American Bible society has printed it in 300 tongues. Thousands of copies even now are traveling through the frozen polar regions to people who have not only never heard of the book, but to whom books are unknown.

An old Boer Bible is extant, printed in the Dutch language and published in 1619.

The book was for a long period of years in the Jubert or Joubert family, of which the late General Joubert was a noted member. It was brought to Cape Town by the first band of Dutch emigrants and was the second book ever taken to South Africa. The book itself, aside from its history, is interesting as a specimen of book-making. It is a huge volume, about twelve inches wide, eighteen inches long and seven inches thick, and weighs thirty pounds or more. It is bound in calf, and the backs are boards half an inch thick and beveled at the edges. The corners are bound with heavy brass pieces in front and at the back. It is held closed by two massive brass clasps.

In typography the volume, though three hundred years old, is excellent. There are ornamental letters at the beginning of each book and ornate tail pieces.

One of the queer customs of former times—that of representing Biblical characters clad in the fashion of the time the book was printed—is shown in several striking instances.

In the illuminated letter at the beginning of Genesis, Adam and Eve are represented surrounded by animals—lions, elephants, chickens and ducks. Adam is wearing a long mustache and Vandyke beard, such as were in fashion among courtiers for the seventeenth century. A tree in the same picture is represented with a large branch sawed off.

JOY ABIDES.

MARIAN GROVE.

Written for Talks and Tales.

The beauties of the opening rose
  Brave us to clasp its thorny stem!
And for the sake of clusters sweet
  We climb at risk of life and limb.

For view upon the mountain top,
  We scale rough heights with limping feet;
We wreck not of the driving storm
  Through which we reach the cottage sweet.

And hast thou known some soft-eyed joy
  Divinely rich in every grace
That made thee brave long years of pain
  For one full look upon her face?

And hast thou touched her vesture's hem
  And felt the thrill of perfect bliss?
And hast thou held her hand in thine?
  And hast thou known her clinging kiss?

Though but in memory she abide,
  O heart, still thou art rich and strong;
Nor cruel pain nor wasting days
  Can wholly sadden all thy song.

Thou hast a freshness stored within
  To cool thee on the arid plain;
Thou hast a staff for rugged steeps,
  A shield 'gainst pit'less rain.

Institutions for the Blind.

BATAVIA, N. Y.

New York has two Institutions for the Blind; one located in the city of New York, the other at Batavia, in the western part of the State. Both of these schools are evidently in a prosperous condition, and ably accomplishing the purpose for which they were established. From the Report of the Batavia Institute we learn the following interesting particulars:

The largest number of pupils present at one time during the year was one hundred and forty, of whom only seventeen were over twenty-one years of age.

The total number taking the Regents' examination was sixty-eight, of whom fifty-four passed in one or more subjects. Thirty-one pupils used the typewriter in taking their examinations.

The subjects upon which the pupils were tested included arithmetic, geography, elementary English, spelling, reading, writing, physiology and hygiene, economics, Roman history, general history, American literature, American selections and physics. Considering that the pupil at the typewriter, simply listens to the question as read to him, and is forced to retain the question in his mind and to write out an answer which he himself cannot see to revise, the result reported is highly creditable, both to the pupils and teachers in the school.

In the Industrial department thirteen boys are learning piano-tuning, ten broom-making and eight chair-caning.

Fifty-three girls give attention to sewing, knitting and fancy work of various kinds. The list of articles manufactured by them during the year is long and interesting, including as it does, wearing apparel, table-linen, knit-goods, bead work, etc. Eight sewing machines are in daily use, and the suggestion of the Superintendent that girls who fit themselves for self-support by hand and machine sewing should be provided by the State with a sewing machine as the boys are provided broom machinery or tools for piano-tuning commends itself to us as being eminently just and right. We hope the suggestion will be favorably acted upon, and the young ladies will be supplied with the very best sewing machines that the State can buy.

The appropriation of $34,300 from the State for the annual running expenses of the school; together with nearly $17,000 appropriated for special purposes, shows a just and liberal spirit on the part of the State, which is the more commendable when we consider that the other Institution for the Blind, in the city of New York, also receives an appropriation from the State of nearly $40,000 annually.

Sketches from Our Exchanges.

THE BEAUTY OF A SHIP.

MRS. STOWE, in "The Pearl of Orr's Island," gives this fascinating description of a ship under sail: "What is there belonging to this work-a-day world of ours that has such a fund of never-failing poetry and grace as a ship? A ship is a beauty and a mystery wherever we see it; its white wings touch the regions of the unknown and the imaginative; they seem to us full of the odors of quaint, strange, foreign shores, where life, we fondly dream, moves in brighter currents than the muddy, tranquil tides of every day. Who that sees one bound outward, with her white breasts swelling and heaving, as if with a reaching expectancy, does not feel his own heart swell with a longing impulse to go with her to the far-off shores? Even at dingy, crowded wharves, amid the stir and tumult of great cities, the coming in of a ship is an event that never can lose its interest. But on these romantic shores of Maine, where all is so wild and still, and the blue sea lies embraced in the arms of dark, solitary forests, the sudden incoming of a ship from a distant voyage is a sort of romance. Who that has stood by the blue waters of Middle Bay, engirdled as it is by green slopes of farming land, interchanged here and there with heavy billows of forest trees, or rocky, pine-crowned promontories, has not felt that sense of seclusion and solitude which is so delightful? And then what a wonder! There comes a ship from China, drifing in like a white cloud—the gallant creature! How the waters hiss and foam before her; with what a great, free, generous plash she throws out her anchors, as if she said a cheerful 'Well done!' to some glorious work accomplished! The very life and spirit of strange, romantic lands come with her; suggestions of sandalwood and spice breathe through the pine woods; she is an Oriental queen, with hands full of mystical gifts; 'all her garments smell of myrrh and cassia, out of the ivory palaces, whereby they have made her glad.' No wonder men have loved ships like birds, and that there have been found brave, rough hearts that in fatal wrecks chose rather to go down with their ocean love than to leave her in the last throes of her death-agony."

LEGENDS OF NATIONAL FLOWERS.

THE LILY OF FRANCE.—There is a pretty tradition about the lily of France. Three black toads formed the curious device on the shield of King Clovis but one night as an aged hermit sat musing in his lonely cell, there appeared

an angel before him bearing a shield of wondrous beauty. On its azure front three golden lilies shone like radiant stars. This shield the angel bade the hermit deliver to Queen Clothilde. Receiving the celestial shield, Clothilde gave it to the king, whose arms thenceforth were always victorious.

The Thistle of Scotland.—Once upon a time, many hundred years ago, the Danes made war upon the Scots, and invaded their country. One dark night, as they were marching upon an encampment of sleeping Scots, one of their number trod upon a thistle. The pain was so sudden and intense that the man gave a loud cry. This awakened the slumbering Scots, who sprang to arms and defeated the assailants. In gratitude for the deliverance the Scots made the thistle their national emblem.

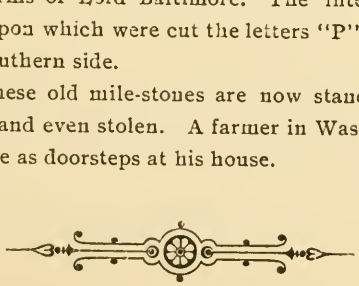
The Shamrock of Ireland.—The adoption of the Shamrock as the emblem of Ireland is placed in the century when St. Patrick, the great apostle of Erin, was preaching to the Celts and laying the foundation for the spread of Christianity in the "Green Isle." The story goes that he was preaching one day on the hillside, and, wishing to illustrate from nature the doctrine of the Trinity to his pagan hearers, he bent down, plucked a piece of shamrock and held up its tripartite leaf as a symbol of the Almighty—three in one.

MASON AND DIXON LINE.

THE old celebrated line of Mason and Dixon is to be preserved. A bill has been introduced in the Maryland legislature appropriating $5,000 with which to restore the line, and Pennsylvania has already appropriated a large amount. The line between the property of Lord Baltimore and the Penns aroused many disputes and much bad feelings in early times, and the King and his counselors in England could find no way of stopping the quarrels, which frequently ended in bloodshed. Finally, in 1767, two famous English astronomers, Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, made the survey and ran the line which established the boundary between Pennsylvania and Maryland. The work cost $171,000, but it settled all trouble from that time to this.

The line runs along the southern border of Franklin county, Pa., and for 132 miles every five miles is or was planted a stone bearing on the Pennsylvania side the arms of Thomas and Richard Penn carved thereon, and on the Maryland side the arms of Lord Baltimore. The intermediate miles were marked by stones, upon which were cut the letters "P" on the northern side and "M" upon the southern side.

A very few of these old mile-stones are now standing. Most of them have been destroyed and even stolen. A farmer in Washington county, Md. has two of them in use as doorsteps at his house.



SUCCESSFUL BLIND PEOPLE.

In this department, which is dedicated to the cause for the advancement of which this periodical is published, we hope to serve a double purpose. We wish first to call the attention of the seeing world to what it is possible for blind persons to accomplish.

Second, to have this knowledge, by means of the thoughtful kindness of our subscribers, reach the sightless everywhere and stimulate them to make the most of their lives.

Every blind man or woman, young or vigorous, with a favorable opportunity may become self-sustaining. The right amount of perseverance will command the opportunity. All who wish to know what is being accomplished to increase the methods by which blind people may become independent are invited to open correspondence with the American Association to Promote the Education and Employment of the Blind, 3124 Fourteenth St. N. W., Washington, D. C., enclosing stamp for reply.

The First Church of Washington, D. C., observed last autumn an anniversary that is a rare and happy experience for any church. The day rounded out the twenty-fifth year of continuous service of Dr. John W. Bischoff, the blind musician, as organist and choir director. Dr. Bischoff's handling of the great organ and his training of the chorus choir of sixty voices are features that have made First Church popular through the city and an attraction to strangers.

Dr. Bischoff came from Janesville, Wis., in the autumn of 1875. He had gained there a musical education in the State Institution for the Blind and had also acquired a local reputation as a church organist. Through the influence of the late Dr. O. F. Presbrey he came to the capital to preside over the great organ that was in danger of becoming a white elephant to the First Church. During all the intervening years a period covering half his life he has interpreted religious music to thousands and thousands of hearers. To realize his gifts and attainments one must know that in early infancy a curtain of total darkness was drawn over his sight. It is a marvel to watch him from the time he walks steadily into the organ loft preceded by his chorus till he leaves the organ bench after the postlude. No mirror is required to tell when the pastor has entered or ushers have finished the collection for his

sense of hearing is so fine that he almost never makes a mistake. The voluntary blends with the choir chant at the right moment, the offertory ceases just as the ushers are ready to bring their offering to the altar ; the expression and modulation for each hymn are suitable, the accompaniments so inspiring that it is a joy for soloists to sing with him and his direction of the choir from his seat behind them is phenomenal. His handling of the stops, keys and pedals leads them for he is at once the soul of the organization. His control of the singing of a great audience is likewise remarkable. The whole congregation is as one with the choir and the organ and the player employs the great instrument as baton and voice of direction.

Such singing which combines unison with precision is not gained without many rehearsals and rigid discipline. Yet there is generally a waiting list of persons eager to take the places of those who drop out and receive the strict and watchful drill that this choir gets from its leader. Dr. Bischoff is a popular and successful teacher of both vocal and instrumental music. His busy office is in one of the smaller rooms of the church. Could he double the hours of the day his pupils would fill them. He is also a composer of merit. Of course his services are sought at concerts and organ recitals far and near and so far as his work at the church permits he responds. But in every department of the life of the church of which he is a member as well as musical director he cheerfully gives his aid. Frequently in the Sunday school, always at the church socials, on anniversaries and Congregational Club meetings, at funerals and at weddings and on countless other occasions, committees and others who have matters in charge are at ease because "Dr. Bischoff will take charge of the music," which invariably means that all will go well. One almost fears to tell it lest envious people and pastors should lay snares of gold to secure our prize. But the associations of a quarter of a century are here. The echoes and memories of praise from countless lips guided by one leader are in it and let us hope that for another twenty-five years the same master hand and mind will direct the tuneful worship of the First Church.—*The Congregationalist.*

A man who has attracted great notice to himself is Charles D. Evans, of Janesville, Wis., a musician of rare talent, who combines with this a high order of inventive genius, which he has brought to bear on his own life in such a manner that he is rapidly acquiring a fortune through his performances upon his remarkable mechanical musical instruments. He has perfected an instrument, or rather a lot of instruments, which are compactly carried in a little four wheeled cart, and which by a species of clock work are so united that they play together in unison or separately as the operator, who is Mr. Evans, may wish. He can produce the effect of a whole orchestra, and it is said the most complicated part is that which produces the effects of the tenor

and bass drums. Besides giving unique concerts upon his musical invention, Mr. Evans sings with a sweet tenor voice to the accompaniment of a guitar. He is also a famous violin player. It is almost wonderful what a man deprived of his sight is often able to do. Not only has Mr. Evans accomplished what is above shown in the musical line, but he has learned to converse in two languages, reads the blind system printing, writes readily with a pencil, and uses the typewriter as well as the most expert stenographers. He also writes in two systems for the blind.

He has a taste for high literature, and beside having read a great deal, he has produced two or three creditable compositions for the violin, and written some poetry. Musical critics who have heard his violin compositions say that the "Voice of the Wind" is a very pathetic and soothing piece in the minor key. In the "Christmas Carol," another piece for the violin, he has very successfully imitated the laughter and play of children at Christmas, the singing of the lullaby, the coming of Santa Claus, the filling of the stockings, and the early carols. This would be a very striking piece written by any one in full possession of his faculties; but produced by a man hampered by blindness, it is a little short of wonderful.

Miss Emma E. Page of Olympia, Washington, author of several books of value in school work, lost her sight when seven years old. She attended the Illinois Institution for the Blind for four years where in addition to the other studies, she had the benefit of instruction under a teacher who inspired her with love for true music and made her long hours of practice easy. At eighteen Miss Page had a class of from fifteen to twenty pupils and enjoyed the work thoroughly. No expense was spared to make her education in music complete. She studied instrumentation, harmony and composition under distinguished teachers in Chicago.

In addition to her musical studies she took a four years' course in English Literature in the State University of Illinois, receiving the degree of B. A. and after a post graduate year she received the degree of M. A. As a teacher of music she has been eminently successful.

Her sympathies have always been with temperance work. She has for some years been connected with the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, her especial field being in the Department of Mercy. She was instrumental in securing advanced laws in the State of Washington against vivisection and for humane education in the public schools. Miss Page has lectured extensively, visiting hundreds of schools, in her efforts to advance the thought of mercy. Her *Heart Culture* which we recently noticed was written to supply a need for such a book in school work.

Miss Page is a careful, earnest, persistent worker in her chosen field, a fine musician, an excellent writer, a lecturer of ability, and a woman who has made the world better by living in it.

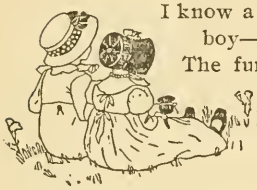
DONATIONS.

Received since last issue of TALKS AND TALES.

Mr. G. W. Singer $1.70
Mr. A. P. Green 70
Mr. Chas. W. Fitz 80
Clothing and Reading Matter ..... Mrs. J. P. Allen
Furniture and Dishes ..... Mrs. Horace Lord
Work Aprons and Toilet Articles ..... Mrs. Andrew Hewitt
Overcoat ..... A Friend
Several hours sewing ..... Members of The Daughters of the King, ... Church of the Good Shepherd
Making of Sweeping Caps and Aprons ..... Mrs. Barchfeld's S. S. Class ..... Wethersfield Ave. Congregational Cnurch
12 Tickets to Lecture ..... Mr. Ernest Seton-Thompson
Entertainment at the Institution. Young People from Parkville M. E. Church ..... under direction of Mrs. Pulver
" " " Talk on Cuba, Singing ..... { Mr. Walter Ober / Mrs. Philip Ober
" " " Polyphone ..... Kindness of Messrs Phelps, ... Robus and others
" " " ..... Musicale { Mrs. Kelly / Miss Allen / Miss Rose Allis / Miss Lillie Allis / Mr. Francis Echols / Mr Allis

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

The Boy That Laughs.



I know a funny little boy—
The funniest ever born;
His face is like a beam of joy,
Although his clothes are torn.

I saw him tumble on his nose,
And waited for a groan—
But how he laughed! Do you suppose
He struck his funny bone?

There's sunshine in each word he speaks,
His laugh is something grand;
Its ripples overrun his cheeks
Like waves on snowy sand.

He laughs the moment he awakes,
And till the day is done;
The schoolroom for a joke he takes—
The lessons are but fun.

No matter how the day may go,
You cannot make him cry;
He's worth a dozen boys I know,
Who pout and mope and sigh.

—*Wide Awake.*

Charlie's Lesson in Kindness.

JENNIE ELLIOTT.

IT was half-past one and the stars shone out of a clear, frosty sky down upon the rough country road, jagged and crusted with ice, under which lay puddles of water as cold as the heart of hypocrisy. Charlie Brake dashed up at cyclone speed, and with an earthquake jerk stopped at the barn door, jumped out of the buggy, unhitched the horse, attended indifferently to its needs, and too worn out to exert himself farther, dropped down upon the hay and rolled himself up in a horse-blanket.

A feeble protest was set up by his starved out conscience, but it was soon drowned in the memory of hilarious banter among the chums left in town, and he lay still.

Presently he heard suppressed voices near by.

"Let's do it!" said one. "He deserves it!" said another. "He has no heart! He's bad enough to drive one wild."

"He drove me nearly to death tonight, over such roads, too. I know my feet have been bleeding for miles, and now I am tied to an empty manger."

The young man raised his head and looked around. Oh, the horses were talking about him. Derby and Lal had their brown heads together, and the way they put their ears back and gnashed their teeth made him feel decidedly uneasy.

"Let's do it," repeated Derby.

"Horses could defend themselves if they only knew it. No use of being slaves when the bonds can be broken. I'll paw the life out of the tyrant, and then we shall be abused no more."

"No, no," said Lal, "don't kill anybody. Let's hitch him up and drive him. Put a bit in his mouth and let him see how it is to be jerked! He was a little too tipsy to take the bits from your mouth to-night. But rub off your bridle, Derby, and kick him in the ribs as he does us when we do not hear him open the barn door."

They pulled him about, backed him up to the buggy with a frosty bit in his mouth that gave him a sore tongue for a week after, hitched him up trembling and scared, and before Lal could interfere, Derby gave him a vicious cut of the whip, making him bound upward and forward, nearly upsetting the buggy. He knew not which way to turn. His head was reigned back upon his neck so that he could see nothing but the sky. A sharp jerk and another cut of the lash started him out on the black road at a breakneck pace.

"What do you think of horse sense, now?" said Derby. "It is my turn now, young man, but I am quite sober, and so would you be if you had a little of the sense of your father's horses."

"Yes," said Lal. "Then I should not be kept out in the rain all day from my poor little colt, while the young man's mother wonders why he does not come home. Get up, young man! Get up!"

Away they flew over hill and rock and broken bridge, hour after hour, mile after mile, the buggy sometimes on one wheel, sometimes in midair, the wretched man not daring to slacken his speed, compelled to catch his breath on the wing, with now and then a savage blow of the whip and a threatening word from his tormentors in the vehicle. His feet only could tell the nature of the ground over which he skimmed in this mad race, but at times his brain swam and he seemed to be tracing the milky way among the stars of the infinite.

But this terrible drive must end some time. When the dawn began to streak the sky as the jaded man could see by the faint coloring about the zenith, the buggy wheel struck a rock, and everything piled up.

A light glared, a friendly human voice sounded in his ears, saying, "Come, get up, it's morning."

He raised his body, so full of aches and pains, every bone must be broken, but Derby and Lal were looking meekly at him from their stalls, and by the light of a lantern in early morn his father was removing the bridle from the neglected horse.

—*The Union Signal.*

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

A tiny traveler, looking from a car window at a foaming waterfall, called out: "Oh, mamma, see the soda-water running down the mountain!"

———o———

Every bride imagines that her photograph on her husband's desk inspires him to keep onward and upward, like the boy's "Excelsior."

———o———

"I think papa is dreadful," sobbed little three-year-old Margie, who had just been chastized by her father. "Was he the only man you could get, mamma?"

———o———

Infant—"Papa, what does decolette mean?"

Papa—"It's a French word, my boy, and means—oh, practically nothing."

———o———

"Maw, what's the difference between er politician and er statesman?"

"Well, honey, a mushroom's good, ain't it?"

"Yes, 'um."

"And a toadstool is pizen, ain't it?"

"Yes, 'um."

"Des same difference from a statesman to a politician."

———o———

The class was having lessons in natural history and the teacher asked: "Now, is there anybody here that can tell me what a zebra is?"

Tommy—"Yes, sir; I can."

Teacher—"Well, Tommy, what is a zebra?"

Tommy—"Please, sir, a zebra is a donkey with a football suit on."

"Mamma," said a little boy who had been sent to dry a towel before the fire, "is it done when it is brown?"

———o———

Among the funny things women do is to spread an old red shawl over the sofa and put a candle with a red shade on a table near by, and call it an Oriental corner.

———o———

"Bystander—"Poor fellow! One of his wounds is fatal, I believe."

Policeman—"So it is; but the other wan ain't so he has an even chance."

———o———

"Do you think that constantly wearing a hat has a tendency to make a man bald?"

Snagby—"No; but when a man is bald, I've noticed that it has a tendency to make him constantly wear his hat."

———o———

"You will have to put another stamp on that letter, miss," said the mail clerk at the Post Office.

"Indeed, I shall not do it!" she exclaimed. "A letter with two stamps on it looks horrid."

———o———

The man stood in the dressing shop waiting for a bundle his wife had told him to get.

The telephone bell rang, and the dear young person that answered it turned to the manager and said: "It is Mrs. Jones. She said you didn't cut her little girl's throat right at all and she wants to know what you are going to do about it."

Agnes, four years old, after deep thought: "Papa. I know what makes folks grow old."

"What is it dear?"

"Because they live so long!"

———o———

New Sandbagger—"Here comes a guy sporting a plug hat and diamonds! Shall I nail him?"

"Old Sandbagger—"Holy Smoke, no! Dat's de political boss o' dis here ward! Git ready to pay your assessment!"

———o———

"I see that Mrs Blifkins has negro help now."

"Has she?"

"Yes, she got so tired of having people ask her if her hired girls were related to the family."

———o———

A wag who thought to have a joke at the expense of an Irish provision dealer said: "Can you supply me with a yard of pork?"

"Pat," said the dealer, to his assistant, "give this gentleman three pigs' feet."

———o———

"Have you ever thought of the people who might be inhabiting the planets in distant space?"

"No," answered Mr. Cumrox. "What's the use? We couldn't get at them to sell them goods or civilize them."

———o———

A teacher of music in one of the public schools of the South desired to impress the pupils with the meaning of the signs "f" and "ff" in a song they were about to sing. After explaining that "f" meant forte, he said, "Now, children, if 'f' means forte, what does 'ff' mean?" Silence reigned for a moment, and then he was astonished to hear a little fellow shout, "Eighty."

"Seen better days, of course," sarcastically asked the lady of the skillets.

"Oh, yes," said Dismal Dawson, cheerfully, "but I've also seed wuss ones. Sometimes I hit a house on wash-day."

———o———

He—"What do you think of the idea of adopting the sunflower as a National flower?"

She—"It's typical of quite a numerous class of Americans. It makes a big spread all summer and is seedy in the fall."

———o———

"Are you going to hear Irving?" asked the talkative barber.

"I hope to," replied the gentlemanly customer.

"You ought not to miss him," replied the tonsorial critic of dramatists: "he's the greatest living tradition of to-day."

———o———

Mrs. Nagsby (impatiently calling) —"Nora, drop everything at once, and come to me!"

"Nora—"Yes, ma'am."

Mrs. Nagsby—"Now, what's the baby crying for?"

Nora—"'Cause I dropped him, ma'am."

———o———

Frankie was bathing one day with his playmates, when his big cousin caught him up suddenly and ducked him in a huge wave. He came up spluttering, and as soon as he caught his breath, he shrieked, "If you drown me, I will tell mamma!"

———o———

Clara Barton, the noted Red Cross worker, was once asked, "What is the best number to have on a committee?" Remembering how often she had been compelled to perform duties which should have been attended to by committees, Miss Barton replied, dryly: "Three, if one is sick and another can't come."

SELECTED MATTER.

The Fault of the Age.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

The fault of the age is a mad endeavor
  To leap to heights that were made to climb;
By a burst of strength or a thought that is clever
  We plan to outwit and forestall Time.

We scorn to wait for the thing worth having;
  We want high noon at the day's dim dawn;
We find no pleasure in toiling and saving
  As our forefathers did in the good times gone.

We force our roses before their season
  To bloom and blossom that we may wear;
And then we wonder and ask the reason
  Why perfect buds are so few and rare.

We crave the gain, but despise the getting;
  We want wealth, not as reward, but dower;
And the strength that is wasted in useless fretting
  Would fell a forest or build a tower.

To covet the prize, yet shrink from the winning;
  To thirst for glory, yet fear the fight—
Why, what can it lead to at last but sinning,
  To mental languor and moral blight?

Better the old slow way of striving,
  And counting small gains when the year is done,
Than to use our forces all in contriving,
  And to grasp for pleasures we have not won.

LIFE A CENTURY AGO.—One hundred years ago a man could not take a ride on a steamboat.

He could not go from Washington to New York in a few hours.

He had never seen an electric light or dreamed of an electric car.

He could not send a telegram.

He couldn't talk through the telephone, and he had never heard of the hello girl.

He could not ride a bicycle.

He could not call in a stenographer and dictate a letter.

He had never received a typewritten communication.

He had never heard of the germ theory or worried over bacilli or bacteria.

He never looked pleasant before a photographer or had his picture taken.

He never heard a phonograph talk or saw a kinetoscope turn out a prize-fight.

He never saw through a Webster's unabridged dictionary with the aid of a Roentgen ray.

He had never taken a ride in an elevator.

He had never imagined such a thing as a typesetting machine or typewriter.

He had never seen his wife using a sewing machine.

He had never struck a match on his pants or anything else.

He couldn't take an anæsthetic and have his leg cut off without feeling it.

He had never purchased a ten cent magazine which would have been regarded as a miracle of art.

He could not buy a paper for a cent and learn everything that had happened the day before all over the world.

He had never seen a McCormick reaper or a self binding harvester.

He had never crossed an iron bridge.

In short, there were several things that he could not do and things he did not know.

PATTI has two wonderful parrots, one of whom talks all day long, and imitates its mistress's trills and staccati in an amazing fashion, and who (believe me! for I have heard him) can even compose the most elaborate melodies. The other parrot—Jumbo by name—is an oddity. Patti bought him for $200 in New York, where he was reputed to be the finest talking parrot alive. Once in her possession he became dumb. In vain they tried to coax him to converse. Months went by, until one morning the prima donna awoke with a bad sore throat. "Send for the doctor!" she cried, "for I have to sing to-night." The doctor duly arrived. As he entered the room the parrot uttered his first and last words: "Oh, doctor!" he exclaimed, in a strong Yankee accent, "I'm so sick!" And since that day, now several years ago, he has not uttered a word.

THE modest plant that turns out millions of postal cards every month for Uncle Sam is located in a little West Virginia mountain town, high up in the Appalachian ranges, not far from the border line of Maryland. The town is Piedmont, Mineral county, West Virginia, and here the factory is at work six days in the week making the little oblong sheets of card-boards on which so many messages of all sorts and kinds are written by all conditions of people. Here the card-board is made from the fresh sweet spruce tree; here it is cut into the requisite size, and here the cards are printed, packed and shipped.

VICTOR HUGO wrote the following in reference to the "Twentieth Century." He says: "We enter not upon great Centuries. The sixteenth was the age of painters, the seventeenth of writers, the eighteenth of philosophers, the nineteenth of apostles prophets. In the Twentieth Century war will be dead, animosity will be dead, royalty will be dead and dogmas will be dead. For all there will be but one Country and that Country the whole earth. In this triumphant cycle truth will reveal itself, and the Supreme law be revealed."

THE ordinary belfry bell, in order that its full power may be felt, is necessarily an imposing mass of metal, but an Englishman has succeeded in producing bells which are absolutely cylindrical and which do away with many of the disadvantages of the ordinary bells. Whatever be the note that is to be furnished, the tube that gives it is of constant diameter and thickness for the various tones and differ only in length. The result is a great saving in metal, and the possibility of obtaining notes with mathematical precision. Such an advantage is not a slight one, since the harmonizing of ordinary bells necessitates a special corps of tuners.

AN exchange says that "laying on of hands" is said to be a cure for the cigarette habit if attended to at the proper time. The left hand should be placed on the youngster's neck with a gentle but firm pressure downward and forward. Bring the urchin in the proper attitude over the parental knee, then apply the right hand where it will do the most good. Two or three treatments will generally effect a cure.

AT a rough estimate, there are about 350,000,000 chickens in the United States. They produce each year about 14,000,000,000 eggs, which represent $175,000,000. Besides, $130,000,000 worth of poultry is eaten in the country during a year, and the value of the living hens, at thirty cents apiece, is figured at $150,000,000. Thus the hen stands for about $455,000,000 in the yearly economics of the United States.

THE Royal oculist, Duke Carl of Bavaria, has already done nearly 3000 operations for cataract, and every one of these operations has been performed between the morning hours of six and eight, as the Duke declares his nerves are strongest at this early hour and his hand most steady.

A STRANGE method of cooking an egg is sometimes employed by shepherds in the East. The egg is placed in a sling and whirled round and round until the heat of the motion has cooked it.

THE magnolia has been selected as the State flower by the school children of Mississippi. It was the choice of forty-two flowers voted for, the cotton flower standing second.

THIRTEEN nurses gave their lives to the hospital work in the late war, and died as truly for the country as any soldier who fell by a bullet.

THE wife of Grand Duke Sergius Alexandrovitch of Russia, the sister of the present Czarina, is known to possess great histrionic talent.

MRS. LI HUNG CHANG has a more extensive wardrobe than any other woman. Her dresses number three thousand.

UNDER British rule the cotton crop in Egypt has doubled, and now amounts to over 500,000,000 pounds a year.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE GLOBE-TROTTERS.

CHINA.—The Chinese government has now practically yielded to all of the demands of the foreign envoys. On February 26, in compliance with one of the demands, Kih Liu, former Grand Secretary, and Hsu Cheng Yu, were publicly beheaded at Peking. About ten thousand persons witnessed the execution, among whom were a number of missionaries. Members of the Legations were absent, feeling that if they were present, it might appear that they were gloating over their adversaries. Every Power, however, was represented by military officials and soldiers. At the time the execution was being carried out the ministers held a meeting and decided to make no more demands for blood. Sir Robert Hart, chief of the Chinese Imperial Customs, has protested strongly to the Powers against the land grabbing engaged in by the Legations of Austria, France, Germany and Italy. The ground upon which his house was situated has been taken by Italy. Sir Robert says that the land cannot be regarded as belonging to the Chinese for he has taken part of his salary in houses instead of money, and spent some of his own money on the property. At a meeting of the Envoys held at the time of the execution of the two Chinese officials, Sir Robert's position was defended. The general opinion is that Italy should return the property she has appropriated. Minister Conger is returning to this country on leave of absence. His work will be taken by W. W. Rockhill who was sent to China as a special Commissioner at the time of the Boxer uprising. He is a man familiar not only with the official language, but with many of the dialects and all the ideas of the Chinese people, being well fitted in many ways for his position. Most of the newspapers refuse to believe that Conger's absence is merely a vacation. They say that his rest is not a voluntary one but that there can be no question that he has been recalled; that he had not been deemed capable of judging the situation in China fairly and without prejudice for he had himself suffered so during the siege of the legation by the Boxer mobs.

THE INAUGURATION.—The inauguration of President McKinley took place at Washington on Monday, March 4. As a great public ceremonial the inauguration had more of dignity and was more completely planned than preceding occasions of the kind. The decorations, the arch-

itectural treatment of the stands for onlookers, the court of honor colonnade, and reviewing pavilion before the White House all helped to make the sight pleasing and attractive. The inauguration procession included the usual various representation of civic and military bodies, regulars, veterans, and West Point cadets. But the company of Porto Ricans with sombreros and toreador jackets was a novelty. Over thirty thousand men were in file. The President's immediate escort were Civil War veterans. Although the weather was unfavorable, large and orderly crowds witnessed the procession and ceremony. The oath of office was administered to the Vice-President in the Senate by Senator Frye, President pro tempore of the Senate. The Vice-President delivered his inaugural address and administered the oath of office to the senators-elect. An impressive retinue of officials then proceeded to the platform on the center portico of the east front of the Capitol. On reaching the platform, President McKinley took the seat reserved for him with Chief-Justice Fuller at his right and the Sergeant-at-Arms at his left. Chief-Justice Fuller then administered the oath of office to President McKinley who afterwards delivered his inaugural address. This second inaugural address is notable for its brevity. The great commercial prosperity, the reduction in taxes and the necessity of economy in legislation is spoken of. He declares that the part borne by the United States in China has been in harmony with American traditions. "The settled purpose long ago proclaimed to afford the inhabitants of the Philippines self-government as fast as they were ready for it will be pursued with earnestness and fidelity. Already something has been accomplished in this direction." The address does not add to our knowledge of the situation in Cuba or in the Philippines, nor does it make any clearer the policy of the administration. In the evening the great ball took place in the Pension Building, which was changed into a corner of fairy land for the occasion. The cavernous interior of the roof was a firmament of yellow gauze, the gallery recesses were hung in yellow of a lighter tone. The central fountain was transformed into a clump of growing palms and florid shrubbery. At the east end was the graduated stage for the orchestra of one hundred and twenty-five pieces and above and behind this the gallery for the Marine band. The great floor, 314 feet long by 114 feet wide was well covered with promenaders. The President and his party to the strains of Hail to the Chief came down the staircase to the front of the balcony amidst the clapping of hands of the fair on-lookers.

Death of General Benjamin Harrison.—On Wednesday, March 16, after a brief illness, General Harrison, ex-President of the United States died at his home in Indianapolis. His career as a lawyer, soldier and politician has made him a valuable citizen of this great republic and his clear, sound political judg-

ment pronounced on the present administration and other matters of international importance has made his loss almost irreparable. His body was escorted with all due civic and military honors to the Capitol on Saturday and lay in state for the afternoon. Thousands viewed the body. The funeral occurred Sunday, the funeral services being read in the First Presbyterian Church of which he was a member for the past forty years. Amongst the mourners was President McKinley.

RECENT GIFTS OF ANDREW CARNEGIE.—Within the past few weeks Andrew Carnegie has given away over ten million dollars and rumors of twenty-five more are in the air. To testify that he still holds the people of Pittsburg in deep affection he has bestowed five million dollars upon them. One million is for the maintenance of the three libraries foundered by him for his former employees, and the other four millions to be made an endowment fund for those disabled through sickness, accident, or old age and not in good pecuniary conditions, also for families of same who are deprived by death through accidents of the main support. Five millions more he has bestowed upon New York for sixty-five branch libraries under the usual conditions of provision of sites. Many prominent New Yorkers are pledging money and sites for the proposed libraries. According to a rumor he is to give twenty-five million to the proposed technic institute which he hopes will bring as much fame to the theoretical side of the iron and steel industry as the works in Pittsburg have to the practical. This vast sum will be used as an endowment fund and also for the erection of necessary buildings. Excepting this sum he has given away for educational purposes over thirty million, and he states that he has only just begun to give away his money. With a principal of two hundred and fifty million and an annual income of fifteen million there is no immediate prospect of the cessation of these princely gifts.

HAWAIIAN LANGUAGE.—The English language has so widely taken the place of the native tongue of Hawaii that grave fears are being entertained of the extinction of the latter. In order to save it from final elimination a member of the lower House of the local Legislature is to present a bill for the teaching of the Hawaiian language in the public schools. If this bill should fail to pass efforts will be made to establish a native school in each district.

LABOR TROUBLES IN ITALY.—Reports from various parts of Italy reveal the fact that great distress is being experienced especially amongst the peasant classes of Italy. Several municipal kitchens have been opened near Rome for the relief of the poor. The peasants in Calabria are demanding the partition of the feudal lands so that they may cultivate them, and the city is guarded by troops to prevent any outbreak. The only hope of release is in the reduction of the tax rate but that the officials deem

impossible. There is a question of the dissolution of the present ministry if the present conditions are not improved.

AUSTRIAN DIFFICULTIES.—The Austrian Reichsrath still continues to wrangle and the Emperor's threat of suspending the Constitution and governing by decree seems inevitable. Poor state of the peasant class owing to no work has also caused much uneasiness.

ANNEXATION OF CRETE.—Prince George's proposals for the annexation of Crete to Greece has been refused by the Powers. He is expected to resign his position as Commissioner-General of Crete as he is reported to have said that in case of the refusal of the Powers to grant his request he would not accept a re-election of that office. He was elected in 1898 for three years.

SOUTH AFRICAN AFFAIRS.—It is reported that General Botha has met General Kitchener to discuss terms for surrender. The negotiations are about complete. No mention of President Steyn or General De Wet has been made, as they are to be dealt with separately. Liberty will be granted to all who surrender. De Wet will not concede to any British terms but will continue to harrass and if possible plunder the British army.

THE NEW STAR.—On the night of February 21, Dr. T. D. Anderson of Edinburgh, Scotland, discovered a star that was not to be found on astronomical maps. It was in Perseus, and for the next few days continued to increase in brilliancy. Since then Nova Persei, the "new" star has decreased in brightness. Various reasons are given for its sudden increased magnitude, one being that it was probably a dead star (having lost its external heat and shining by reflected light) that had collided with another body causing intense heat and luminosity.

WRECK OF THE RIO JANEIRO.—One of the saddest wrecks that has ever occurred was that of the Rio Janeiro on the morning of Washington's birthday just at the mouth of San Francisco Bay while attempting to make the harbor during a thick fog. There were two hundred and ten people aboard, one hundred and twenty-eight of which were lost. Nothing was known of the wreck on shore until a boat load of survivors reached Meigg's Wharf some miles from the scene of the accident. The wrecked vessel was from Japan via Honolulu and was at the time of her destruction a few days overdue. The accident, it is claimed, was due to fog which had lifted in the earlier part of the morning and had caused the pilot to conclude that it would be safe to make for port. They had not proceeded far when the fog settled again on the Bay, more heavily than before, and the pilot losing his bearings, the ship drifted upon a reef of sunken rocks. The ship must have been torn deeply in the side for she began to fill at once, the electric lights went out and the engine-room filled and she soon sank. Captain Ward did all he could for the passen-

gers in the limited time at his disposal, especially for the women. He perished with his ship. By a strange coincidence the City of New York was wrecked in the Golden Gate just opposite where the Rio Janeiro lies. They were sister ships. The Rio's cargo consisting of silk and opium was valued at one million all of which is a complete loss and only a few of her mail-bags came to the surface. After all the evidence obtainable in the case was heard, a coroner's jury of the county of San Francisco brought in a verdict dividing the blame for the accident between the pilot who escaped and the captain who perished.

GEORGE T. WINSTON ON THE NEGRO.—President George T. Winston of the North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanical Arts has written an interesting article on the industrial training of both races in the South in the February number of the Southern Workman, a magazine published at Hampton Institute. He states that the negro was left in a much worse condition after the war than before; that the only remedy is to educate the negro especially in agricultural pursuits, give him a small piece of land in the country to cultivate and build a home upon, and thus maintain himself and family. He advocates the same education for the negro as the white, freedom of speech, but would leave politics to the whites as they would work better for the interest of both races. He insists upon more sympathy between the races, and further states that this great work should be done by the daily and hourly sympathy, support, help and inspiration of the nation.

TELEGRAPH TYPEWRITER.—A telegraph typewriter has been patented by which it is claimed a man can write on a typewriter connected with telegraph wires and reproduce almost instantaneously the copy in an office in another city.

LARGEST PHOTOGRAPH.—The largest photograph ever made on one plate was taken last summer of two trains built for the Chicago and Alton railroad. The camera was built in Chicago and was designed by Mr. Laurence, the company's photographer. The negative measured eighty by ten feet, which will probably remain for some time the record for size.

FRENCH'S ACADEMY OFFER.—The sum of 100,000 francs was bequeathed to the French Academy of Sciences to be awarded to the first person who should be successful in communicating with another world other than Mars. The will requires that each time the prize has not been awarded for a period of five years, the accumulated interest shall be used for the advancement of astronomy.

DRAMA.—"Marion Lescaut" with Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon in the leading roles will be produced in New York after a brief trial tour on the road. It is a version of the familiar Prevost novel and had the initial production at St. Louis where it met with decided success. Miss Elsie De Wolfe will make her first New York appearance this season in a play

called "Shades of Night." The dramatization of Miss Johnston's "To Have and To Hold" and Mr. Thompson's "Alice of Old Vincennes" are soon to be produced. The former it is said bears little resemblance to the novel. Uncle Tom's Cabin on a scale of great magnificence with a splendid caste has been revived. "Under Two Flags" still another novel dramatization continues with Blanche Bates as "Agarette." The company is expected to be taken to London in the early summer. Amelia Bingham, having secured Clyde Fitch's latest society play, could not find a theatre open for it, so she leased the Bijou, cast herself for the principal part, engaged an excellent company and from the first night has been successful.

"Our many deeds, the thoughts that we have thought,
They go out from us thronging every hour;
And in them all is folded up a power
That on the earth doth move them to and fro;
And mighty are the marvels they have wrought
On hearts we know not, and may never know."

Glimpses of Good Books.

Miss Belle Kearney, the author of *A Slaveholder's Daughter*, is one of the most brilliant and popular lecturers upon the American platform to-day. She has long been identified with reform work and is at present one of the organizers for the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

The book is a sketch of her life. Miss Kearney was born as she says "just two months and six days too late to be a constitutional slaveholder." She writes interestingly of that period of changed conditions in the South brought about by the civil war and of her early life during that trying time and the period of readjustment that followed. Miss Kearney began her career of thought and independent action by teaching, at first a small private school at home and later taking the public school.

She tells of her struggles with the pupils many of whom came very irregularly. The scholars could not be graded as there were not ten books among them which were alike, the parents sending such books as suited them. One day a pupil handed her a note as follows: "Mis I doant warnt mi Sun ben To studdie Nuthin but reedin wrighten spelin and Figgers Respecfuly Willium L——."

The writer tells of her success in teaching a fat little five-year-old boy the alphabet. To make him remember the letter "u," she wrote it in the palm of his hand with a piece of chalk, telling him at the time, "This is u," with this result. He gave a loud yell, and then sobbed out, "No, Miss Belle, dat aint me-e-e-ee!"

When Miss Kearney was elected to an office in the Young Woman's Christian Temperance Union, she had very little knowledge of that organization. To seek this she went to the minister who had baptized her and whose church she had attended, asked him about the different temperance societies, saying she was about to take up the work. He knew nothing of temperance work or workers and said to her that he should hate to see *his* wife or daughter undertake such a life! Such was the popular prejudice in the South at that time against a woman's appearance in public in any capacity. She encountered this prejudice even when teaching.

Miss Kearney gives many pleasant personal reminiscences of Francis E. Willard, Susan B. Anthony and others prominent in present day history. The book is exceedingly interesting and should be widely read. Miss

Kearney is a gifted writer and has had an eventful life. The combination is happy. *A Slaveholder's Daughter* is published by The Abbey Press, Publishers. Price $1.50.

Electricity is the wizard of the twentieth century and the things a boy should know about it have been put into a book by Mr. Thomas M. St. John. When the book has been thoroughly studied and the pupil has mastered frictional electricity; has learned about magnets and magnetism; and the various Voltaic cells; has found out how electricity is generated by heat, by induction and by dynamo; how the power is applied to cars, boats and automobiles and has had the long summer vacation in which to experiment, the average boy will be a long way on the road to becoming an electrician. The study is fascinating and volts, amperes, armatures, and dynamos will take the place of the base-ball terms and the "shinny-stick" language. Every boy who reads the book will immediately desire to equip the house with push-buttons and fortunate will be the mother who does not have her establishment turned into a "Central Station." A good book for boys and girls as well.

Things a Boy Should Know About Electricity. Thomas M. St. John. Price $1.00. The book is fully illustrated, the illustrations adding greatly to the application of the text.

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The Morning Mercury, New Bedford, Mass; The Occident, San Francisco; The Baltimore Methodist; The Bangor Daily Commercial; The Coldwater (Mich.) Daily Reporter; The Sun, Lewiston, Me.; The Milford (N. H.) Daily Pointer; The Pacific Churchman, San Francisco; The Evening Standard, New Bedford, Mass.; The Light of Truth, Columbus, Ohio; The Standard, Woodstock, Vt.; The Sacred Heart Review, Boston; The American Israelite, Cincinnati, Ohio; The Helping Hand, Brooklyn, N. Y.; A True Republic, Cleveland, Ohio; Daily News, Manistee, Mich.; Ram's Horn, Chicago; The Sunday School Times, Philadelphia; The Christian Herald and Signs of Our Times, New York City; The American Friend, Philadelphia; City and State, Philadelphia; The Commons, Chicago.

TALKS AND TALES.

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To the Patron Members of the American Association of the Blind:

KIND FRIENDS:—This notice is to inform you that your membership fee can be paid to our treasurer, H. R. W. MILES, or to Miss Etta J. Giffin, Pavilion for the Blind, Library of Congress, this being in lieu of any further charge for the magazine TALKS and TALES.

WE desire to call the attention of the readers of TALKS and TALES to articles which appear by the following occasional contributors, all of whom are blind.

H. R. W. Miles, Mary E. Sanford, Charlotte M. Hinman, Alice A. Holmes, H. Stennett Rogers, Alfred J. Hosking, Alexander Cameron, Roberta Anna Griffith, Rev. Ghosn el Howie, Syria; Helen Marr Campbell, Clarence Hawkes, Mamie Ray, Harry Forrester, J. Newton Breed.

FROM THE KINDERGARTEN.

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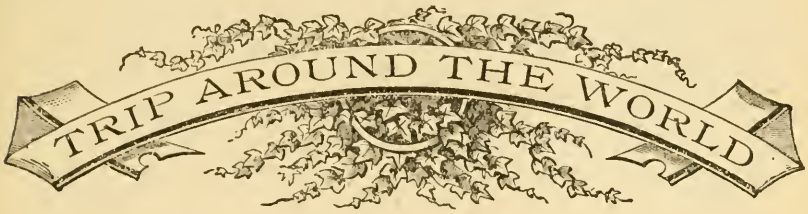

BY THE FAMOUS TRAVELERS E. AND E. AND THEIR EQUALLY FAMOUS SERVANTS S. AND P.

IN the valorous resistance made by the Dutch against the cruel and colossal power of Spain, the Belgians joined with equal ardor and self-sacrifice; and, although not as successful as their neighbors, furnished nevertheless some of the grandest leaders in that mighty struggle, and many of the noblest martyrs to the sacred cause.

In Brussels, on one side of the Grand Place, in front of the House of the King, stood—until recently, when it was removed to a highly ornamented city park—an impressive monument commemorating the illustrious heroes of the Netherlands, Counts Egmont and Hoorn, who, on the 5th of June, 1568, were executed here by order of the Duke of Alva. These men, though Roman Catholics by birth and faith, had steadfastly opposed the cruel persecution of their countrymen by Phillip II., and were on this account condemned to death. The execution of Egmont was unusually revolting, even for that age of pitiless severity, since it revealed the most shameful treachery and the blackest ingratitude on the part of the Spanish King. Count Phillip Egmont was one of the loftiest types of knightly chivalry and soldierly character that Europe ever produced, and he won for his ungrateful sovereign, in a desperate conflict with the marshaled hosts of France, the brilliant victory of St. Quentin, in honor of which Phillip had built the Escurial in Spain.

Hence Egmont's military renown and distinguished bravery were the pride of the Flemish race. William of Orange, his devoted friend, had repeatedly warned him of the treachery of Phillip, and implored him to escape. But Egmont trusted both the Spanish sovereign and his perfidious

agent, Alva, forgetting the popular proverb in regard to the former, "His dagger follows close upon his smile." When told of his inevitable doom, Egmont, despite his well-known courage, was for a moment overwhelmed with horror and surprise, and exclaimed, "Alas! when I should think of God alone, I am unable to forget my wife and children." Then, recovering his composure, he remained calm and self-controlled until his death. A moment of profound silence succeeded the executioner's fatal stroke. Tears filled the eyes of many of the Spanish soldiers; for they had admired Egmont as a gallant warrior. The French ambassador, as he gazed upon the scene from a neighboring window, whispered: "There falls the head before which France has trembled twice." As for the people, notwithstanding the presence of the troops, they could not be restrained; and, rushing to the fatal block, they dipped their handkerchiefs in Egmont's blood, to henceforth keep them as memorials of the crime, and as incentives to a terrible revenge.

Among the prettiest features of Brussels is the Place Royale, where one looks out from his hotel upon a handsome square, adorned with the equestrian statue of Godfrey de Bouillion, the hero of the first crusade. Brussels, like Paris, is not merely a gay, modern city; it has a background of impressive history. This statue, for example, represents the old crusader in the attitude which he assumed when, on this very spot, in 1097, he raised the standard of the Cross, and urged his fellow-countrymen to follow him to Palestine to rescue from the Saracens the sepulchre of Christ. What an age of enthusiasm was that when such appeals drew multitudes away from home and kindred, to march thousands of miles, through endless difficulties and with no pecuniary recompense, to fight with desperate courage for an idea! It was the age that built cathedrals and worshiped God in forests made of stone; the age of chivalry, born of a reverence for the Madonna, which made all womankind appear divine; and, above all, an age of sentiment, like that which caused the hero Godfrey, when elected King of Jerusalem, to refuse to wear a crown of gold in the city where his Saviour had worn a crown of thorns. Those days are gone. Cathedrals and crusaders would now be anachronisms. The ladies for whose glances mailed knights contended in the tournament, or on the tented field, have been succeeded by the "New Woman." The narrow, mediæval river of intolerance, curbed by the granite walls of dogma (and hence impetuous in its pent-up fury) has reached the open sea whose waves touch distant shores, and whose horizon steadily recedes as we advance. We can no more go back to the old age of simple faith and ardent zeal, than can the stream return from the broad ocean to its mountain channel; and yet, we sigh for something we have lost, and with an irrepressible yearning for a resurrection of enthusiastic faith and feeling, we agree with Holmes that "it is faith in something, and enthusiasm for something, that makes a life worth looking at." One of the finest modern buildings in the Belgian capital is the

Bourse, which was completed in 1774 at a cost of a million dollars. It seemed to us, at first, incredible that such an elegant edifice, elaborately adorned with Corinthian columns, allegorical statues, and beautiful reliefs, could be merely the Stock Exchange; yet it is characteristic of the city. Brussels is wealthy. Belgium is progressive. It cannot boast of an extensive territory, but it is determined to make the little that it does possess not only prosperous but beautiful. As an illustration of its enterprise, it is worthy of note that this most densely populated country in Europe was the first on the Continent to establish a system of railways. The tourist in Belgium may well ask himself, therefore, "In the present condition of Europe is not a small, well-governed monarchy like this much better off than larger ones which must maintain enormous standing armies, and are continually fearing war?" The policy of Belgium seems to be: "Let others shake the tree; I will pick up the fruit."

The splendor of the Brussels Bourse is now surpassed by that of the new Palace of Justice, the cost of which was more than ten million dollars. It would be difficult to find in any city a secular building more magnificent and imposing. It forms an enormous rectangle, each side of which measures about six hundred feet, while in the center rises a well proportioned tower, four hundred feet in height. The question naturally suggests itself: How there can be in such a tiny realm as Belgium enough judicial business to make so huge a structure necessary. It is a striking illustration of the fact that while the other European nations have been wasting life and treasure on the battle-field, or carrying enormous burdens in preparation for war, Belgium has been employed in peaceful industries and the most splendid and conspicuous building in her capital, to-day, is not an arsenal for her soldiers, nor even a fortress for defense, but a palatial temple for the goddess of justice. Almost every European capital is embellished by at least one lofty shaft characteristic of the nation and commemorative of its history. In London, it is Nelson's column in Trafalgar Square; in Paris, the Napoleonic column in the Place Vendome; Berlin is dominated by her recent Monument of Victory; and in St. Petersburg we find the noble monolith which bears the name of Alexander I. The Belgian capital, also, has a historic column, worthy to be compared with those of other lands.

It was erected to commemorate the founding of the kingdom in 1831, when its present liberal constitution was adopted, and Leopold, Prince of Saxe-Coburg was elected king. A statue of this sovereign (the father of the reigning monarch) crowns the summit of the column at a height of two hundred and eighty feet; and at the corners of the pedestal are four bronze figures, which symbolize the basic principles of the government—Liberty of the Press, Liberty of Education, Liberty of Public Assemblage and Freedom of Religious Worship. These are four elements from which we might expect

an almost perfect state to be constructed; and where in Europe (all things considered) can we find a nation better governed, a constitution more implicitly obeyed, a king more liberal and progressive, and a people happier, and more prosperous? Leopold II. of Belgium is distinguished among other sovereigns of Europe for his unassuming manners and industrious habits, as well as for the remarkable ability with which he conducts the onerous and responsible duties of his high position. We have been told by those who are well informed that he is the busiest man in his kingdom. He usually rises before six in the morning, and may be seen soon after consulting with his chief gardener over the rare plants and flowers cultivated in his superb conservatory. At nine o'clock he is in the Palace at Brussels, and during the entire day is deeply engrossed in the affairs of the State; examining voluminous reports, consulting with his cabinet officers, receiving visits from ambassadors and other distinguished people, making plans for the amelioration of the inhabitants of his Congo-State, and for the development of its commercial life; or employed in the many details which demand the close attention of an enlightened and progressive ruler, desirous of securing the prosperity of his country and the welfare of his people. A brilliant diplomat, a shrewd, far-seeing statesman, liberal in all his ideas of government and administration, thoroughly in sympathy with the progressive ideas of the century, and sharing the hopes and aspirations of his people, King Leopold II. stands out conspicuous as one of the most eminent sovereigns of his time.

The Chateau of Laeken, the King's summer home, situated about three miles from Brussels, was, a few years ago, destroyed by fire. It was a most beautiful residence, and during the time when Belgium constituted a part of the Empire of France, under the first Napoleon, it was a favorite abode of the Emperor whenever he visited that part of his dominions.

A friend of ours was recently honored with an invitation to dine with the King at Laeken, and, after the repast, as the King and Queen were strolling with their guests through some of the most interesting rooms of the chateau, Leopold II. suddenly stopped, and remarked, "This is historically a very interesting apartment, for from this room and from that little table in the center began the downfall of Napoleon." To our friend, who inquired how this could be, the King replied: "In this room and on that table the Emperor Napoleon wrote his declaration of war against Russia, in 1812, from which moment I consider, dates the commencement of his downfall." When this chateau was burned, the King and royal family were at the palace in Brussels. The grenadiers on guard at Laeken, seeing that the building was doomed, and knowing how highly Leopold II. prized the Napoleon table, made extraordinary efforts to force their way into the building through fire, smoke, and falling timbers to secure it, and, finally, to the great delight of the King, succeeded in rescuing it before it had been injured.

HJORTH HJORYESEN.

HUGH W. BEAL.

THE Pine Mountain Slide, a mile long, carries logs from the summit to Beaver Basin, a small, deep pond, thirty miles above Blomfield.

The slide is a little over three feet wide. Where its steep trough is straight the sides are about two feet high. They rise to four feet on two curves, where the flying logs rise as they "thrash around" and take a new direction. Logs usually run the Pine Mountain Slide in from seventy to eighty seconds.

Their friction on its smooth and close-jointed bottom is lessened by a stream of water about one inch deep at the head. This is conducted to the slide from a large spring high on the mountain. Because of leakage this rivulet is not more than a quarter of an inch deep at the lower end.

Through and over this shallow stream the logs fly with spurts of spray. The little current does nothing to propel them, only serving to save the bottom of the slide.

During the highest third of its length the trough, here straight and very steep, crosses two tremendous gorges on trestlework. Touching the face of the mountain, it runs close to the ground on a gradually lessening slope. Then, turning to the left, it renews the quickness of its fall while being carried along the wall of a precipice by iron supports clamped to the rock.

Again touching solid ground, it passes a promontory, runs three hundred yards straight, and again turns to the left. Thence it runs straight out on a trestlework and shoots its logs into Beaver Basin from a height of thirty feet.

Here is an amazing spectacle when the logs follow one another quickly. Some far outjump the rest, some turn over and over as they fall, a few "skitter" on the water as do flat stones thrown swiftly near the surface. Many, after disappearing, spring out to nearly their whole length, and slap loudly down.

On the shore near the mouth of the slide there is a log shanty where five raftsmen live, and near the head of the slide is another shanty occupied by the gang employed in canting logs into the entrance of the chute.

The foreman of the gang was big Peter Hicks. Sober, Peter was a peaceable, generous man, with no worse fault than a turn for rough joking. Drunk, Peter seemed to delight in bullying and cruelty.

Now whiskey was easily obtained from the owner of an illicit still in a gloomy ravine halfway up the mountain. Hence Hicks frequently began the morning with a dram.

Among the men placed under Hicks by the general overseer was one Hjorth Hjoryesen, a Norwegian not twenty years of age. He was too reserved and laconic to be popular, but he was respected for his frugality and strength.

As his mind was sternly bent on improving his English and gaining enough money to buy a farm, the fair-haired blue-eyed youth spent none of his time or means in dissipation. When the day's work was done he devoted himself to his English reader and grammar, never disturbed by the talk in the shanty, but sometimes interrupted by a vision of his old mother and Ingeborg and Hans and the baby.

Hjorth never lay down to sleep without reckoning the day's wages in with his little savings, and thinking how all those yellow heads at home were so much nearer the wide farm in the west that he meant some day to own.

Big Peter Hicks, drinking whenever he had a chance, felt rebuked by the severe sobriety of this youth. On first arriving, Hjorth had silently refused several invitations to drink. He had not even returned thanks. Being taunted with this apparent rudeness, he had gravely explained that he did not believe any man should give thanks for the offer of poison. From that hour Hicks resolved to drive Hjorth out of the gang.

With this object, the foreman "piled" work on the lad. Hjorth, in the pride of his strength, regarded this as a compliment to his powers, and encountered every task with good humor.

Then Hicks imposed on Hjorth the duty of inspecting the slides. It needed petty repairs two or three times a week, and all these were not likely to be noticed on one inspection trip. In finding something overlooked by the lad, Hicks expected to get an excuse for discharging him.

Nearly all day logs were running in the slide. Then nobody could walk in it. But it had to be inspected while moving logs gave indications of loose ends or bolts. Therefore a line of planks was laid outside on the ends of the crosspieces that supported the bottom of squared timbers. No man of weak nerve could walk along these single planks across several deep chasms.

The triweekly inspection usually began about two hours before time to stop work. During the last hour no logs were launched. This enabled Hjorth to walk back inside the trough and drive loose bolts, or make any other necessary repairs.

One Thursday evening in November Hicks and four of his gang left the camp cabin, and were absent all night. The next morning only four men, one of whom was Hjorth Hjoryesen, presented themselves to launch trees.

The general overseer thereupon gave the Norwegian the office formerly possessed by Hicks.

At noon the missing men appeared, bearing unmistakable signs of having spent the night in carousing. Hicks was enraged when told that the foreigner was now the leader of the gang, and that he himself could either leave or go to work as a common laborer. As he had flung away all his wages, he could not afford to leave. So he suppressed his rage and went to work.

Big Pete felt his degradation keenly, and with his boon companions regarded Hjorth as a usuper.

Toward evening of the following day, Saturday, the men expected that their new foreman would appoint one of them to inspect the slide, and thus avoid the disagreeable duty himself; but he told them to quit work at the usual time, and then started upon his tour of inspection.

After Hjorth had disappeared, Hicks and four of his companions, leaving the other men still at work, walked away southward, plunged down into a thick growth of saplings, and disappeared.

They were absent for more than an hour. When, flushed and boisterous, they returned from the illicit still, the sun was disappearing and all the other lumbermen had left the scene.

Sitting down on a large log that was awaiting its turn to be launched, they fell into talk about Hjoryesen, and vilified him without stint. Remembering that the object of their wrath was still below them, some one proposed to frighten him by launching the log down the slide.

They rose seized the untrimmed log upon which they had been sitting, and brought it round to the slide. Then they lowered it, large end first, until no more than four feet projected above. Still they held on, half afraid to let it go.

Was Hjorth in the slide? If so, the log would but give him a fright, provided he were far enough away to get out on hearing it coming at him.

"Wait, there he comes now!" Hicks exclaimed.

Picking up a bough about seven feet long, he laid it horizontally across the end of the slide in such a manner that it caught on a projecting knot of the log and held it in place.

Through the gloom of early evening Hjoryesen could be discerned about a hundred yards below.

When he stepped from the slide, he found the men grouped in his way. Hardly noticing them, Hjorth attempted to pass. But Hicks placed his burly hand upon the youth's shoulder, and thrusting a bottle under his nose, said:

"Have a drink?"

Hjoryesen gazed calmly into the eyes of his enemy. Then he shook off the offending hand.

Hicks, drunk enough to be wicked, seized the lad by the collar and tried to force the bottle into his mouth. Hjorth sent it spinning into the air.

Big Peter tried to grapple the Norwegian, and received a stinging blow in

the face that sent him tumbling dangerously near a steep embankment.

Then the other four rushed at Hjoryesen. He knocked one down and struggled furiously with the other three, but was soon overpowered by the united attack and borne to the ground. A rope was passed round him and his arms tied in front of his body. Hjorth made no outcry.

"I'll fix you, you young panther!" said Hicks, wiping the blood from his face. They seized the prostrate youth and carried him to the edge of the precipice.

"No, don't throw him over! Send him down the slide!" shouted Hicks.

"Hooray!" cried another.

They threw Hjorth backward on the log already in the slide. A second rope was passed round his waist and knotted to the log.

"Now will you drink?" said Hicks.

"Never!" said the boy, white with rage.

"You'd sooner have a ride over the slide, would you?"

"Murder me! You've got the power to do that! But drink with you I will not!" said Hjorth, in his own tongue.

Hicks had meant to frighten, not to kill the young foreman.

"I'll pry your teeth open!" he cried, and strode furiously back for a stick.

The words were hardly out of Hicks' mouth when his leg struck the retaining branch. The log was off with Hjorth in an instant.

Hicks shrieked with horror and flung himself to the ground. The others stared at where the log had in three seconds disappeared. Far down the chute they heard it roaring away into silence. Hicks rose. All looked at him in terror.

"We'll hang for this!" he cried.

With one impulse they took to their heels to find a hiding-place.

As the log shot away it swayed, jumped back to its first position, and fell over a little to that side. It ran on the short ends of the branches. The men had not trimmed them away, as they would have done had the log been put on the slide in the usual course of work. Back and forth it hopped on the points.

The air shrieked in Hjorth's ears and the slide roared under the enormous and rough log. It shook the boy to this side and that, torturing him at every change. He had given himself up for lost, but terror did not paralyze his senses.

"Another moment," he thought, "the log may turn right over, and tear me and strew me in shreds along this trough." But he set his teeth hard to bear the pain, and uttered never a cry.

At ten seconds on its course, the log had reached an equilibrium. Hjorth lay as if half-turned on his right side.

"I shall be smashed at the turn," he thought.

Even the log half-canted over and tossed him as far on his side as he had been on his right. It was now flying round the first curve out of its equilibrium, as a sleigh swiftly turning a corner rises on the inner runner.

Against the longer side of the curving trough it slashed, then raced on almost free of the bottom. It was pressed against the side timbers, and carried Hjorth on the other side.

The knot on the rope round the young man was thrust against the timber. Its particles began to be planed off as those of a candle might be if held against a revolving grindstone.

Father back, where the side of the log touched the slide, bark flew away in strips that dropped behind and were whirled along for some yards in the vortex of air following the rushing timber.

The air through which Hjorth was forced came against his almost senseless body with such solidity as to push him farther into the rope. His chest was so wedged into it that the constriction almost stopped his breathing. So great was his agony that he must have died had it endured long.

Again the log righted for a straight run of ten seconds, then canted and rose to hurry round the final curve.

Once more the knot was ground against the side timbers. The strands had been almost worn away when the log lay down for the straight stretch to the water. Still the rope held Hjorth although the thrust of the air against him was so strong that the knot must have fallen apart had the run been twenty seconds longer.

Then the log shot straight out over Beaver Basin. Hjorth's legs flew up like rags tied to a descending arrow, and the log, plunging at an angle into the pond, went out of sight.

Neither Hjorth nor the rope that had bound his body rose with the timber when it jumped half out and splashed heavily down. The remaining strands had parted under the strain of the plunge. The log rose, and little waves went away trembling with reflections of the last rose color after sundown. Their circle had widened far before Hjorth's head appeared.

Too much racked and exhausted to struggle, he rose as a corpse rises. But the icy water had restored him to full consciousness, and he tried to strike out "dog fashion" with his bound hands. But the effort was agony. He understood that some of his ribs must have been broken, and with an agonizing breath he sank again.

Even in that extremity the youth's firm Northman soul forbade him to yield and die. A twist of his legs brought him upward. He let his feet sink, became motionless, laid his head back, and so rose till his nose and lips were above the surface. Although ears, cheeks and forehead were submerged, he could yet catch breath.

But the pain of his gasp for air was unendurable. He convulsively

moved his bound hands. That slight disturbance sank him once more.

Still Hjorth kept his senses. Treading water with his feet, he thrust his head well above the pond. Then he heard a voice cry out near by:

"There's his head! Pass me that pike-pole."

"Where?" cried another man.

"There! Here, don't you see? Ah, he's gone down! No—I've got him!"

As Hjorth went under he felt the sharp hook of the pike-pole catch in his coat. Then he was lifted, groaning, into the boat of the men who had their cabin near the mouth of the slide.

Hearing the roar and splash of a log at so unusual an hour they had run out of their shanty. On seeing Hjorth's head appear on the rose-tinted water, they had hurried to his aid.

Before morning, after stripping him in their shanty and wrapping him in hot blankets, they had taken him to the doctor at Blomfield.

There his young ribs quickly knit, but his nerves were shaken and he could not go back to work on the slide. He drew his little earnings from the bank and went to Dakota. There he has prospered so well that all the yellow-headed Hjoryesens are with him.

He refused to lay an information against Hicks.

"What good would it do?" Hjorth asked. "Let him go. If I put him in jail, he'll take to the bottle worse than ever when he comes out."

When the news that Hjorth refused to prosecute was brought to him, Big Peter hastened to the man he had wronged, cried like a child, and swore he would never taste liquor again. He kept that pledge, and is now an industrious, respectable citizen of Blomfield from whom I had most of the particulars of this narrative.—[*Youth's Companion.*

The Story of a Love Story.

HENRY IRVING DODGE

"HELLO, Mr. Writer-man."

"Hello, editor."

"What have you got for us to-day?"

"My opinion in the case."

"What case?"

"Don't you remember? The other day you said you had received a story that was so bad that it was good, and that you were half inclined to print it as a sample of the stuff you receive daily and are actually expected to publish. You asked me what I thought of the scheme——" The writer-man paused.

"Well?" interrogatively.

"Well, I've embodied my opinion in a story. Here it is."

The red-faced man with the yellow mustache and blue eyes put a tanned hand into an inner pocket, drew out a manuscript and handed it to the elegantly groomed Harvard man at the desk.

"Read it," he said.

Mansfield settled himself comfortably and read

"THE STORY OF A LOVE STORY."

Once upon a time there was a brilliant editor of a famous magazine; there was also a writer-man whom the editor liked and whose stories he hated to reject; but the safety of the magazine demanded it. It happened one day that the editor was sore perplexed about a matter, and he called the writer-man in to help him out.

"Briggs," said he, "I have a story that is so bad that it is good. It is a splendid specimen of the 'rot' that is sent us. I want to use it as a sample of the sort of thing we get—of the drivel we are expected to publish— it's a love story."

"Has it no uplifting cynicism to redeem it?" asked Briggs satirically.

"No, it's sheer flubdub, balderdash, food for fools."

"Who wrote it? Some foolish old woman, I suppose."

The editor knitted his brows.

"No," he replied; "a young woman wrote it—a school teacher."

"Young, beautiful and a school teacher," repeated Briggs. "Let me see the story. Ah, it has two good traits—it's beautifully typewritten and it

smells of roses." After a few minutes he handed the story back with a weary smile. He pondered a moment, then his face brightened.

"How do you know she's young?" he asked. The editor unlocked a private drawer.

"She wrote me a short letter giving a sketch of her life, and telling me how she came to write the story. I wish the letter were longer—I'd publish it instead of the other. It's intensely interesting. It seems she has suffered the same as the rest of us. She also sent her photograph; here it is. Imagine that face associated with such rot. It seems a sacrilege."

"Horrible," commented Briggs solemnly.

"She lives in B—ville, Texas," continued the editor.

"How shall you arrange with her?" asked Briggs. "You must, of course, give your reason for publishing the story. I shouldn't feel greatly flattered if you were to use any of my stuff for such a scheme as that. It's brutal."

"I know it is. But there is such fierce competition between us editors that we must employ eccentric methods when we fail of original."

"You must even descend to the breaking of a girl's heart," said Briggs.

Hamilton flushed. "I am not going to publish her name, and I'll pay her as much as I would Howells or Kippling."

Briggs smiled. "My dear boy, you might as well try to console a mother for the loss of her child by telling her that no one would know it was her's that died. It's not the world she cares for—it's her pet, and she'll mourn over it all the more on account of its friendlessness. You don't know women, but you should know authors. An author's story may be deformed, ugly, even idiotic, but you can no more reason him into seeing its unloveliness than you can convince a mother of the ugliness of her child."

"Don't lecture," exclaimed Hamilton; "give me an answer—yes, or no. Shall I publish it as a terrible example?"

"Yes," said Briggs.

Hamilton laughed. "Well, if you're not the most inconsistent fellow I ever saw. I thought you were trying some of your eccentric logic on me. Come to lunch."

Six months later Hamilton steamed into St. Louis en route to California; he was to stop over for two days. The first afternoon of his stay in that city brought him a brief note, which bore the official mark of a hospital, was signed by one of the doctors, and marked "private." It ran:

"Dear Mr. Hamilton:

"We have here a most curious case of melancholy—of slow heart-break. The case is that of a young woman. A most interesting feature of the affair is that the patient was thrown into the greatest excitement by the reading of your name in the 'hotel arrivals' in this morning's paper. Perhaps you will be interested to see her, although I've no doubt her trouble is a mere hallucination.

"Yours truly,

"Sprague, M. D."

Two hours later the young doctor received Hamilton's card. The men shook hands, and then, without any "preliminaries," Hamilton said:

"Dr. Sprague, I want to see the young woman who showed such alarm at the mention of my name."

"Nothing easier, sir," replied the doctor, taking his visitor's measure with a glance. "I'll show you it was, as I said, a mere hallucination. I suspect she will have forgotten you by this time." Then leading the way to a remote corner of the room, he drew aside a curtain and said quietly. "Miss Marguerite."

"Come in," said the girl in a low, musical voice and marked southern accent.

A mellow "half light" filled the apartment.

"I've a visitor."

The splendid Harvard man stood at the doctor's side and slightly to the rear. From his eyes there shone a great compassion.

"This is Mr. Hamilton." A cry of alarm came from the pillows.

Hamilton approached the bed. "Won't you tell me why my name alarms you so?" he asked tenderly. She looked at him for what seemed an interminable period, then she said, half to herself:

"How could a man with a face like that do such a thing?"

At this the doctor would have withdrawn, but Hamilton, with a motion of the hand, detained him.

"Do what?" Hamilton asked.

"I heard you say, doctor," the girl went on, "it was an hallucination; but here—read this!" She fumbled under her pillow, drew out a sealed envelope and handed it to Hamilton. "I didn't intend that should be opened until my death, but I think you, of all men, should see it."

Hamilton broke the seal and read. The doctor watching him saw a look of the keenest pain come to him.

The contents of the envelope had fallen from Hamilton's hand. They were simply a letter and a clipping. The doctor picked them up and handed them to the girl, but she gave him back the letter and said quietly, "Read it."

It ran:

Dear Miss Wentworth:

"Your story, 'His One Love,' has been favorably considered by us. We want you to let us publish it anonymously, or under a nom de plume. It suits our purpose so well that I shall pay you 'Kipling prices' for it. Inclosed please find check for $100. I trust you will find this fair compensation.

Yours, Truly.

"John Ray Hamilton, Editor."

The doctor folded the letter, and as the girl took it she said:

"When I received that my dream of happiness was realized. I did not mind their publishing it anonymously. It has been my idol. I did not care

for fame, but I had labored—oh! so long—over that story. But, like most women, I couldn't keep it to myself. I had to tell all my friends that my story had been accepted by the leading New York magazine. I showed them all this letter, and I was fairly lionized by the simple village folks. I was pointed out as the young literary woman of the state, and some even said I would be a great novelist. Well, finally the magazine came."

Hamilton groaned.

"Everybody in the village had ordered one, and Bill Morrison, the stage driver, handed them around; but he didn't make any comment. He seemed in a hurry to get away as soon as he gave me mine, and when I called after him and asked if he had read my story and weren't going to congratulate me on it, he seemed not to hear me, but turned so quickly away that I was alarmed. He had read my story, though, and this is what he read at the top of it!"

Hamilton raised his hand in a deprecating manner.

The doctor took the slip. It read as follows:

"For a long time we have been on the lookout for the most worthless story possible, in order to give our readers an idea of the kind of rubbish we receive, and have selected this as the one."

The doctor stood with the slip in his hand. The girl watched his face as he read, then said:

"A whole world, no doubt, laughed at the brilliant editor's sarcasm. All but a lone, little village in the backwoods of Texas. There were a dozen men there who would gladly have gone to New York and shot that editor, but I begged them not to do so. I was dreadfully ashamed. I could hardly look my own mother in the face. And after all the hopes they had built on me, too. They loved me so, and pitied me so! but when their compassion became greater than I could bear I crept away alone—alone with my broken heart—to die here. I hadn't done anything to deserve it either. I had just worked at my story, dreaming of fame; and when it was ready I copied it so neatly, and didn't roll it or fold it, but put it between two pieces of pasteboard, and then posted it myself. And I waited so long, and then the editor's letter came. And oh! the joy of it. And then—and then—oh! the tragedy, the cruelty of it all."

She broke into a violent fit of sobbing. At this Hamilton groaned and turned away.

"I have only one thing to say," said the girl softly. "I thank God for giving me the chance to tell you that I forgive you."

A sound like the faint echo of a zephyr escaped her; then a great stillness followed. The doctor moved nearer to the bed. He bent down and looked at the girl; then he touched Hamilton gently on the shoulder.

"Come," he said.

"No," said Hamilton, "not till I tell her how I feel, what I will try to do, what——"

"Your words will have to go to heaven to reach her," replied the doctor.

The story ended abruptly.

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Mansfield turned the page.

"Where's the rest of it?" he asked of the writer-man with the red face and yellow mustache.

"There isn't any 'rest,'" answered the writer-man.

"But it hasn't any ending to it."

"It has a very logical ending."

"But you didn't give that brute, Hamilton, a chance to do anything for the girl—to make amends."

"There wouldn't be any moral to it if I did," replied Webb.

"And I m afraid the readers would be dissatisfied with the way it ends," continued Mansfield.

After a pause the writer-man said:

"What are you going to do with it?"

"I'll give you a hundred dollars for it, but I shan't publish it the way it ends—or rather, doesn't end."

"What good is it to you, then?"

The editor put his hand affectionately on the writer-man's arm:

"My dear boy, you have saved me from doing a mean thing, a low down mean thing. I couldn't find it in my heart now to use the Jencks girl's story in the way I intended. Just think, it might have broken her heart. Thank heavens, man, you have saved her and me."

He pressed a button.

"Ask the cashier to make a check for Mr. Webb for $100," he said to the boy who appeared in response to the summons. When the check was brought in Webb folded it carefully and put it in his pocket.

"Come to lunch with me," he said.

The brilliant editor rose and put on his hat. At that moment the boy appeared with a card. The editor read it:

"Serena Jencks, Galveston."

He handed the card to the writer-man, then turned to the boy.

"Show the lady in. Stay where you are, Webb." Then he added: "A good chance to see the girl."

Webb chuckled.

A tall slender girl appeared. She had large brown eyes and red lips. Her hands were not small, but were well gloved, and she dressed in good style —not New York style. She held out her hand freely to the editor, and he shook it heartily and then presented Webb.

"I am just off the steamer," exclaimed Miss Jencks in an effusive way, 'and the first thing I did was to call to learn the fate of my story."

There was a freshness and innocence about the young woman that amused the editor. After a few minutes' general conversation, she said:

"Now tell me all about my story—are you going to print it?"

The editor blushed, reflected a minute, then said:

"It is an amusing story, but, to be candid, it is hardly up to our standard."

"In other words," she interrupted, "it isn't good enough."

"Well, if you like to put it that way—yes."

Miss Jencks leaned both of her dainty elbows on the table, and looked the editor straight in the eyes for a moment.

"Well, then, is it bad enough?"

The editor and writer-man exchanged quick and significant glances. Here was an opportunity the Harvard man had not looked for.

"I don't know. Perhaps if I were to put our friend, Webb here, to revise it, he might make it bad enough."

She laughed.

"Well, then, what will you pay me if I let you publish it as an awful example?"

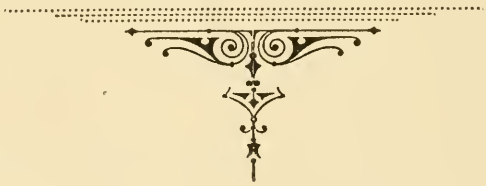
"One hundred dollars."

"It's yours."

"But even though we publish the story with a pen name, will not some of your friends recognize it and so cause you mortification?"

Miss Jencks chuckled sweetly. "You don't suppose I was fool enough to let any of my friends know I wrote a love story, do you?"

The writer-man and the editor looked at each other calmly.—[*New York Independent.*



The Little Woman's Choice.

ANNIE H. DONNELL.

"IT is so important, Philip, but I think I see my way out. I've about decided upon a plan."

"Yes?"

Philip Holley's eyes did not leave the close lines of his newspaper, and his voice had the quality of abstraction well defined in it. The small woman across the table breathed a gentle sigh.

"But, Philip, don't you want me to tell you my plan? It seems such a prudent one. If you would put down that newspaper—no, I think I'd rather you folded it up and sat on it. Then you couldn't be tempted."

"Then here she goes, little tormentor," laughed the big man, following out her program to the letter. He held out his hands to her, and she went round the table to her seat on his knee.

"You're all the chick and child I want," he declared, comfortably. "I suppose that's what's up, hey? Well, have you decided to adopt a boy?"

"Mercy, no! Do you think that's such a simple matter? And I've only been trying to decide such a little while."

"Only a matter of a few months or so," he murmured.

"Sh, don't interrupt. Your part in the play is to listen. This is my plan; I'm going to take a little boy and a little girl on probation (don't say a word yet), and see which I like best. I shall be able to tell after six weeks, I know. It will pay to be cautious. Now speak."

But Philip Holley only pinched together the little woman's earnest features, and lifted them to his whimsical, tender gaze. He was used to the little woman.

"I've got my lines out, you know, Philip; dear me, yes, plenty of them! There's Alvis Byron keeping her eyes open for a blessed little boy with blue eyes. She's trustee or something of the Little Friendless Home—I'd like to adopt a little friendless child, Philip."

"Yes, dear."

The look in the little woman's face was like the look the old masters tried to put in their Madonnas' faces. Philip Holley had seen it there before.

"Yes, dear," he said, gently.

"And then I've written Peace Hathaway to find me a little dark-eyed, curly-cropped girl among her little orphans, you know. She wrote me once

the world seemed to her sometimes to be full of little wistful, lean-faced orphans. I'd like to adopt one of those, and—mother it, Philip."

"Yes, dear."

"Well, then, it's decided," the little woman concluded, briskly. "And such a relief as it is! Now I can take six weeks to decide in, and you can take your newspaper again, patient boy."

It was a beautiful home the little woman ruled. It was full of wide, airy spaces and nooks and corners where little chileren love to hide. But no little children had ever hidden there and leaped out in triumph with shrieks of shrill, sweet glee. No little children's feet had ever tapped up and down the polished halls. The little woman had borne the silence with wistful patience until she could bear it no longer.

"There shall be a little child here," she had said, quietly. And Philip had acquiesced with grave readiness. Philip was used to acquiescing in the whimsies of the little woman. It had been the big man's pleasure for twenty years.

The newspaper's crisp pages crackled unimpeded for a long space, while the little woman rocked back and forth in her low rocker, dreaming of the little boy—or would it be the little girl?—who was coming by and by. She broke the stillness after a while.

"I guess, after all, I won't wait for Peace or Alvis, Philip," she said, musingly. "I don't want to wait. I'll go myself to-morrow, and find the boy and girl to choose from. I want the problem to begin right away. Philip——"

"Well, little tormentor?"

"It's so quiet in the house! You don't know how hungry I get to hear a regular little child-racket. I want to tie up little bruises, and pick up little toys, as other women do, Philip; don't you see?"

"Yes, I see, little woman," Philip Holley said.

On the next day the little woman went out on her quest. It was not a long one. As Peace had said, the world seemed to be full of little motherless ones with lean, wistful faces. They sprang up on every side, and peered up into the little woman's tender face. It was only hard to choose among them.

"I had to take Katie, and I had to take Jem—and I wanted to take all the rest," she explained to Philip at the day's close.

Katie was tiny and thin and shy. Jem was sturdy and ragged, with little hard, brown fists. He had been using them when the little woman found him, and the lofty smile of conqueror was on his small, soiled face.

"Me? I ain't got no mudder," he had volunteered to her inquiries. "Nor no fadder, too. I takes care o' myself. It's easy 'nough—huh!—takin' care o yerself, when yer ain't hungry an' it don't never rain."

Jem's face had waxed sober over the last thought.

"You're never hungry and it 'don't never rain' where I live; would you like to go there, Jem?" the little woman had said in her gentle voice.

The boy's eyes were blue. It was a little blue-eyed boy she had wanted. His self-reliant little face was full of the curves and baby creases that mothers like to kiss.

"Would you, Jem?"

"Me? Oh, I do' know but I'd go," he said, reflectively, "if yer sure as there ain't no cops lives there, an' there's a hunky lot to eat twicet a day 'thout any skips."

"I'll go, too," an eager voice had said in the little woman's ear; and Katie's fingers had slid into hers confidingly. That was why she had been obliged to take Katie.

"Haven't you any mother, dear?" the little woman had asked, looking down into the neglected little face.

"Mother? Me? Oh, no, I ain't got any mother. I didn't have any, ever. Are—are they like you? I saw a picture once of one. It was to a church, an' she was huggin' a little baby. I'd a liked to b'long to her. You'd oughter seen how shiny an'—an'—lovin' her eyes was. Like yours is. I'd like to go with Jemmy an' b'long to you."

And Katie had gone with Jemmy to the little woman's beautiful home. She had not meant to choose from the streets, but her path had crossed Jem's and little Katie's on the way to the Little Ones' home, where she had thought to choose from the files of little clean-washed, aproned children.

On the way home she had carefully explained her plan.

"It is for a little visit, you know," she said kindly. "You must not expect to always stay. I cannot promise; we must all wait and see."

Philip met her at the door. His kind, grave eyes regarded the little woman's face and smiled.

"Alvis Byron has sent the boy with blue eyes," he said. "He's upstairs. I am not sure, but I think he came by express."

And the next day Peace Hathaway sent the little dark-eyed girl! A note was pinned to her plain little dress. "This is Jeanie," it read. "She isn't pretty; she's homely; but I've sent her. Love her a little; a very little will go a long way with Jeanie. She's seven, but no one has ever loved her."

The evening of that day the little woman went round the table again to her seat on Philip's knees. Her face was a curious study.

"I've put them all to bed, Philip," she laughed, softly. "Two bedsful. You'd be surprised to see how natural it comes to tuck them in!—as if I'd always tucked little children in. Yes, O yes, I'm going to take them all on probation. I've decided. It makes so many more to choose from; only, of course, I can't keep Jeanie. Poor Jeanie! I asked her to kiss me to-night, and she didn't know how. And Philip——"

"Yes, dear, what say?"

"When I showed her, she smiled all over her homely little face. 'How good that do feel!' she said. "No, O no, I can't adopt Jeanie; but I can teach her what kissing means. Katie knew; she told me a man kissed her once, and she believed his name was God—O Philip!"

"Yes, dear."

He rocked her gently and let her cry. It was still in the pretty, luxurious room; for the little woman made no sound. Upstairs the four little heads rested for the first time on soft pillows, and on the four little faces smiles played happily. Jeanie threw out a little arm and muttered how good it felt.

"I shall keep them all the six weeks, Philip—it will be a little sun-spot in their lives—and then I shall choose our little child 'for keeps.' How queer it sounds, Philip—our little child! Jem is such a manly little fellow. You can see it underneath all his poor little street talk. And Bubsie—that's Alvie's boy—is so sweet! And Katie—O Katie you will be sure to like, Philip. Do you know, the funny little thing called me 'mother' to-night, and she began it with a big M, Philip, as they do the holy mothers. I could hear it in her voice."

There was a space of silence, while the rocker creaked under the big man's weight and the little woman's. The soft light in the room shone in both their faces.

"It sounded strange to be called 'mother,' Philip," laughed the little woman, unsteadily, after a moment; "but it sounded good. I really liked it."

The weeks of probation filed by swiftly. Every day the great, beautiful house was full of children's voices and the hurry-skurry of children's clattering little feet. There was a continual tumult of children's voices.

When Philip Holley came home at night, he met the clamor on the threshold and smiled good-humoredly. He grew to like it and to miss it if it failed to greet his ear. He got in the way of filling his great-coat pockets with fruit and standing patiently in the great lighted hall while the four pairs of little hands rummaged for it in delight. That was all. He never caressed the little probationers or joined in their play, as fathers do. He had never had any practice in being a father, and a queer shyness took possession of him that the little woman mistook for indifference. She was very busy and happy herself, and Philip's attitude was a source of grief to her, until, one night toward the end of the probation, she came upon him making a tour of the little beds with the lighted night-candle in his hand. Then she understood.

"Dear boy!" she murmured, and stole quietly away without his seeing her.

The daintily curtained little beds were white as snow in the candle-light,

and the childish faces on the pillows were fair and sweet as other children's. There were no traces of the corruption of the street in them.

It was the boys' bed that Philip visited first, and then the little white bed where Katie slept, and homely little Jeanie. He bent and kissed Jeanie's face.

So, too fast, the weeks numbered four, five, six. It was time to make the great decision, and the little woman grew excited and nervous. She had thought it would be so easy to decide after so long, and it was so hard! She watched the children all day long and tried to take calm note of their individual traits and their little tricks and ways. She gloried in Jems's sturdy independence.

"I will keep Jem," she said. Then some winning way of Katie's attracted her, and drew her swiftly to the standard of the shy little maiden who called her mother.

"I must keep Katie," she said. And when Alvis' boy, blue-eyed little Bubsie, laughed his high, clear trill of delight, the little woman, listening, said, "I will keep Bubsie." She never said, "I will keep Jeanie,"—poor, homely little Jeanie! But the child nestled against her breast and drew deep breaths of contentment. The birth of love in it had almost redeemed her plain, imperfect little face.

"Of course I shall not keep Jeanie, Philip," the little woman said; "but I love the little thing, homeliness and all. You can't think—it's like an answered prayer in her face every night when I kiss her. 'How good it do feel!' she murmurs in her sleep."

It was the last night of the six probation weeks.

"I suppose you'll be telling me which little shaver has passed the examination, soon," Philip said, smiling.

"I haven't decided yet. It's so important, Philip! It gets harder and harder to decide. But I shall do it to-morrow surely—sometime to-morrow."

But the next day went by to its ending with the little woman's decision still unmade. At its ending, when the children were all asleep, she took the candle and went from bed to bed with firmly set lips. She held the candle high to let its light flash in the little sleeping faces. Her own sweet, delicate face was white in the intensity of her feelings. It was not the candle-light in it, but the light the old painters put into their Holy Mother's faces, centuries ago.

Jem's face was turned toward her. and the rounded outline of little Bubsie's cheek. The soft light on them both refined them indefinably.

"I cannot choose; I must have them both!" she cried aloud. They were her boys—hers to mould with gentle love and patience into a noble manhood. She could not let them go again—not sturdy Jem, O no!—not little blue-eyed Bubsie.

So it was decided, then.

It was to be boys' feet that clattered up and down the polished halls, boys' faces that she kissed at night? The little woman crept away and left a fading wake of candle-light behind her. She went straight to the daintily curtained bed where Katie and Jeanie slept. Something was tugging at her heart-strings. A sob was in her throat. It would be so hard to say good-by to them!

On the way across the hall she paused a minute, and a warm flush bathed her sweet, white face. She was thinking of Katie's baby face when it called her "Mother" shyly.

"Not Katie—no, no, not Katie. She could not let Katie go.

"I must keep Katie—I will keep Katie," the little woman whispered resolutely. And it was a mother's kiss she dropped lightly on little Katie's warm, moist face.

All but poor little Jeanie—poor, homely, little Jeanie!

The child stirred in her sleep, and murmured how good it felt. One little arm flung out across the quilts, and Jeanie smiled. She was not homely then.

"Jeanie—little Jeanie!"

The littte woman set the candle down, and knelt by the little white bed, with her mother's face beside Jeanie's face on the pillow. It was still in the beautiful room.

Philip Holley sat downstairs and waited. He was nervous and could not read. His newspaper had drifted to the floor. How long the little woman was! By and by he heard her coming, and he caught up the paper and made a pretence of reading it. She took it away gently and sat down on his knees.

"I've decided, Philip; you don't know how easy it was!" she said brightly. Her eyes were shining.

"Yes, dear."

"Yes; I've decided to adopt Jeanie, Philip—dear little Jeanie!"

He waited for the rest.

"And Jem—O, yes, Jem! And Bubsie, Philip—and little Katie. That's all. It was so easy to decide!"

She was smiling, and he caught her sweet face between his palms and kissed it.

"Well, little woman," he laughed, unsteadily, "that's just the very one I'd chosen, too!"—[*C. E. World.*

A Night in the Odenwald.

Translated from the German of Karl Schaefer, for *Talks and Tales* by Charles G. Hoffman.

THE mail coach, drawn by two spirited brown horses, rolled smoothly along over the turnpike and between the fields of the village of Brensbach which had once been my home. I was sitting up on the box by the side of the postillion, old Eckert. The soft, mild air of the sunny September day was so enticing that I could not endure to sit inside the coach where it was so close and confined, although there were a number of passengers in there. The seat next to the driver had always had a special charm for me, and all the more so to-day when the view over the Gersprenzthal, which I had not seen for a long time, was such a glorious one.

Already the shades of evening were falling over the land and the peaceful hamlet down below, framed about by the green hills, until only the summit of the Vollsteiner Peak shone in the golden rays of the sinking sun. Happy pictures of past days rose before me. How picturesquely my native village lay before me with its pointed church spire and the well-known houses just as they had been when I was a child. How gay and cheerful the autumnal fields seemed to me, the meadows so gloriously green and the mountains in the distance so blue. I would have liked to be a child again, and once more dream through the happy days of my youth as I had done once upon a time—laughing in innocent gladness in these fields.

A feeling of joy had come over me, and as the evening bells rang out so familiarly as of yore from all the villages I could have had the horses stopped and shouted aloud to God's universe: "O, Gersprenzthal, how beautiful thou art."

A youthful, throbbing heart in the breast, merry songs in the throat and a long looked-for home before the eyes—what more could one desire to be happy.

Yes, I was happy, and yet at the same time melancholy. I saw the cemetery lying at the foot of the Vollsteiner Peak beyond the village, with its crosses half fallen into ruin and the mossy grave stones shimmering in the twilight. There for almost a year had slept a heart which had loved me as no other one on this earth would ever do. The sadness of this picture would not harmonize with the music of the church festival and the laughing and shouting which came from Brensbach and could be heard up where I was on

the coach. The mournful difference caught me unawares, and my heart hesitated to which of the emotions it would yield itself. We came ever nearer to our destination, and ever more merrily pealed forth the singing in which the notes of the organ of the merry-go-round were mingled.

The coach stopped, and the amiable post-master, a friend of my youth, who since then has been laid to rest in the quiet village cemetery, received me with his usual hearty welcome.

Meantime the sun had set behind the Neunkircher summit, leaving behind a gay twilight which covered the village and hills with a faint radiance. I chatted over a glass of wine with some friends and relatives in the room set apart for passengers, but my heart was not with them. I could not bear to remain longer in the village where the festival was in progress,

I hurried out to seek solitude in the forest paths, still so familiar to me that I would have been able to have found them on the darkest night.

They led up to the summit of the Vollsteiner Peak. Silent as the halls of a cathedral at night, the forest made a vault above me. Here and there a star shone through the branches of the trees and lighted my way. Now, I arrived up by the great rocks from where as a child I had been wont to come to see the sun rise. I sat down and harkened to the gentle murmuring and rustling in the tops of the pines. Far below in a narrow side valley lay Wallsbach. On this side the Vollsteiner Peak falls off steep and abrupt, and if a stone should start to roll from the top it would not cease its downward course until it had reached the meadows in the valley. Thus I sat, sank in the solitude of the forest, for about half an hour, until it began to grow light in the East. The outlines of the Haustenberg, lying over across from me, stood out more distinctly, and in majestic splendor the moon mounted the heavens, flooding the summit of the Odenwald with her silvery beams. Kissed by the rays of light the springs of water shown brightly, the stones glittered and the tree trunks stood forth in magic colors, while the shadows in the forest became darker and thicker.

The lights, still visible here and there from the houses in Wallsbach, were one by one extinguished, and the darkness lay like a black mantle in those depths where the moonlight had not been able to penetrate. Far from the rush and noise of the world, far from scheming men, I was alone, in the breast of Nature and could draw in the soft, mild breath of night in silent happiness. The vanished, sunny days of my childhood came back to me- But of all the scenes which memory awakened with dazzling reality, one stood before my eyes like a beaming sun—the form of a loved woman in the costume of the Odenwald. It was the picture of my mother. I saw her as plainly as if she were living; she smiled to me, called my name, took me in her arms, fondled and kissed me and stroked my hair. But it was only a memory! Last November they had buried her in the cemetery, which I had

seen from the coach in the evening sunshine, and the following spring covered her grave with an abundance of flowers.

The full moon had meanwhile risen higher and higher and poured her wealth of shimmering beams on the houses of Wallsbach lying at my feet. The hand of my watch showed that eleven o'clock was near and warned me to return to Brensbach. There were various ways by which I could reach it, but one road, which was called the Gallows' Oak Road because here in bygone days a gallows had stood under a great oak, led by the cemetery and was, therefore, more in accordance with my mood. Soon I stood at the resting place of the dead. There lay the many graves in the moonlight, surrounded by rustling cypresses and weeping willows. On many of the graves stones I was able to read the names of the silent sleepers, many of whom I had known and loved. The sorrows and pleasures of their lives were over—in peace and solitude they rested one next to the other in their narrow houses, and the warm, night breeze whispered mournfully over the moss-covered mounds.

From Brensbach came up clearer and more merrily the noise of the singing and of the wind instruments. The church festival was at its height. What extremes. Here above, the slumbering dead, and there below, the shouting, light-hearted living.

The oftener I looked into the cemerery so much the more did I feel myself drawn over all the graves and to a solitary mound over there by the rear wall. There was no retreat—I must enter. Invisible hands drew me on. A quick leap over the wall and I stood within among the tombs and soon by a simple cross bearing the inscription "Maria." Yes, that was her name and here was her grave.

The bell in the town below struck half past eleven. I knelt down to throw my arms around the cross bearing the dear name, and to murmur, "rest softly" to the sleeper whom I had loved so much; then I wended my way back over the graves to climb over the hedge at the same place where I had entered. The moon shone brightly in my face, and it seemed to me a though she would ask me what I were doing there disturbing the rest of the dead and rebuke me with having committed a sacrilege.

But listen! What was that? A human voice, sobbing and weepiug, breaks upon my ear. I stand still as though rooted to the spot. Over there moves a dark shape distinctly visible over one grave. Free from all fear of ghosts I drew nearer. Then the figure of a woman rose up and called in a muffled, suppressed voice:

"Who is there?"

"A good friend," I gave answer, and approached her.

"Ah, it is you, sir!"

Now, for the first time, did I recoguize the speaker. It was the

aged wife of one of the villagers whom I had not seen for a long time.

"But for heaven's sake, how came you here, a woman, to the grave-yard at midnight?" I cried out, astonished.

"That is soon said," responded she, "it is so heart-breaking. Four weeks ago my only son died after an illness of four days in the nineteenth year of his age. This is his grave. As you have seen there is now going on in the village a church festival, and also in the tavern, across the road from our dwelling, there is dancing. His comrades are playing and amusing themselves, and he is not there. So, I could not remain at home—I had to come to my child to cry at his grave and give rest to my aching heart. I am not afraid."

Deeply moved at her grief, I pressed her hand in sympathy, but entreated her not to tarry here any longer but to come with me to the village. She followed me through the open gate of the enclosure, fastening it after her. Once in the village we separated. I sought my couch, but sleep was a stranger to me. The visions of the moonlight night and of the desolate woman kept my thoughts busy.

I have not seen her since, yet whenever after a long absence I visit the lonely, little cemetery, the weeping willows sigh to me of the perishableness of our dust, but also of the faithfulness of a mother's heart and of a love which never ceases.

SOMETIME.

MAY RILEY SMITH.

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,
  And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,
  The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,
  As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans are right,
  And how that seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
  God's plan goes on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,
  Because His wisdom to the end could see.
And even as wise parents disallow
  Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
  Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
  We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
  Pours out this portion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend you love is lying low,
  Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
  But wear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
  Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend,
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death
  Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
  And stand within and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
  And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart.
  God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold.
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,
  Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
  Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,
When we shall clearly see and understand,
  I think that we will say, "God knew the best."

EASTERN CUSTOMS.

GOSHN-EL-HOWIE.

(For Talks and Tales.)

TURNING to the left from the road which leads south to Tyre and Tiberias, I walked up a rough but short lane and then turned again to the left into a garden of mulberry trees, from which ascended a flight of wooden steps up to the asphalted flat-roof of a large house on which were raised two rooms, so as to form two sides of a square. It was after 10 p. m. The sound of my footsteps caused the door of one of the rooms to open and a young lady to peep out and say, "Just so, it is all right, he is in the other room and I believe is expecting you yet." And with this she retired. I opened and entered the room which was pointed out. It contained an American rocking chair and several other cane-bottom chairs of another make, a small round table, surmounted by a flower-pot and a dozen trinkets for fixings, a sofa (a divan) ran along the length of one of the long walls, but so arranged that a hundred household utensils might be and were hidden from view under it, brought out for use when needed. The floor was covered over with straw mats of Egyptian make on which were spread two beds, but without the inconveniences of bed-steads.

My young friend was reclining on one of the mattresses and covered up with a quilt. I removed my shoes from off my feet, left them outside the door and deposited myself on the rocker.

"You are resting your brain anyway," I said, "whatever may be the case with your body. How did the trouble come about?"

"Oh I was feeding the flames out of a coal-oil tin to increase the brilliance of the illumination in the College ground, while many of the fellows were fooling, darting and dashing about, and my clothes which had become somewhat oily caught fire. The affair looked very serious and threatened fatal damage, but I succeeded in tearing off the clothes and throwing them away and escaped with two burns one of which is rather troublesome. The skin is coming off from a pretty large surface, but this is my third year. All my examinations are in, we have holidays now, my being laid up does not matter so much. Next Autumn I intend to finish my course in New York or in Baltimore, U. S. A. Here we have no opportunity at all of seeing any actual cases of midwifery and a skilled man in that branch of the medical profession is urgently needed. My defective English will be against me no

doubt in the future in America as it has been in the earlier parts of my course here."

The formality of dressing his burns was again gone through with evident physical suffering but as was learned afterwards, his heart was more materially burned than his skin and by something less material than parafine oil.

At first he seemed to me to be inclined to discuss the question of personal liberty in the abstract. "Well" I said, "we must be very cautious in formulating or accepting doctrines of personal freedom, for we have verily seen how incapable, or unwilling many people are to discern the important line which separates between liberty and license and how complacently they passed it. Nevertheless, there can be no doubt whatever that a man is entitled to dispose of himself and his property as he thinks best, with this most important provision, which you must have heard, during your sojourn in New England, namely that the liberties and interests of others be not thereby prejudiced." Whereupon he flung away the abstract and seized upon the concrete.

"It is a personal question of love, of matrimony and marriage," he said "and the pride of some of my family is interfering with me. What do you think of pride? ought we to be proud?" I rehearsed to him what Christ and his apostles taught in reference to pride. "But besides" he said, "she is a relative of my mother's, so my family cannot be much above her's, we do not belong to the titled nobility, any more than her family do, but now they are annoying me with another objection, my friends say that her mother is consumptive, but I have the opinion of a medical expert that she is not. In any case, ought a man to marry his choice or the choice of others?"

"This question is not easily answered by yes or no," I said. "The opinion of parents or tried friends merits consideration in making the choice, at anyrate in some cases. I knew a lovely Scotch young lady, who belonged to a family of high rank and extreme wealth. She rejected her father's opinion, openly disobeyed him and married her choice, but her choice happened to be a bar-tender and a brother of her servant girl, through whom she became acquainted with him. The father cut her off with as little as he could and she very soon found out that however much her choice loved her, he loved his whiskey more. It was thought that a change of scene and society would tend to make a change for the better and so friends helped them to emigrate to Canada. In the new surroundings, he did not get any worse but neither did he give any ground for his acquaintances to hope for improvement therefore they were helped in Canada to recross the ocean and the last time I saw them, they were in Glasgow. She with a baby on her arm and he with twelve shillings a week, when he did work but of which earnings he scarcely showed her the twelfth part and there is no need to refer to the abuse which was added to privation."

"There may be something in all this," replied my medical student, "but my love is a person whom I have known from childhood, she is very religious, and it is safe to say that she is more devoted to me, than I to her, she had many offers which she refused and says distinctly that she is willing to wait till I return from the West and in short, if I do not marry her she has no intention of marrying at all, but would go into a convent!" "But dear friend, what have you to say to all this?" I remarked. He replied warmly: "Oh I love her, and have no intention of leaving her, happen what may."

"Does she know this?" I asked. "Yes, I told her."

"This being the case," I answered, "There is but one course open for you, your affairs are gone too far to take anybody's advice or even to admit of any reconsideration. The only thing you can do at this stage is to keep your word and redeem your promise." "But" he sighed, "I foresee that my sister has to live with me when my parents are gone and how I dread their living unhappily together."

"But what is your honest opinion? what can your friends have against her?"

"Nothing at all," he said, "only that she has no money. I am told that so and so, only a worthless drunkard, married a girl with $1,500. They say I am much better and ought to have much more. Many parents now make great display of their generous intentions, in fact of the sums of money or of property which they propose to settle on their daughters in case of their marriage, but I don't think anything of money. I will marry the girl of my choice, the one I love, the one that loves me and I know I can make all the money I need." With this we put out the light and retired and perhaps e're this is printed he will have gone to the United States.

A convert from one of the most superstitious sects, who had been trained, trusted and respected for thirty years suddenly renounced his connection with the Church and gave up his post as a teacher and preacher and rejoined his former co-religionists, and so passionate was he and hot over the matter that he announced it in an advertisement in the newspapers. At first we began to suspect and surmise possible causes for this sudden and strange action, but yesterday, it was explained to me, by one of his college companions and friends that a daughter of the renegrade and a certain young man had fallen in love with each other, the young man consequently asked the father to sanction the marriage but the latter delayed unduly.

Then the girl told her lover that he might wait till the day of Judgment and not get her father's consent for he preferred another man. Whereupon an elopement was arranged and the lovers were married. The father of the bride rushed madly to the authorities and shrieked hysterically as if the greatest and worst wrong had been done to him.

The governor who happened to be a Christian, looked into the matter but

saw no cause for interference. Then the father flung himself at the feet of the missionaries and as their convert and one in their employ, he asked redress and protection, for evidently he craved their help and influence to enable him to recover his daughter and to make it impossible for anyone to marry her except with his consent.

The missionaries saw that the young people had been of age, that their love was reciprocal and like the authorities would have nothing to say in the matter except broadly hinting that it was the father's duty to have given his consent earlier. The man was enraged and when he could think of no worse punishment, wherewith to punish the missionaries, he took steps and made the public announcement referred to above.

It would seem therefore that American-Christian influence took effect only in the second generation, for the father like an old Roman still held the doctrine of absolute parental authority, but the children claim and exercise rightful liberty.

In fairness it would seem necessary to say that the fact that the girl who has most money has the best chance of getting married, has been brought about under western influence, for nine times out of ten the natives use the French word *doté* or the English dowry or dotto in speaking of the matter although these words form the whole of their foreign vocabulary.

In the regions not yet under European influence the father of the bride receives a return from his intended son-in-law if not in money in sheep, cattle, camels or grain, otherwise the matrimonial contract is not concluded.

Mount Lebanon, Syria.

"Do you wish for a kindness? Be kind.
Do you wish for a truth? Be true.
What you give of yourself you find—
Your world is a reflex of you."

Fanny Crosby's Reminiscences.

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NUMBER FIVE.

FROM the time that good Dr. Combes entitled me Poet, I was so considered by my teachers and associates; and they knew then that they had known the fact from the first. But it takes a certain amount of outside endorsement to make even our best and nearest friends appreciate us; and this I had heretofore lacked. It was for the famous Scotch Phrenologist to set me, if I can say it without being suspected of a pun, upon my poetical feet.

I was now, I think I may say without vanity, considered as the Poet Laureate of our Institution; and the teachers evidently determined to make a first-class writer of me, if cultivation could do it. I was taught all the intricacies of verse, until I began to wonder that what I had considered as a very simple, easy sort of thing, had so many complications. I was taught to analyze, to parse, to scan, to write in different measures; and I now began to worry lest I should disappoint the high expectations that the Phrenologist had raised.

Among the most potential aids I received at the time, was that from a gentleman named Hamilton Murray. Mr. Murray claimed that he could not write poetry, but could teach others how to do so; and as pupils in that branch of study were not numerous, he seemed to take especial pleasure in giving me prosodical instruction. He had a poetic temperament, and a fine rich voice, and hour after hour he would read me some of the grandest poems he could find in English literature.

This, as you may readily imagine, was a luxurious feast to me: and a benefit. Mr. Murray also encouraged me to imitate, as nearly as I could, the different poetical masters of that day—as Bryant, Willis, etc. He pointed out, with much delicacy, the different defects in my literary style, and tried his best to remove them. With rare faithfulness, and with much kindness, considering that his pupil was not a rich man's daughter, but a poor blind girl just starting in life, he toiled for my benefit; and though I could not pay him in money, he had my heartfelt gratitude. Of late years, I have lost sight of him, and know not whether he is yet in this world, or walking

the streets of the great tuneful City; but I expect some day to meet him there, grasp him by the hand, and thank him once more.

We had fine music in our school; for as is well known, some of the best musicians in the world come from among the blind. Indeed, an augmented delicacy of the ear generally compensates for loss of sight. We often had "musical soirees," and invited our neighbors in the city, and one evening we were electrified by the intelligence that the great William Cullen Bryant was coming as one of our guests!

Bryant was at that time the best-known American poet. Longfellow had not then written the books upon which hang most of his fame; Whittier was yet known rather as an Anti-Slavery agitator than as a writer of verse; and Willis, though a brilliant writer and traveler, was obliged to yield to his older and more finished contemporary.

Bryant had composed at twenty-three his "Thanatopsis," the sweetest apology for Death in any language (I wonder if that was the reason Death finally spared him so long!): he had with his other poems attracted the attention and commanded the admiration of the world; had traveled extensively in Europe; and had now (1843) settled down for a time in editorial work.

As was the case almost wherever he went, he was obliged to hold a little impromptu reception at our soiree; and among those that were introduced to him, was poor little timid I, who had very little hope that he would greet me otherwise than conventionally, and as a stranger of whom he had never heard before.

To my surprise, however, he gave me a warm grasp of the hand, commented upon my poor little rhythmical efforts, commended them in a tone that I felt to be sincere, and told me to go on bravely and determinedly with my work. He never knew how much good he did, by those few words, to the young girl that had hardly hoped to touch the hem of his proud robe of poetic genius!

At a children's party on New Years, 1844, I met for the first time Horace Greely. He was then only thirty-three years old; had come to New York a journeyman printer, and fought his way into recognition. He had already founded the "Tribune," and, of course, to meet him was an event.

But I must say that I was disappointed in him: perhaps I expected too much. "Is *that* the great Horace Greeley?" I pondered, after hearing him talk. I had never been able to read any of his editorials, but concluded, in my inexperience, that if they were no more brilliant than his conversation the world was making a queer mistake in honoring him.

I did not understand, at that time, as I have learned since, that great men have widely varying moods, and that they are at one time silently gathering up that which at another they dispense so lavishly.

The following summer I happened to meet him at the house of a mutual friend; and a more charming and intelligent conversationalist, I never heard. History, literature, social ethics, political economy—all subjects—seemed perfectly natural and easy to him; and no one else wished to talk, so long as they could keep *him* talking.

Of course, being human, I did not admire him one whit the less, when he insisted on my reciting to him some of my little poems, praised them, and invited me to write for his paper!

I hardly knew whether I walked or flew to my little room in the Institution that night: I was so proud at having been recognized by such a great genius as Horace Greeley!

On another occasion, during that same year, I remember feeling equally proud; and that was when I heard that my dear old grandfather, who had been so enthusiastic in praising my juvenile abilities and so anxious that I should not be spoiled, wrote that he walked four miles and back to get a paper that had in it a poem written by me, and felt well repaid for his trouble!

Our little Institution of one hundred and fifty students was under State control and patronage, and the Government naturally took much interest in it, and sent us as many interested visitors as it could. Institutions for the benefit of the blind were not so common as they are now, and we were quite objects of curiosity. The visitors, having read my poems in the different papers where they had been published and republished, often inquired for me, and asked to be shown about the Institution by me. It was in a manner the blind leading those that were not blind; but I knew every inch of the establishment, almost as well as if I could see.

For a time, this piloting was pleasant novelty; but, of course, it finally grew a little irksome to answer the same questions again and again, and I became quite willing to depute the pleasure to others. One bright boy, who had been guiding a large party of ladies and gentlemen through the Institution, reported that they had asked him as they entered the dining-room, how blind people managed to find the way to their mouths while eating. "What did you tell them?" we inquired. "I told them" said the blind boy gravely, "that we hitched one end of a string to the leg of our chair, and the other to our tongue; and by that means managed to prevent the victuals losing their way."

The teachers gently reproved him; but I had reason to believe that they laughed over the queer little episode, many times afterward.

Sketches from Our Exchanges.

HOW COLORS ARE OBTAINED.

EVERY quarter of the globe is ransacked for the materials—animal, vegetable and mineral—employed in the manufacture of the colors one finds in a paint box. From the cochineal insects are obtained the gorgeous carmines, as well as the crimson, scarlet, and purple lakes. Sepia is the inky fluid discharged by the cuttlefish, to render the water opaque for its own concealment when attacked. Ivory black and bone black are made out of ivory chip. The exquisite Prussian blue is got by fusing horses hoofs and other refuse matter with impure potassium carbonate. It was discovered by an accident. In the vegetable kingdom are included the lakes, derived from roots, barks and gums. Blue black is from the charcoal of the vine stalk. Lamp black is soot from certain resinous substances. From the madder plant, which grows in Hindostan, is manufactured turkey red. Gamboge comes from the yellow sap of a tree, which the natives of Siam catch in cocoanut shells. Raw sienna is the natural earth from the neighborhood of Sienna, Italy. When burned it is burned sienna. Raw umber is an earth from Umbria, and is also burned. To these vegetable pigments may probably be added India ink, which is said to be made from burnt camphor. The Chinese, who alone can produce it, will not reveal the secret of its composition. Mastic, the base of the varnish so called, is from the gum of the mastic tree, indigenous to the Grecian archipelago. Bister is the soot of wood ashes. Of real ultra-marine but little is found in the market. It is obtained from the precious lapis lazuli, and commands a fabulous price. Chinese white is zinc. Scarlet is iodide of mercury, and cinnabar, or native vermillion, is from quicksilver ore.

THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

THE first official recognition of the eagle as a National emblem was probably on June 20, 1782. According to one authority, while John Adams was in England on a government mission he formed the acquaintance of Sir John Prestwich an accomplished antiquarian. Adams one day mentioned that his countrymen had not decided upon a national coat of arms. The baronet suggested that an escutcheon bearing thirteen vertical stripes, white and red, would make a fine device, and he thought it would give it more consequence

to place this shield at the breast of a displayed American eagle without supporters, as emblematic of self reliance.

Meanwhile a committee of the Continental Congress had been discussing the matter of a seal for the United States, and on June 13, 1782 referred the matter to its secretary, Charles Thompson, who obtained several designs from William Barton of Philadelphia. None of these were entirely satisfactory, and at last the secretary reported to Congress a device which combined some of Barton's ideas with those of Sir John Prestwich, which Thompson had received from Adams. On June 20, 1782, the great seal of the United States of America, with "the escutcheon on the breast of the American eagle displayed proper, and in his dexter talon an olive branch, and in his sinister a bundle of thirteen arrows, all proper," was adopted.

LARGEST PLANT IN THE WORLD.

"THE largest plant in the world," said an eminent naturalist to the writer the other day, "is probably a gigantic seaweed, known as the 'nereocytis,' which frequently grows to a height of more than 300 feet." The stem of the plant is as strong as an ordinary rope, and large quantities of it are dried and used as rope by the natives of the South Sea Islands, where the curious vegetable ropes are found. This seaweed usually grows to a depth of 200 to 300 feet. As soon as the plant takes root a spear-shaped balloon is formed, which grows with the stem toward the surface of the water. The balloon frequently has a diameter of six feet or more. It has, of course, an upward tendency, and therefore keeps the stem growing till it floats at the top of the water. This enormous weed grows in such quantities that large meadow-like islands are formed, which are often so big as to impede navigation. The ropes made from the stems of the plant are used for building purposes, and the balloons when dried make very serviceable vessels.

SUCCESSFUL BLIND PEOPLE.

In this department, which is dedicated to the cause for the advancement of which this periodical is published, we hope to serve a double purpose. We wish first to call the attention of the seeing world to what it is possible for blind persons to accomplish.

Second, to have this knowledge, by means of the thoughtful kindness of our subscribers, reach the sightless everywhere and stimulate them to make the most of their lives.

Every blind man or woman, young or vigorous, with a favorable opportunity may become self-sustaining. The right amount of perseverance will command the opportunity. All who wish to know what is being accomplished to increase the methods by which blind people may become independent are invited to open correspondence with the American Association to Promote the Education and Employment of the Blind, 3124 Fourteenth St. N. W., Washington, D. C., enclosing stamp for reply.

There is in the little village of Lexington, Minn., a postmaster who has held his position more than thirty years to the entire satisfaction of the community whom he serves.

This postmaster has also a general store and is proprietor of a small hostelry. He has in the post office 120 boxes and knows the name of the owner of each box. He attends to distributing the mail, serves his customers in the store—keeps cows and cares for them himself. He is a successful man in his business and doesn't make mistakes either in his own business or that of the Government. All this is only noticeable when we know that this man, Mr. Hiram Baxter, is totally blind.

In Chicago lives Dr. Robert Babcock one of the best surgeons of our time.

His case is remarkable in that he began his studies when blind. Dr. Javal, the celebrated eye specialist of the Sorbonne laboratory at Paris, who has recently been promoted to the highest rank in the Legion of Honor, is perhaps the only other blind practicing physician in the world whose professional career parallels that of Dr. Babcock. But the parallel does not extend

all along the line. Dr. Javal, who is sixty years old, has been blind for but twelve years. He continues his work now by virtue of the vast amount of learning he acquired by the use of his own eyes. When Dr. Babcock took up the study of medicine it was in darkness that he began. He lost his sight by an explosion of gunpowder when he was a grammar school boy of fourteen years of age.

Dr. Babcock studied in Chicago, New York and Germany for eleven years. To-day he is one of the foremost authorities in the United States on diseases of the heart and lungs.

His practice consists largely in consultations as an expert and his fees are said to be larger than those of any other doctor in Chicago.

Mr. Harry Loring Bill has been eminently successful as a teacher of the banjo.

Mr. Bill, while a pupil at the Institution at Hartford studied under Mr. Frederick J. Bacon a well known Hartford artist, who says: "Mr. Harry L. Bill has studied with me, is thoroughly familiar with my method of teaching as set forth in 'National School' and is well qualified to teach the same." Mr. Bill has been located in Torrington, Conn., for two years where he has had a large class of pupils, and has given entire satisfaction to his patrons. He has also won success as a concert banjoist, his repertoire containing both classical and popular music.

Miss Christine La Barraque, is a graduate of the Institute for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind at Berkeley, California, and has also graduated from the Hastings College of Law fully qualified to practice when she desires so to do. She is ambitious and intends soon to go to Germany and study law in that country. At present, she is successfully teaching French and Spanish in the night schools of San Francisco. She has a splendid soprano voice and has won recognition as a vocalist in concert work.

Touch watches have been frequently made for the use of the blind, the hour marks being all raised, but a watch made for a blind man is not as great a curiosity as one made by a blind man; yet there have been sightless watch-makers. There was one in Germany who could take to pieces and put together watches of most delicate construction with surprising ease. He was once robbed of some of his tiny tools of trade, such as wheels, hair-springs, etc.; the thief was traced, and the blind man identified and swore to his property by the touch.

The Ledger Monthly says that an Ohio boy has invented a typewriter that can be used by the totally blind. The boy is Fred Frey, and although he is

under twenty years of age, people are already talking of his wonderful skill in mechanical devices. His typewriter is operated by electricity and may be run for the personal use of the operator, or by attaching a wire made to reproduce in the blind alphabet, messages thousands of miles away. In Mr. Frey's invention raised dots are used just as in the blind alphabet. There are only four dot keys and a space key to the machine, the entire apparatus being as simple as it is practical.

PENNSYLVANIA.

The two Institutions for the Blind in Pennsylvania show an attendance of 261 pupils; 172 being at the eastern institution at Overbrook, Edward E. Allen, Principal, and 89 at the western institution at Pittsburgh, H. B. Jacobs, Supt. The annual State appropriations for the maintenance of these schools is $56,540.00 while the State of New Jersey adds to this amount $5,365.00 and the State of Delaware $260.00 for the care of the blind from these states. In addition to these State appropriations the school at Overbrook is quite heavily endowed, reporting in its financial statement an income of $18.454.71 from legacies, and $335.00 income from other investments. New buildings have been recently erected at this place at a cost of $70,300 00 and fitted with new furniture at a cost of $26,719.00. The cut of the exterior of the new building indicates a triumph of modern architecture both in beauty and safety, while the cuts of the interior show convenience, taste and healthfulness. This school for the blind, is one of the oldest in the country, having already issued its sixty-seventh report.

The school at Pittsburgh is much younger; its report dated May, 1900 being its thirteenth.

But though young in years it is evidently full of vigor and practical usefulness, nobly filling its place in the educational system of the State. Concerning the ignorance of many people who speak of the Institution as an Asylum or a Hospital or a Home for aged and infirm blind people, the Supt. says, "As a matter of fact, it is none of these; but it is purely educational in all its operations, and has for its object the education of all blind children and youth capable of receiving instruction, in the western part of our State. Really it is a part of the great work of free education, supplying a want in our educational system not otherwise provided for."

In this language we have defined the true status of all similar institutions in our country. The public mind needs to be disabused of the idea that an institution for the education of the blind because it receives aid from the State thereby becomes a *charitable* institution, any more than a Normal school receiving similar aid becomes a charitable institution.

The Superintendent's remarks on the value of an industrial education for

the blind are very much to the purpose. He says, "Notwithstanding much has been said about the limitations of the blind, and their lack of opportunity to engage in industrial pursuits after they leave school, it must be apparent to any one who takes a broad and practical view of their education, and studies well their future happiness, that although earnest efforts are put forth to make the instruction in other lines helpful to all, in the *industrial* department of a school of this kind, are afforded the *best* opportunities for a large number of pupils to prepare themselves for lives of usefulness. While some, indeed many, may not be *entirely* fitted to earn their own living, they may, at least assist in doing so; and without the ability to engage in some useful employment, life to them would indeed be cheerless and hopeless."

DONATIONS.

Received since last issue of TALKS AND TALES.

Mr. Henry P. Jones	$3 00
Mrs. Annie I. Pfeiffer	1 00
Mrs. E. A. Rich	1 00
A Friend	9 00
Mrs. J, B. Carpenter	1 00
Mr. Geo. H. Holmes	3 00
Mrs. W. J. Henry	1 00
Mrs. Elvira S. Hubbard	1 00
Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Broadway Congregational Church, Norwich	2 53

Clothing and Reading Matter.....Rev. and Mrs. Marsh

Sheets, pillow cases, towels and old linen.....Woman's Home Missionary .....Society of the Broadway .....Cong. Church, Norwich, Ct., ...by Miss Merriman

Clothing and necessary articles.....Mrs. Henry Merriman

Teaching Class on Sundays.....Mr. Anderson, from Trinity College

Reminiscences of the Civil War.....Mr. H. D. Chapman, Representative .....from East Hampton

Entertainment at the Institution, Reading by.....Mrs. Camp

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

In Too Much Haste.

MARGARET EYTINGE.

A blackbird met a squirrel one day;
"How do you do?" said she:
"But, indeed, I need not ask you that,
You're well, I plainly see:
For round as apples are your cheeks—
Yes, round as round can be.
But, pray, sir, have you lost your tongue;
Why don't you answer me?"
The squirrel smiled a crooked smile,
And then essayed to speak,
When, lo! out fell a lot of nuts
And grain from either cheek.
"Well, I declare!" the blackbird cried,
As off she quickly flew.
"I will not stop a moment more
With such a fraud as you."
"Oh, ho," the squirrel said, "if she
Had made a longer stay,
She'd learn that squirrels carry home
Their marketing that way.
A fraud, indeed!" And then he picked
Up all the nuts and grain,
And stuffed them in his cheeks until
They grew quite plump again.

Dog's Don't Think.

THAT is what we are told. But, like many things told us, it may not be true, says the Ohio Record.

Sitting at our desk Monday afternoon we observed a black dog with very long, pendant ears and long silky hair start to come across the street, a couple of rods east of our office. When he had reached a point about one-third the distance across he found the mud becoming too soft for comfortable navigation. He stopped, looked ahead a moment at the sea of mud before him, then turned and went back to the sidewalk. He then trotted west till he reached the paved street, directly opposite our office, then came across dry shod and clean, and trotted back east to his home.

What different would a man have done? But we would ascribe the man's action to reason. Why not give the dog the same credit? Fact is, we have met lots of men whose thinkers were not half as good as a dog's.

Mr. Suverkrop says in the Scientific American: "A curious instance of the ability of an insect to successfully measure distance was evidenced once while I was traveling through northern Argentina. I first made the acquaintance of my friend on the back veranda of a little village tavern. I was lying in a hammock. About two feet from me was a 3 by 3-inch hand-

rail of wood, supported by wooden balusters. As I lay there I noticed a fly alight on the top of the wood. While I watched him the fly apparently turned into a spider. I could not believe my eyes, but on closer inspection I saw that a spider had jumped from somewhere and alighted on top of my fly. I thought this worth watching and found that this was his method of procedure. A fly would alight on top of the railing, the spider would take in the distance at a glance and would disappear down the side of the rail, walk along toward the fly, but out of sight, until he reached the place on the side of the rail at right angles to the position occupied by the fly when he last saw it. Then he would walk nearly to the top of the rail and fasten his web, then walk down, paying out his web as he went, till he was as far from the place where he had fastened his web as was the fly, then one vigorous leap, the web swinging him round in the arc of a circle, and he would alight on top of the fly. I have never seen one miss this seemingly difficult leap, except when the fly left his position before the spider had finished his preliminaries."

DID YOU EVER THINK?

That the honey bee is a geometrician? That its walls are so constructed, that with the least quantity of wax they have the largest amount of space, and but little loss of room?

That the mole studies the weather?

That the nautilus is a navigator. That it lowers and raises its sails, casts and weighs anchor and does other seaman like acts?

That the great majority of birds are musicians?

That the white ants maintain a regular army of soldiers?

That wasps are paper manufacturers and have given to man some splendid ideas along this line?

That the caterpillars are silk spinners?

That the spider is maker of thread?

That the black bear, heron and king fisher are fishermen?

That the beaver is an architect, builder and wood cutter? That he cuts down trees, builds dams, and makes houses?

That the marmot is a civil engineer, builds houses, constructs aqueducts and drains to keep them dry?

That ants have regular day laborers?

That dogs and wolves and jackals are hunters?

Did you ever think of these things? —*The Young People's Paper.*

Warming the Bed.

There was a register in the children's room, but it was only opened for an hour or two before bedtime. Dot and May made ready for bed in mamma's warm room, keeping very still so as not to wake the baby. Then they scampered in and cuddled down under the blankets like little balls.

"Dot," said May one night, "I don't like to lie in a heap; let's lie out straight."

"But it's co-cold," shivered Dot.

"Oh, I know," cried May, "Let's

play our feet are missionaries, and the cold bed is a heathen country. We can send them down, and then when they get cold we can bring them home to visit, just as missionaries do."

"Why, yes," said Dot; "and my feet can go to China and yours to India."

So the brave little feet started immediately on their journeying, and mamma was astonished a little later, as she listened at the door, to hear Dot say sleepily, "Good night, May; I think China is almost warm."—*Selected.*

"Boys."

Here is a girl's composition on boys: "Boys are men that have got big as their papas, and girls are women that will be young ladies by and by. Men were made before women. When God looked at Adam he said to himself, 'Well, I think I can do better if I try again,' and then he made Eve. God liked Eve so much better than Adam that there have been more women than men ever since. Boys are a trouble. They wear out everything but soap. If I had my way, half of the boys in the world would be girls, and the rest would be dolls. My papa is so nice that I think he must have been a little girl when he was a little boy.

A very ordinary-looking farm-horse, harnessed to an old wagon, stood by the curb; and on the board that served for a seat lay a small dog of such mixed blood that no guess could be made as to his breed. As a delivery-wagon passed on the opposite side of the street, a large red apple fell off. Before it stopped rolling, the dog bounded across the street, picked it up with his teeth, and, with tail wagging, rushed back to the horse. In front of it he stood up on his hind legs, while the horse took the apple from his mouth. As the horse munched the apple, he made the peculiar little noise that horses make when petted: and doggie replied with throaty little barks which plainly told what a pleasure it had been to go after that apple. Then he went back to his place on the wagon-seat.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Bird Without Wings.

Away over in New Zealand there is a bird that has neither wings nor a tail. This bird does not like the light, but goes around in search of food at night. If it is brought out in the day time, it will run here and there searching for a dark cover. It has a long bill that looks as if it might belong to a stork. And when this ungainly bird leans forward the long bill is used as a support. The name of this queer bird is the Aptertyx.

A Clever Horse.

At a farm one of the horses was constantly escaping from its stable at night and it was thought some boys had been playing pranks and let it out. The farmer decided to sleep in the hay loft to see, if he could, how it was managed. He found the horse broke the halter, went to the door, pulled the latch up and galloped into a field near with the cows and sheep, and so the mystery was explained.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

"That will be a popular song," commented the composer's friend.

"Is it as bad as that?" groaned the composer.

———o———

Horseshoes are going up, according to a blacksmiths' paper. But when mules' shoes go up, look out!

———o———

"Miss Bunk says she feels as free as a bird in her rainy-day skirt."

"Well, she looks like a jay."

———o———

Mrs. Church—"Did you ever catch your husband flirting?"

Mrs. Gotham—"That's the way I did catch him."

———o———

"Say, pa, what is an adult?"

"An adult, Jimmy, is a fellow who doesn't kick out a good pair of shoes every week or so."

———o———

"I am very much surprised to hear that they are married. I thought he was merely flirting with her."

"He thought so, too."

———o———

"Sixteen boys went to the canal on a summer's afternoon to swim," said the teacher, "but five were told not to bathe. How many went in?"

"Sixteen," said Sam.

———o———

"I can tell you," said he, "how much water runs over Niagara Falls, to a quart."

"How much?" asked she.

"Two pints."

Teacher—"Where is the elephant found?"

Pupil—"Why, up in de circus, uv course!"

———o———

"What is command of language, pa?"

"It's thinking of something real mean to say and then not saying it."

———o———

"What is your idea of the artistic life?"

"Buying old candlesticks when you need shoes."

———o———

Mrs. O'Toole—"Yis, me bye hos lift school."

Mrs. O'Brien—"An' hos he lift fer good?"

Mrs. O'Toole—"No; fer bad."

———o———

"This," said a little boy, who was showing some country friends the sights of London, "is the square that the battle of Trafalgar was named after."

———o———

A school-teacher lately put the question: "What is the highest form of animal life?"

"The giraffe," responded a bright member of the class.

———o———

Politicus—"The question is, What shall we do with our new possessions?"

Younghub—"I'll tell you what I do with mine; I walk the floor nights with it."

"There goes a man with a very interesting history," said the clerk in the book-store.

"You don't say?" inquired the customer. "How do you know?"

"I just sold it to him."

———o———

He had been devoted to a pretty girl for some time when he read this advice to a young man: "Before marrying a girl look her mother over." He did so, with the result that he married the mother.

———o———

"I see that a Swiss engineer has invented a brake that will stop a flying express train inside of eight yards."

"Good. But how about the passengers—are they expected to stop, too?"

———o———

Friend—"Why do you wear those fearfully old-fashioned collars?"

Winkers (a man of affairs)—' Because when a washerwoman sends them to anybody else, they send them back."

———o———

An Irishman, one of a crew of harvesters, was one day remarking on the cheapness of provisions in Ireland. "Sure," said he, "there you can buy a salmon for sixpence, and a dozen mackerel for twopence." "What made you leave such a fine country then, Pat?" asked a villager.

"Ah, me boy !" was the answer, "but where was the sixpence and twopence to come from?"

———o———

Lady (engaging new housemaid)—Daphne? "That is much too romantic a name, with young men in the house. I suppose you would not object to be called by your surname?"

Applicant—"Oh, no, ma'am; in fact, I'm quite used to it."

Lady—"What is your name?"

Applicant—"Darling."

The Parson—"I t'ink it'd be moah 'propriate ef yo' 'tend church on Sunday 'stid of gwine shootin'.

The Reprobate—Wal, pahson, de shootin' in dis hyah neighb'hood am bettah dan de suhmons.

———o———

"So you want to be my son-in-law, do you?" asked the old man, with as much fierceness as he could assume.

"Well," said the young man, "I don't want to, but I suppose I'll have to be if I marry your daughter."

———o———

Spurgeon once called a gentleman "Mr. Partridge" by mistake. "My name is Pattridge, sir; not Partridge," he replied.

"Ah! excuse me!" replied the great divine: "I won't make game of you any more!"

———o———

"The evidence," said the magistrate, "is conclusive as to your having thrown a stone at the policeman."

"Sure, an' it is," agreed the defendant, an Irishwoman; "an' the looks ave the man shows more than thot, yer Honor! It shows thot Oi hit him!"

———o———

After a break-down, and from amid the ruins: "Now, look here, Maria, the next time we go buggy-ridin'' and you feel like wishin' you had a horseless carriage, you please do your wishin' so the horse can't hear you. He's altogether too accomodatin'."

———o———

"What is an island?" asked the teacher, addressing her interrogation to the class in geography.

"An island, ma'am," replied Johhny Broadhead, a studious lad, who had Porto Rico in mind, "is a body of land entirely surrounded by politics."

SELECTED MATTER.

The Parson's Limit.

He'd been preaching and exhorting
  For a score of years or so
In a portion of the Vineyard
  Where the harvesting was slow;
Where the temporal inducement
  For his ceaseless diligence
Was a promise of four hundred
  For his yearly recompense.

Unrelenting was the ardor
  He devoted to the cause,
And though slowly came the dollars
  Still he labored without pause,
Till one day they came and told him,
  As he kicked against the pricks
That they'd raised their offered stipend
  From four hundred up to six.

Then the good man sank exhausted
  As he feebly made reply,
"Don't, I pray you, men and brethren,
  Thus my patience overtry,
For to glean the four you've promised
  Hath so warped my vital store,
That 'twould kill me if you taxed me
  To collect two hundred more."

—*Boston Courier.*

FIRST AMERICAN PATENT.—To the general court of Massachusetts belongs the honor of granting the first American patent; this was in 1648, and was then designated as a monopoly. It was confined to the region controlled by Massachusetts and the one issue apparently included all the inventions of the inventor connected with engines that depended upon water for their motive power. The limit of the monopoly was fourteen years, and the court not only retained power to forbid exportation, but to prevent exorbitant charges upon the public for their use.

The patent was issued in this form:

JENKES MONOPOLYE

"At a generall Courte at Boston the 6th of the 3th Mo 1648. The cor't consid'inge ye necessity of raising such manifactures of engins of mils to go by water for speedy dispatch of much worke with few hands, and being sufficiently informed of ye ability of ye petition to peforme such workes grant his petition (yet no Othr p'sen shall set up or use any such new invention, or trade for fourteen yeares without ye license of him the said Joseph Jenkes) so farr as concernes any such new invention, & so it shall be alwayes in ye powr of this co'te to restrain ye exportation of such manufactures & ye prizes of them to moderation if occasion so require."

This inventor, Joseph Jenkes, or Jenks, as it would now be spelled, came from Hammersmith, England, settled in Lynn in 1643, and died in

1682-83, aged eighty-one. He was a blacksmith and machinist, made the dies for coining of the "Pine-Tree" money, and built the first fire engine in this country; altogether a man of great inventive genius and the ancestor of a large number of descendants. One of his sons removed to Rhode Island, where he built several mills.

PEACOCKS of the familiar ordinary variety are raised by the breeders of fancy fowls one sort or another, and they are not very costly nor is there much demand for them; a pair of such peacocks might cost from $12 to $20. They might be sold for collections, or for public parks, but not often for private parks or grounds, where the white peacock would be preferred. White peacocks are rarer and more costly than those of the ordinary kind, ranging in price from $100 to $225 a pair. Some of these birds are raised in this country, but the greater number are imported from Europe. White peacocks are like ordinary peacocks in their general characteristics, but instead of having plumage of the familiar blue and green and black, their plumage is white. Sometimes the "eyes" in the white peacock's tail are of a creamy tint, giving to the tail, when spread, the effect of lace, from which such birds are called white lace peacocks. The demand for peacocks of any variety is small and no dealer in birds and animals keeps them in stock, supplying them only on order.

A NEW record for high kite flying has been established at Blue Hill, Boston, when a height of 15,900 feet was reached with a line of six kites in tandem. Five were an improved box pattern and one was a rib kite. The greatest height was reached with four and three-quarter miles of steel piano wire used as a flying line. The temperature registered by the automatic instrument was 30°; at the sea level it was 80°. The velocity of the wind was 26 miles an hour and the atmosphere was very dry. It was difficult to see the highest kite from the Observatory without the aid of a telescope.

THE Chub lives in all rivers and grows to eighteen inches in length sometimes. It is not a choice table fish, its flesh being soft, white and very bony. It will bite at worms or almost anything that comes handy. The sunfish grows to a length of six to eight inches; and is known also as the Pumpkin seed. It likes shallow water; likes live worms for bait.

GLOVES are mentioned as far back as Homer's time. They have been used by almost all civilized nations from that time to this, and have been by many considered of great importance in matters of etiquette. They have been used as a pledge of contracts—as a challenge, and even a lady's pledge of favor when presented by her to her chivalrous knight, and worn by him in his helmet. They have been made of almost every con-

ceivable material, but in modern times the greatest proportion are manufactured from buckskin and kid. In the manufacture of the latter, the French excel, and in buckskin the Americans produce the best. It is estimated that the French use annually in the manufacture of gloves 4,500,000 skins.

The remains of an ancient galley have been found six feet below the surface at Tottenham marshes, during the excavations for the new reservoir of the East London Water Company. The vessel is fifty feet long, and has a beam of twenty-six feet. Its timbers are of oak and elm, and, from the form of the rivets used, it is supposed to have belonged to the Danes, who were defeated at Lea valley by King Alfred in 894 A. D. An antique sword and some bones of animals now extinct in England were also dug up and have been sent to the British Museum.

An aeronaut at Decatur, Ind., has opened a school for teaching the art of making balloon ascensions and parachute drops. A half dozen young men are enrolled for a course of study in the science of aerial navigation. Public exhibitions will be held to give the pupils practice.

Some statistician looking after queer facts discovers that the average woman carries 40 to 60 miles of hair on her head.

During the last one hundred years the wars of Christian Europe have cost the lives of 5,000,000 men and $20,000,000,000. This does not include the recent wars in South Africa and China.

The total number of Protestant missionaries in China is, according to Dr. Dennis, 2,500; the number of communicants, 80,682, of which one-fourth of the whole number belongs to the Methodist Episcopal Church.

A pretty black cat is the much admired pet of a lady of St. Louis, Mo., Mrs. Anita Comfort. The owner has the cat's ears pierced, and now pussy sports a pair of diamond earrings, which glitter attractively against her dark fur.

At a dinner given by Count Boni de Castellane in Paris recently, dwarf cherry trees loaded with fruit were used for ornament and the cherries for desert. The cherries, it is said, cost $4 each. The trees had been forced in hot-houses.

Japan has recently ordered that the Roman as well as the Chinese character be taught in all her schools. This is a long-looked for reform, gladly hailed by the friends of Japan.

In Abassina not so very long ago salt was the principal medium of exchange, being practically used as money.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE GLOBE-TROTTERS.

CHINA.—The indemnity claims of the various nations have been laid before the foreign representatives at Peking. They amount in all to about five hundred millions of dollars. The claims of the United States amounted to twenty-five millions, but the Government has offered to reduce this by one-half if the other Powers will follow the example. The Chinese government certainly cannot pay these enormous indemnities. Mr. Rockhill, our representative at Peking, has instructions to insist that the indemnity shall not exceed two hundred millions. He will, moreover, try to reduce it to one hundred millions. It is reported that General Tung-Fu-Siang, a former commander in the Chinese army is heading a rebellion of Mohammedans in Mongolia and Shensi. It is this general who directed the bombardment of the foreign settlements at Tien-tsin. He is now at the head of 11,000 regular troops, who are said to be devoted to him, and as he is only 150 miles from the present headquarters of the Chinese court, it may be necessary to ask the assistance of the Allies to put down the Rebellion. But as this would tend to largely increase the power of the European nations in China, the Chinese are hoping to subdue the rebellion unaided. General Tung's influence with the Empress-Dowager is very great and it is rumored that Prince Tuan, who was supposed to have been banished, is associated with General Tung in this rebellion. The two Chinese who are practically dictating the policy of the Government are two Viceroys of southern provinces. They are Chang Chih-Tung and Lui Kun Yi. Both are progressive in their ideas and in touch with the better side of western civilization. They have apparently supplanted Li Hung Chang.

PHILIPPINES.—Several interesting items of news have come from the Philippines lately. There is still much fighting, but the insurgent forces grow much smaller week by week and they are surrendering by scores. One of the important surrenders is that in the island of Panay of the insurgent commander, General Fullon, with one hundred and eighty rifles. The most dramatic event of the year in the Islands was the capture of Aguinaldo by General Funston, assisted by four American officers, four former insurgent officers who had made their peace with the Americans some time ago, and

seventy-five or more Macabebe scouts. Aguinaldo, it had been found from intercepted letters, was in northern Luzon at Palanan. General Funston's party was secretly taken by the gunboat Vicksburg to a place called Casiguran which had never been occupied by the American troops. Here the plot began to be worked out. The ex-insurgent officers, ostensibly commanding the party, announced that they were on the way to join Aguinaldo between Pantobagan and Baler, that they had surprised an American party and they had killed a number, besides capturing five. They exhibited General Funston and the other Americans as their prisoners. The story was believed, word was sent to Aguinaldo and guides were furnished. A rough ninety miles march over mountains, through jungles and across swift rivers followed, and when the party was within eight miles of Aguinaldo's camp, they were obliged to rest and send to the enemy's camp for food, which was promptly furnished. On March 23, the party arrived at Palanan; the Tagalogs went forward to greet their former comrades and when suspicion arose at the arrival of the Americans, it was too late to escape. The Macabebes attacked the household guard and Aguinaldo was seized by the Tagalogs who had entered his house, and after a short struggle he and his staff were prisoners; the expedition then marched to Palanan Bay where the Vicksburg was awaiting them. Aguinaldo's correspondence was seized by General Funston, and it was found that he had been staying for the past seven months at Palanan, undisturbed except when a detachment of the Sixteenth Infantry one day visited the town. He admitted that he had been nearly captured several times, and added, "I would never have been taken except by stratagem." The captured chief was brought to Manila and there took the oath of allegiance to the United States Government. It has been reported that the forthcoming manifesto of Aguinaldo to the Filipinos will induce the insurgents to surrender and that the islands will be pacified by June. There are rumors that Aguinaldo will visit the United States.

RUSSIAN DIFFICULTIES.—Although efforts are being made to suppress all news of the disturbance amongst the Russian students sufficient has crossed the border to enable outsiders to formulate some idea of the turbulent conditions existing in this country. Russian students have and will continue to have aggressive feelings towards the Russian government until the much needed reforms are introduced or the present government overthrown. In order to prevent the many hostile demonstrations of the students, a law was passed making enlistment in Russian army for two years compulsory for all those taking part in these riots. M. Bogoliepoff, Minister of Instruction, it is claimed, fathered this law, and with his previous unpopularity excited the students to such a degree that a successful attempt was made upon his life. Since then mobs of students have

been dispersed by the Cossacks out side of the Cathedral in St. Petersburg while mass was being said for the late Minister. The Czar has yielded to the students' request for General Van Norsky (a student sympathizer) as Minister of Education. Some difficulty among the peasants is expected by the excommunication of Count Tolstoy who is held in deep affection by them for his sympathy and his strenuous endeavors to alleviate their deplorable conditions. Rumors are afloat that he has been escorted to the border since his excommunication and let go contrary to his own expectations of Siberian imprisonment. His latest book, Resurrection," has brought about his banishment, for in this book he has revealed his unreconcilable feelings towards the existing order of things in Russia. Attempts have lately been made upon the life of the Czar and stringent endeavors have been used to protect him; his study has been lined with steel plates, but three persons have access to this apartment by key and his food comes canned from Belgium. Late reports state that he will abdicate if the coming child is a girl.

EMPEROR WILLIAM'S OPINION OF HIS PEOPLE.—The Emperor's reply to the Prussian Diet's congratulations on his escape from serious injury from the attack by an imbecile has greatly displeased the Germans. He informed them that since the death of Emperor William I, respect for the authorities had decreased among the people, particularly among the young and that all were to blame for the present conditions. In a recent speech in Berlin on the occasion of the dedication of the First Grenadier Regiment of the Prussian Guard he intimated his hopes that despite all disturbances that might occur in the future, their constancy he might rely upon. A great many people think that in this speech he hinted of the prospect of a revolution.

SOUTH AMERICAN TROUBLES.—War seems pending in many countries in South America. In Brazil a plot for the overthrow of the republican form of government and the substitution of monarchial forms was recently revealed by Baron de Burgal to the authorities. The assassination of President Campos Salles was to be the signal of the uprising which would be followed by the seizure of Rio Janeiro. The government was then to be intrusted to a triumvirate. An outbreak is expected in Ecuador and the Government is making preparations to quell it. Chili, Peru and Bolivia have not settled their disputes. Chile still tenaciously holds on to the provinces of Taona and Arica which she temporarily acquired in 1884, and defers the plebiscite of the inhabitants of the provinces to see whether they wish to remain Chileans or return to Peru. Venezuela and the United States are still at odds, and no imminent amicable settlement of the asphalt difficulty can be relied upon. From recent events it has been revealed that there is a very hostile feeling against the Americans by those in power.

BOER CONDITIONS.—The enormous expense resulting from the continued war in South Africa has caused the mass of people in England to change their views in regard to the settlement of this question. Diplomacy, it is hoped, will be substituted for this present costly war. Reports of the surrender of small bodies of Boers daily reach the newspapers but the backbone of the resistance cannot be broken for death will be preferred to surrender of freedom by these daring Boers. They hope by the prolongation of the war to make the English discouraged and give up their attempts to subdue them.

CUBAN PROSPECTS.—A number of senators and representatives have visited Cuba since the adjournment of Congress and after personal investigation of political affairs have expressed their opinions concerning the future of Cuba. Many are unanimous in their conviction of the retrogression of Cuba when the United States government withdraws its forces, and see no outlet but the establishment of a protectorate by this Government for a number of years. The island is improving rapidly, and expectations are anticipated, if it remains under its present conditions, of a very wealthy island in a very few years. If the Platt amendment is accepted by the constitutional convention and then ratified, the United States troops will be withdrawn. Capitalists and bankers state that they will also leave the island when the military forces of the United States are withdrawn.

PROFESSOR NEWTON'S METEORITE COLLECTION.—It is reported on good authority that the Misses Newton, daughters of the late Prof. Newton, the famous Yale mathematician and astronomer, will soon donate to Yale for the Peabody Museum the great collection of meteorites, and aerolites which their distinguished father collected through his life. The collection is stored in boxes, which were placed in charge of Professor Brown at the Yale Observatory.

THE SIZE OF OCEAN-WAVES.—Among the most trustworthy scientific measurements of the ocean waves are those of Lieutenant Paris of the French navy. The highest waves measured by him were in the Indian Ocean between the Cape of Good Hope and the island of St. Paul. Thirty waves measured there during a northwest gale, averaged 29½ feet in height, and six of them following one another with beautiful regularity, were 37½ feet in height. Some still higher waves were seen but not measured. In a moderate breeze the length of a wave was found to be about twenty-five times its height, but in a gale only eighteen times.

DRAINING GREECE'S GREATEST LAKE.—Lake Copais, the largest sheet of water in Greece, and one of the natural features of that country, has recently been nearly all drained off by an English company, and its former bed is now being cultivated with gratifying results, the soil being very fertile and well suited for cotton, melon, beets, and other vegetables. The lake formerly covered about sixty square miles, at low

water, in the center of Boeotia, and near it was one of the ancient oracles of Apollo.

LIQUID AIR IN BLASTING.—In the new Simplon tunnel, experiments have been made with liquid air for blasting purposes. The cartridges consisted of wrappers filled with paraffin and charcoal soaked with liquid air, when placed in the shot-holes they were detonated with gun-cotton primers. The use of these cartridges was discontinued because they had to be fired within a few minutes after being taken from the liquid, else their power was gone. But the problem of adapting liquid air to blasting is still being studied in Germany.

CLOCK WITHOUT A DIAL.—A reform in our present antiquated method of time-indication has been introduced by S. P. Thrasher, of New Haven, Conn., who has devised a simple form of clock in which the dial is replaced with moving figure wheels, indicating the time as a cyclometer indicates miles. The seconds are indicated by a hand following a graduated arc instead of a complete circle. This device makes the figures easier to read than where many of them are upside down. The second hand is the only one on the dial. Hotels, public buildings, factories, office buildings and railroads will probably be among the first to introduce the system.

EDUCATION.—California has more college students in proportion to its population than any other state in the Union,—one in four hundred and nineteen. The state also spends more money on its grammar schools than any state save Massachusetts or Nevada. This splendid showing in education is due largely to such philanthropists as Mrs. Hearst and Mrs. Stanford. President William R. Harper announces that Mrs. Emmons Blaine has recently given $1,000,000 to the University of Chicago School of Education. This sum is given through the trustees of the Chicago institute and is to be used partly for the purchase of a site, partly for buildings and partly for endowment. This gift, together with Mr. Carnegie's endowments of libraries, cannot fail to help along the cause of education in the United States. In the past few years a great change has taken place in the teaching of geology. The new method does not do away altogether with text-books but sends the student more to nature for his instruction. It also uses museum specimens but only to assist in identifying specimens which the student has actually taken from the rocks. Teachers of geology find that a study of nature in her own laboratories is an invaluable aid, not only training the powers of observation but giving also enthusiasm which would not result from the perusal of text-books, wall-maps, etc.

DRAMA.—The theatre and opera season is about over now in New York at least the grand opera season is over and most of the best plays are on the road. The revival of Uncle Tom's Cabin, at the Academy of Music is certainly one of the most

successful plays of the year. It is being played to crowded houses every night and bids fair to be just as popular the rest of the season. The Boston Festival Orchestra with Emil Mallenhauer for conductor has been reorganized for the thirteenth consecutive year and has started on its annual tour. It played in Hartford on April fifteenth at Foot Guard Hall when the Choral Union gave the "Damnation of Faust." The revival of Sardou's very popular play, Diplomacy," is interesting the theatre-goers of New York and on Monday, April twenty-second at the Empire theatre it was given by a very fine cast consisting of Jessie Millward, Margaret Anglin, William Faversham, Charles Richman, Ethel Hornich and a number of others equally as good.

" Should some great angel say to me to-morrow,
'Thou must re-tread thy pathway from the start ;
But God will grant, in pity for thy sorrow,
Some one dear wish, the nearest to thy heart,'
This were my wish: From my life's dim beginning,
Let be what has been. Wisdom planned the whole,
My want, my woe, my sorrow, and my sinning—
All, all were needed lessons for my soul."

Glimpses of Good Books.

We would say that if one wished to take into one's heart and home an angel of beautiful influence, to lift life, and open the doors to the life unseen, such an experience might be found in this book. The writer of these inspiring thoughts is blind to the outward world, yet few poets have so clear a spiritual vision; an iris hangs on the cloud.

The principal poem in this collection is written in the mellow metre of the Rubaiat of Omar Khayyam. It has the perfect work, and the musical flow of Fitzgerald's translation of the great Persian poem, new editions of which are multiplying. But instead of the darkness of pessimism, we have the star of hope shining on the melodious outflow; one is led to see that truth lies in the intuitions; that all things tend to good, and that the eye of faith ever sweeps wider circles and horizons. No one can study this poem without going forth into purer air, with clearer insight. Like Emerson's "Compensations," it interprets the unseen hand in all that happens and passes.

This poem of Hope fills some fifty pages, and is followed by some fifty pages more of admirable and well nigh perfect verse. "Bird Songs," "Thrills and Turns," and Miscellanies. The work is skillful and engaging; the book is also very beautifully illustrated, but to the serious reader the answer of the young blind poet of Hadley to the gloomy declarations of Omar is one not only of intense significance, but one that calls the stars out of the darkness of unfaith and leaves a clear sky. It represents Mr. Hawkes's best work; the current of modern thought demands such counter-currents, and we predict that the readers of the poem will be choice souls and many in number. The book answers to the soul's needs in the famine of spiritual thought, and one might well follow Omar by this hillside interpretation of spiritual compensations. *The Hope of the World* by Clarence Hawkes.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

Mrs. Virginia Durant Young, a talented Southern woman, proprietor and editor of the Fairfax (S. C.) Enterprise, has recently written a particularly interesting story, *One of the Blue Hen's Chickens*. It is a good story, charmingly told; a story of the South. Mrs Young is especially happy in her delineation of character. The story is illustrative of the New Thought movement and tells how a few earnest women made this New

Thought idea practical in their individual lives. Mental Science truths are applied with simplicity and steadfastness with results that seem wonderful to the casual reader but only normal to the student. Boston Ideas says of the book :

"The truth is, the world has so lost the use of its perceptive senses through mental stagnation that man forgets the godlike qualities to which he is heir and is surprised when some enterprising discoverer proves to him their presence. But it seems to us that *One of the Blue Hen's Chickens* is one of the books that need not provoke undue antagonism from unbelievers. It is written earnestly but wisely, and it ingeniously offsets its declarations of the workings of the law of 'All-Good' with incidents that occur everywhere and which seem to be the result of some malevolent influence.

It is a thoroughly charming story, tinged with much of the romance of the old South and showing many of the prejudices of the new regime, and it is often amusing in its character-touches as well as touching in its special developments of sincerity.

It gives us an interesting picture of certain regions of South Carolina, their present scenic and social peculiarities and in no way aggressively throws mental science athwart any reader's predilections. It simply aims to live the truth out practically in everyday life and to show how rich a harvest may be reaped from the simplest material at hand. Here is an amusing instance of the instinctive prejudice of the old to the new, as found everywhere the world over:

'Nothing would help you like a daily dose of mental science.'

'I ain't going to take none. I'd ruther depend on castor oil.' "

Chas. W. Close, Bangor, Me., is the publisher. Price 50 cents.

Of Mrs. Young's other books, *Beholding As in a Glass* has met with much favor.

"I never quite understood why a girl who climbed trees, clung to the tail end of carts and otherwise deported herself as a well-conditioned girl should not, was called a tomboy. It always seemed to me that if she was anything she should not be it was a tomgirl." This is the dictum of the heroine of *The Autobiography of a Tomboy*, by Miss Jeannette L. Gilder. The book is happy in its pleasant little pictures of life a hundred years ago when the "prunes and prisms" standard was accepted and the pranks of the tomboy were more calculated to shock people than they are to-day.

Doubleday, Page & Co., are the publishers.

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TALKS AND TALES.

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To the Patron Members of the American Association of the Blind:

KIND FRIENDS:—This notice is to inform you that your membership fee can be paid to our treasurer, H. R. W. MILES, or to Miss Etta J. Giffin, Pavilion for the Blind, Library of Congress, this being in lieu of any further charge for the magazine TALKS and TALES.

WE desire to call the attention of the readers of TALKS and TALES to articles which appear by the following occasional contributors, all of whom are blind.

H. R. W. Miles, Mary E. Sanford, Charlotte M. Hinman, Alice A. Holmes, H. Stennett Rogers, Alfred J. Hosking, Alexander Cameron, Roberta Anna Griffith, Rev. Ghosn el Howie, Syria; Helen Marr Campbell, Clarence Hawkes, Mamie Ray, Harry Forrester, J. Newton Breed.

From *Three Little Folks.*
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TALKS AND TALES.

VOL. IV. HARTFORD, CONN., JUNE, 1901. NO. 9.

BY THE FAMOUS TRAVELERS E. AND E. AND THEIR EQUALLY FAMOUS SERVANTS S. AND P.

WE are now to visit the land of dykes, ditches and windmills, fog, tobacco smoke and whitewash.

Could the reader get a view of Holland in miniature it would be a great aggregation of market gardens, cut up with little V shaped ditches, and made more unique by its thousand of windmills, every little farm garden being supplied with one or more of these. Visit one of the households and you will at once be impressed with the easy, home-like atmosphere of the typical Dutchman, who smokes and thinks and thinks and smokes, while his good *frow* keeps the home tidy and fills in every spare minute plying her knitting-needles.

You see a large boat, moored in a canal and are informed that the occupant of this boat is a traveling store-keeper and his boat is a literal store with dwelling-house accommodations annexed. There are many hundreds of these itinerant merchants to be found in Holland, and the children raised on one of these floating homes grow up with the idea of trade thoroughly inbred with every day and hour of their childhood life. Hence it is not surprising that when the Hollander and the Yankee meet in a trade, it is a case of diamond cut diamond, with the odds on the side of the Hollander.

"In the management of their pecuniary affairs the Dutch have the reputation of being very expert, and in addition to knowing how to acquire riches, they possess the valuable secret of the means to preserve them. In former times, Hollanders were remarkable for the extreme simplicity of their mode of living. Even the most important personages in the land set an

example of frugality, which was followed by the majority of the people, including the higher classes. The anecdotes given of the daily life of Dutchmen a few centuries ago, afford a striking contrast to those which are occasionally related of the wealthy Netherlander of the luxurious nineteenth century. It is recorded that when the Ambassador of Philip III. of Spain came to Holland to treat with the States about their independence, he was surprised to find the members were all very plainly dressed, and that many of them, especially these who came from distant provinces, carried bundles in their hands, containing a supply of linen and provisions. In a letter which the Envoy afterwards wrote to the Commander-in-Chief of the Spanish army, he said, 'I expected to see in the States a splendid appearance; but instead of that I saw only a number of plainly dressed men, with sensible faces, who came into council with their provisions in their hands. Their parsimony will ruin the king, my master, in the course of the war, if it be continued, for there is no contending with people whose nobles can live on a schelling a day, and who will do everything for the service of the country.' More than half a century later, the eminent Dutch statesman, De Witt, when Grand Pensionary of Holland, was also remarkable for his modest, unostentatious style of living. Although at the head of the government, he dwelt in a house in the Kneutendyk, at the Hague, not larger than might have been occupied by an ordinary citizen. When he made visits, he was attended by only one footman, and on common occasions he was generally seen in the streets without any attendant at all. His office, for the first ten years, brought him in little more than 300*l.*, and in the latter part of his life not above 700*l.* The States made him an offer of a gift of 10,000*l*, but he refused it as a bad example in a free government. The *Nederlandsche Spectator* has lately published another and hitherto unknown proof of De Witt's lofty and disinterested character, in a letter discovered by a Dutch gentleman in the States Archives of Florence. It appears that in June 1671, Cosimo III., Duke of Tuscany, one of the Medici family, wished to send De Witt a present of fine Tuscany wine. De Witt, however, wrote to express his gratitude and thanks for the kind proposal, but declined the proffered gift, remarking that as a minister he had sworn never to accept a present from any one. This reply was thought the more strange in Florence, from the fact that there had never been any diplomatic relations between the two."

After an insight into the character of Dutch administration, which we get from the foregoing, we are inclined to exclaim, what a pity that our great metropolis, New York, ever passed out of the control of the Knickerbockers!

"The Dutch newspapers, unlike ours, never teem with details of the proceedings in the police courts, and if a trial is reported, which is not always the case, the barest particulars are given, and only the initial letters of the

offender's name." This may account in a measure for the fact that there is less crime in Holland than in most other countries.

The Hollander's Christmas is the Feast of St. Nicholas, which takes place on the 5th day of December, and it is somewhat curious that although we celebrate the anniversary of the birth of Christ, there is associated in the minds of our children the same idea of Christmas and the visit of St. Nicholas, with his back-load of presents and good cheer as is carried out by the Hollanders in their celebration.

If the reader would see Dutch art at its best let him visit the National Gallery at Amsterdam, the whole course of Dutch painting can be followed in it, to the work of modern artists like Josef Isreals, Anton Maure, and Jacob Maris, who realize for us, as the great masters did not always, the quality solely atmospheric, indefinable, of Dutch landscape.

Walking through Rotterdam at night, it is evident that the ctiy is teeming with life and in process of expansion; a youthful city, still growing. The shops are illuminated in the most splendid manner; and although in themselves they differ but little from those of other European cities they still have a peculiar aspect at night because of the contrast between the ground-floor and the rest of the house. Below all is light, color, splendor, and crystal; above, the dark house-front, with its strange angles, steps and curves. The upper is old Holland, simple, dark and silent; the lower part is the new life, fashion, luxury, elegance.

Delft, nine miles from Rotterdam, is one of the prettiest cities of Holland; though at one time the production of majolica, was its claim for notice upon the world its twenty-two thousand inhabitants now live in profound peace. The streets are broad, crossed by canals shaded by two rows of trees, flanked by houses, red, crimson and rose color, picked out with white, which look glad to be so clean; and at every crossing meet and join two or three bridges of stone or wood; lying with white railings here and there a large boat, motionless as if enjoying its idleness, very few people, closed doors, and no noise of any kind.

The stork is the national bird of Holland, it is valued as a bird of good fortune and for its helpfulness in ridding the country of its numerous frogs and toads. Farmers rear poles with round pieces of wood at the top to attract them to make their nests, and so domesticated are they, that they may be seen walking about the streets of some towns fearless and unmolested. A legend is still extant of the self sacrificing devotion of this bird to its young in the story of the great fire which destroyed Delft.

Amid the conflagration these birds were seen to make the greatest endeavor to rescue their young from their nests, by attempting to carry them out of danger. Finding this task too difficult, the mother birds settled upon their nests, gathered their little ones about them, covered them with their

wings as if to retard as long as possible the fatal moment, and so awaited death.

Our eyes were at once attracted by the splendid mausoleum of William the Silent, but the custodian stopped us at the tomb of Hugo Grotius, the great jurisconsult of the seventeenth century; the Grotius who at nine years of age wrote Latin verses, at eleven composed Greek odes, at fourteen philosophic theses, and three years later accompanied the illustrious Barneveldt in his embassy to Paris, where Henry IV., presenting him to the Court, said: "Behold the miracle of Holland!"; that Grotius who at eighteen was distinguished as poet, theologian, commentator, and astronomer, and had written a prose epic on the city of Ostend, which Casaubon translated into Greek, and Malesherbe into French verse; that Grotius who, in his twenty-fourth year, exercised the office of Advocate-General of Holland and Zealand, and wrote a celebrated treatise on the "Liberty of the Seas;" who at thirty was Councilor of the city of Rotterdam; then partisan of Barneveldt, persecuted, condemned to perpetual imprisonment, and shut up in the Castle of Loevestein, where he wrote the treatise of the "Right of Peace and of War," which was for a long time the codex of all the publicists of Europe; then saved miraculously by his wife, who caused herself to be introduced into his prison in a box believed to contain books, which box went out again with the prisoner in it, while the wife remained a prisoner in his stead; then the guest of Louis XIII., and sent ambassador from France to Christiania of Sweden; and finally returning triumphantly to his own country, where he died, at Rostock, full of years and honors.

A Humble Advocate.

WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

SUNRISE in Jones' Cove. The great encompassing mountains stood solemn and weird and silent, capped with cloud and carpeted with everlasting green about their feet, where the winter scarce finds an entrance into the well-screened cove slumbering among their rugged bases. Winding in and out among the gaps and crevices of the mountains, Big Pigeon River, might be seen fighting its way to the beautiful French Broad.

The sun was peering over the mountains, a great round red eye of fire. The Cove still lay in shadow and in silence. It might have been a dead world, indeed, for all sign there was of life, save for the one lone figure leaning upon the low palings of the rude gate in front of a little weather beaten cabin standing at the Cove's head, just at the point where the road begins the ascent of the mountain.

As for the woman, she, too, might have been a part of the deadness, as she stood there, with one small, knotted, labor-marked hand clasping the paling, the elbow of the other arm resting upon it, her chin in her hand, and her bright, brown eyes fixed in melancholy musing upon the distant peaks of mountain rising above the valley. Only, looking well into the face, one could not fail to see the fire that still hid in the dark eyes, like a slumbering coal-bed that waited only the revivifying breath of excitement to fan it into a living glow.

Within the cabin a man lay sleeping upon a bed, over which was thrown a quilt of many-colored stripes. Two burly, calfskin-covered feet depended floorward beneath the coverlet, and the arm, thrown with the careless abandon of the weary sleeper over the man's head, wore a sleeve of heavy gray jeans. Evidently he had thrown himself down to sleep without undressing. Upon a low trundle-bed at his side a boy of six years and a baby of one were sleeping. The woman at the gate was waiting for the man to awaken and eat his breakfast. It was already cooked, and was only waiting the pleasure of the liquor-sodden sleeper before the woman would bring it out from the skillets and pots ranged about the hearth, where she had set it to prevent the food getting "stone cole" before he should sober up sufficiently to call for it.

It was a dreary life, a cat-and-dog existence for her, the silent young watcher at the gate.

"Ef I could only get my own consent ter hold my tongue I reckin it

would be better," she mused. "But 'pears like I'd be obleeged ter die sometimes ef I didn't try ter head Ike Cary off in some o' his doin's. 'Special when he begins to hender the chillen; the pore little chillen as can't holp the'rse'ves in noways. I jest can't be still then; I be obleeged ter fight fur my chillen. Even the ole hen out thear'll do that much fur her young; or the wil' varmints in the woods. I can't git my own consent ter be less keerful o' my young than the hens an the b'ars on' sech."

It wasn't an unpleasant face that was lifted for a moment to the sunlight stealthily creeping over the mountains; it showed resolve, spirit and a courage that death itself could not put to shame.

"I hev sarved that thar man in thar ten year, good an' faithful. I didn't come ter him em'ty handed nuther. I had a hundred head o' cattle an' a half a hundred acres o' valley lan'. An' I ware not accounted a bad lookin' gal nuther, them days. But the law allowed as Ike Cary could keep my lan' an' truck more better nor me, an' so it ware his'n after I ware married ter him. Whose it air *now* I can't tell. The still house got it 'o Ike, I know *that* much, They-uns useter say, too, over yander in Elmiry whar I ware raised, that I ware right sprightly. Some allowed I'd make my mark ef I lived an' got my growth. I made it, yes; a mighty erosty kind o' mark it were, when I married Ike. I ain't lacked in my sarvice none nuther, as I can see; an' what I hev got in exchange fur hit air blows and hard names. Lord, ef it ware not fur the chillen, the chillen that he air ruinin' of, I'd h'ist my heels an' take that thar road up the moun't'n, an' travel away from here quicker'n yer could say 'Jack Roberson.' If it ware not fur the chillen I'd do it."

For the children; how many weary women have bowed their backs to their burdens, and taken their crosses again for the sake of the children—the children, God-given to keep the soul and body in harness if not in unison!

"You Josephine! Am I got ter wait all day fur o mouffull o' cole victuals? Or hev ye gone spang deef that ye can't hear noways, when I call ter ye? Hi God, ye air getten too peart and independent ter suit *my* fancy. Standin' thar sun gazin', air ye? an' me a-waiting for my breakfus'. Gol darn ye, ef yer don't come in here an' fish out them victuals I'll fling the shovel at yer; else't this here brat as can't make out ter git itse'f wake like other folks."

She was in the cabin long enough before the man had completed his complaint, and was dishing up the breakfast. She paid no heed to his threats until he strode over to the trundle-bed where the baby was sleeping, the older child having risen when Cary called his wife to get his breakfast up,

"Stan' back from thar," she commanded. "You-uns jest let that thar chile be, Ike Cary."

Whether it was the glitter in the restless eyes, or whether he was too stupidly indifferent to carry out his threat, she neither knew nor cared;

with a low laugh of derision he drew his chair up to the table and began to eat his breakfast. The woman sat near, not eating, but waiting upon her husband, and the little boy who scrambled up into a chair at her side and began calling for a dodger.

"I'd wash my face an' hands first ef I ware ye," said the mother. "It air plumb bad manners ter eat without washin'."

"Let him be," said Cary. "What be the use anyhow? They-uns'll be dirty ag'in 'ginst dinner time. Eat yer breakfus', son; pappy'll let ye."

"That aint no way ter raise chillen," said Mrs. Cary. As she had so many times told herself, she couldn't get her own consent to hold her tongue where the children were concerned.

The man made no reply; he was busy with the chicken she had broiled and set before him. When he had finished and pushed back his plate, he seemed in a better humor—disposed to talk, indeed; though the talk always meant either an argument or a season of ridiculing the woman whom he regarded as his weaker half.

"Whar did you'uns stay las' night?" She put the question timidly, knowing from experience what the reply would be.

"Wall, now, Miss Master, whar do ye reckin?" said he. "I ware *somewhars*, that ought ter satisfy ye. But Lor, these women; they air obleeged ter know it all. Waal then, ef ye must know, I ware down ter the Forge; an' some o' the candidates ware thar, an' we had all the liquor we could carry, an' more. An' they-uns ware powerful anxious ter git my vote, too, I can tell ye. Offered me—"

She bent her small, bright eyes upon him a moment, then made a gesture as of waving him off.

"Ef you-uns hev been a-takin' of bribes an' sech, Ike Cary, *I* don't want ter know it."

"Jest as ye please. jest as ye please. But stir yer stumps an' get the cuckle burrers out'n that thar brat's head. I aims ter fetch him ter town with me ter-day."

"He aint fit ter go," she replied. "He ware ailin' all night. I gin him paregoric twicet endurin' o' the night."

"He's a goin' jest the same," said Cary. "An' ef you-uns wants ter sen' him off lookin' like the witches hev had him, *I* aint keerin'. He's my chile, I reckin, an' I aims to do ez I please with him. Git up, son, an' git yer hat. Pappy's gwine let ye ride behin' him dowd ter S'vlerville ter-day."

Rebellion was useless; she had tried it too often not to know. She smoothed out the tangled yellow hair, and washed the face that shone again with the anticipation of a ride to the country seat. And when the man extended a leg and reached his hand to the boy to drag him up to the saddle

behind him, she stood at the gate and "saw them off" with the best grace she could summon.

"Keep a holt on the tail of yer pappy's coat, son," she admonished the smiling youngster. "An' Ike, you-uns hol' on ter Benny; he ain't use ter ridin' behin', an' he'll slip off inter Pigeon River or somers, an' git hisse'f drowned, ef ye aint keerful of him."

"Lord, Lord, listen at the critter," said Ike. "*Air* he my chile or not? That's what I'd like ter know."

As they rode away, she stood watching them through eyes in which anger had dried the tears that might otherwise have come to her relief.

"Ter hear that man talk anybody would think as it air all his chile, an' that he never had no mammy; leastways that she got no more ter say in the raisin' of him than ef she ware a stick. Women air no better than that nohows, I'm a-thinkin'. The laws o' this kentry gins a man the right ter hol' the lash, an' he hol's it.

"The laws, *I say!* A pretty thing the laws o' this land air, a-settin' by an' seein' chillen bein' kerried ter thar death, an' allowun' as it air all right becase the father hev a right ter do as he likes with his own chillen. An' what air the law fur the woman, I say? Why don't they let the women he'p make 'em ef they-uns hev got ter live up to 'em? That's what *I* want er know. Lor! but wouldn't I like ter he'p make the laws fur this country! an' wouldn't I jest give the women a showin' ter live, though! *Wouldn't I?*

She had never heard of woman suffrage in her life. She only knew that she had felt the lack of the law's protection, and recognized in a vague way that the man who governs the woman is not competent to make impartial laws for her. The thought had come to her often before; but this morning she was so impressed with it that she did not hear a step coming along the path, the nigh cut down the mountain. She had unconsciously given voice to her thought, not knowing that she had an audience; "Set a passel o' men ter make laws fur the women they expec' ter own! Shucks! Like to make good uns, I reckin."

A man stood at the foot of the path; he had heard every word of the foolish complaining.

"Never you min' 'bout that, Mis. Cary," said he. "Thar's better days a-comin' fur the women folks, I shouldn't wonder. I heeard las' week whenst I war down ter Knoxvul ter witness fur Si Odem, as ware indicted fur stealin' of a horse. Si never took the horse no more'n you did, an' I went down ter witness, as he ware over ter my house the very day he ware 'cused o' stealin' the critter over in Knox County. I tol the jury that, but they-uns 'peared not ter take my word, somehows, an' Si ware sent ter the penitentiary fur ten year. But I heeard, whilest I ware thar witnessin' fur Si, as how the women folks ware going ter be let ter vote befo' mighty long. I went ter one o' the'r

meetin's whilest I ware thar. 'Tware helt in a tent; an' how them women did talk about the men ware a scan'le, Mis. Cary. Lord, Lord, ef the women don't beat my time! Wantin' ter be let ter vote, same as men! First thing ye an' me knows, Mis. Cary, they'll be axin' ter be let wear pantaloons, and galluses, an' sech. *Then* who air ter cook breakfus', I'd like ter know? Thar aint no tellin' what the women of Tennessee won't be a-wantin' of next."

She was listening with wide, dilated eyes; her heart was beating like a hammer.

"Air it true that they ull be let ter vote?" said she. "Air that a true word, Jeff Bynum?"

"Wall, now, Mis. Cary, hit aint quite settled yit," said Jeff. "This air the shape they-uns hev got it inter. The women folks they uns allows thar be lots o' meannese kerried on in Tennessee, an' they let on as how if they-uns be let ter vote they ull send good men ter the Legislatur'—men as won't take bribes, an' will put down liquor, an' wipe out wife-beatin', and mebbe kill the Ole Scratch hisse'f, fur all anybody knows."

There was a flash of the dark eyes, a quiver of the strong lips that should have had a girlish laugh upon them, instead of that weary woman-look they wore.

"Did the women o' Knoxvul say that air?" Her face flushed with the pride she felt in them; she could have fallen at their feet in very worship.

"The women o' Knox and Hamulton, an' some from as fur as Shelby hitse'f," said Bynum. "I declar' ter goodness, Mis. Cary, it ware a plumb caution the way they-uns talked. One got up an' allowed as she wanted ter vote ter holp *de*velop a *mo*ralerty in *gov'mint*. I wonder what the fool allowed she ware talkin' 'bout. An' another one wanted ter vote beca'se she didn't want ter be classed with luna*tics*, she said. Another one didn't want ter be put with *idjits*, though *I* could see mighty plain as she ware one, p'int blank. An' one ware ag'in bein' put down in the law with crimernals an' furriners, an' said she wanted a ekal right ter her own chillen. 'Women's rights' they-uns called it. Lord, Lord, my wife gits all the rights she air entitled to in *this* worl'; all her entitlements an' more, ef the truth ware knowed. She hev got the right ter milk the cow, an' cook the victuals, ter rise up an' ter set down. What more mortal critter air wantin' of air too much fur Jeff Bynum ter say."

He waited for her to agree with him, but she was silent. She was no longer listening; she was thinking of those brave women in Knoxville. How her soul went out to them! The slumbering fires of her nature awoke and made response to their effort, those brave few, fighting, contesting every inch of the road, their way to freedom—their way, and the way of all womanhood. She was with them as surely as though she had been in their meetings, been one of them. She recognized the need; her heart responded to the jus-

tice of their claims. She would have footed it all the way to Knoxville, gladly, just to have told them how she thanked them for their effort.

The visitor saw the keen interest in the young face, and, not unwilling to make himself interesting, proceeded to talk.

"I tell ye now, Mis. Cary," said he, "I be goin' down ter fed'ral court nex' month, ter witness fur Abe Stores, as air indicted fur illicit distillin'; an' I'll keep my ears pricked, an' ef I heear any more about this here thing o' the women votin' I'll let ye know. It air a mighty fine subject now, shore. They-uns allowed the law let ever' created critter have a sesso except lunertics, an' convic's, an, idjits, an' furriners, an' babies, *an'* women. But shucks, says I. Whar's the good o' votin'? Hit aint henderin' the workin's o' Satan, as *I* can see. He air jest as lively today as befo' the women axed ter be let to vote, Mis. Cary."

She made no reply, and glancing at her face he saw that she was not thinking of him. Half aggrieved he turned away.

"Wall, I must be a-mosin'," said he.

The words recalled her wandering senses; she remembered the courtesy due to a visitor, even in her wonder over the strange knowledge that had come to her.

"Won't you uns come in an' git a bite o' breakfus'?" she said. "Hit aint cole yet, though Ike hev e't his an' gone."

"Naw'm, I must be a-mosin' on; I ware at a coon hunt las' night, an' the ole 'oman she'll be a-lookin' fur me ter be in time fur breakfus.' Good day, Mis. Cary. I'll be shore ter let ye know 'bout the votin' whenst I come back from witnessin' fur Abe."

He was laughing silently as he went down the sun-flooded road with the loitering step of the all-night reveller.

"Lord, now, wouldn't she cut a figger at the polls? An' wouldn't the boys jest eternally laugh Ike out'n the Cove ef his wife ware ter take votin' an' sech? But ef she ware ter take a notion ter it, all S'vier County couldn't stop her, she air that heady an' high-strung."

Ike, meanwhile, was pursuing his way as calmly unconcerned as though he had the world at his feet. When he reached his store, early as it was, he saw the usual crowd of loafers congregated, waiting for him to open up for the day.

He tossed the key into the midst of them as he rode past, half turning in the saddle to call out to them:

"Open the darned thing, some of ye. An' some of ye shut the door ternight 'g'inst varmints an' sech. Holp yerse'ves ter barter, an' sech, an' leave yer truck somers in thar. I'm goin' down to S'vierville ter lay in some goods, mebby. Bob Bolton, air that yer snaggletooth countenance over thar? What air that root o' rattlesnake's master you-uns ware gwine ter fetch ter

trade for some sorghum so brisk? Mis. Durham she jest doctored herse'f on corn whiskey whilest she ware waitin' on the rattlesnake's master, that thar time she got herse'f bit. Got 'tarin' drunk—tight as the devul; killed the p'ison, howsomever. But fetch it 'long, fetch it 'long; thar a plentier more folks for the rattlers to cut the'r teeth on exceptin' ole Mis. Durham. Good-day, folkes. Walk in an' make yerse'ves ter home. Au' ef so be thar's any 'mongst ye not hones' enough ter charge up what he gits, why, let him steal it, he's welcome. Ef he'd ruther be a rogue as ter be a hones' man he hev got my consent ter so be."

The summer waned, the days grew shorter; then came the light frost, and autumn, gayly resplendent, settled upon the hills. The trees wore a rustling burden of scarlet and gold and amethyst. Then came the hoar-frost, and vegetation died like a newly born joy in the heart of a woman. The scarlet and gold gave place to ashes and dust; denuded nature's heart lay bare. Then came the rains, November, and the election. Mrs. Cary had heard nothing from Bynum; indeed she had not expected to hear. She had heard enough to awaken her heart to the great possibilities that lay buried in the bosom of that mysterious future that might dawn *sometimes* for the women of Tennessee.

She felt sometimes that, had fate dealt her a different lot, she might indeed have been one of them—one of the *helpers* in the great cause that was already dear to her. Yet, "I dunno, nuther," she would tell herself when this thought was in her heart. "I dunno; mebby I wouldn't know so well what the need air ef I hadn't a felt it as I hev done."

Experience, mighty mother of despair, had taught her what it was to be a slave to man's meanness and ignorance. A slave. She remembered that one of the Knoxville women had said she wanted the ballot because she wanted her liberty. The thought had taken possession of her, that humble woman, lost among the hills of Tennessee, lost to everything but ignorance and despair. Liberty! Why, it was liberty that reared Bunker Hill, made America. Liberty, the foundation and chief corner stone of the very government itself, the palladium of all peace, the base of the triangle upon which is founded all brotherly love and good fellowship. And woman was the only one of God's creatures to whom it was denied. But it would come—it must; the mighty minds of earth would take hold some day and knock off her shackles and set her free.

The idea possessed her; she could talk of nothing else. Afternoons when Ike would be away at the store, or off on a drunken bout somewhere, she would take the children and go off to some of the neighbor women's houses and talk to them about it. But she got little sympathy; they called her "cracked," after awhile, and some wondered why Ike Cary didn't make her "stop sech etarnal foolishness."

She had never attempted to talk to Ike about it but once. It was one evening when he came home from Pigeon Forge in high glee because of a speech he had heard down there in favor of his chosen candidate for the State Legislature.

"Did ye hear anything o' the women bein' let ter vote, whilest ye ware down ter the Forge?"

She had put the question timidly; perhaps that was why it angered him.

"Listen at the fool," said he. "The idee o' women votin'! What do women know about the laws o' the land? I declar ter God, Josephine, ef you-uns aint gittin' foolisher an' foolisher ever' day ye lives. Ye aint got as much gumtion es that thar chile thar this minute. Now, I want ter tell ye as I hev heard enough 'bout that thar fool notion you-uns hev took up. I air not goin' to be laughed plumb out'n the State o' Tennessee, ef I *know* it."

The next day she took her baby under her arm and went to pay a little visit at the house of her neighbor. It was near the time of the election; the men were going to and from the county seat every day. She might learn something of the great question that had so agitated her mind. But the woman did not once broach the subject, and it was not until she was leaving that Mrs. Cary herself mustered courage sufficient to ask about it.

"Do Lor', Mis. Cary," was the reply, "ye an' me better stay at home an' 'ten ter the chillen an' the men folks, an' leave votin' an' law makin' to them, as the Lord meant, ter take charge o' it. Naw'm, I air not lookin' ter vote. My ole man allows as a woman's place air ter milk the cow an' cook the victuals an' 'ten' ter the men folks—*ef* they-uns have got any men folks ter 'ten' ter; them as haven't may go votin', *I* say, an' the Lord hev mercy on the'r souls."

And as Mrs. Cary walked homeward in the gray twilight the woman regarded her from the doorstep with a curiously pitying expression.

"Josephine Cary air in an' about deranged," said she. "She hev took ter vagrantin' roun' the mount'n till folks air talkin' mightily about her. An' they do say as she talks polertics same as a man. Land 'o Moses! what air this worl' acomin' ter *I* say."

Mrs. Cary had made herself obnoxious, however, even to the men. She *would* talk politics; they found that hard to forgive, 'tis true, because she didn't always agree with them; but as to the question of the women voting, the men made light of that, and because it was something so entirely novel and unlikely, they forgave her that "bit o' gol darned foolishness." But many were the jokes cast at Ike on her account; her shoulders bore the marks of them. Ike had his own ideas as to the proper means of putting a stop to the ridicule she excited.

The morning of the election dawned at last, clear, cool, a forerunner of

the nearing winter. The voting was done in the old way, so long customary among the mountains, and Ike's store was utilized as a precinct.

Josephine had settled it in her own mind that she would go to the election, merely as a matter of interest. There could be no harm in her going; it was at her husband's store, and other women would be coming in to trade before the day was over. Ike had taken the older boy with him early in the morning. It was nine o'clock before Josephine set a pot of pumpkin to boil, and gathering the baby under her arm set off up the mountain.

A stranger, a man from one of the valley towns, was seated near the election boxes, leaning back against the low, rough counter. He glanced up when Josephine entered, to wonder at the brightness of the small, dark eyes regarding him from beneath the black sun-bonnet. Her entrance was the signal for the settlement jokers to begin; the forms of greeting were varied:

"Come ter vote, Mis. Cary?" asked one.

"Lor, Mis. Cary, the women ain't let ter vote yit."

"You-uns air jest ninety-nine years ahead o' the time, Mis. Cary."

"Fetch the baby 'long ter vote, too, Mis. Cary? Ye know ef the law allows the woman it ought ter allow the baby ter vote, too. Women an' babies air disbarred; the law disbars ye both; mebby it'll admit ye both."

The woman shifted her baby to the other hip, and regarded her teasers silently for a moment; she was like some wild creature of the forest at bay, as she turned upon them with the only weapon at her command, her tongue.

"Yes," said she, "the law air ekal ter that; the laws o' Tennessee air ekal ter most anything. But"—she paused, set the baby upon the counter, and put into its hand the end of the ball of twine used for tying bundles, then slowly lifted her hand—"some o' you-uns'll live ter see the women o' the land castin' o' the'r votes yet. Let them as laugh look ter it."

The prophecy fell with a strange force from the narrow, strong lips. They regarded her with a kind of awe for a moment, the boldest among them forgetting to sneer.

It was at this moment that Ike, who had been in the rear of the house filling a quart bottle with kerosene for a customer, came forward, the bottle in his hand. He glanced a moment at the silent, gaping crowd, with their gaze fixed upon the woman who had lifted her voice in prophecy. His swarthy face grew livid; without a second's hesitation he lifted his arm and hurled the bottle with all his strength at her head. It crashed past her and went to pieces in a thousand fragments upon the wall behind her. The woman never flinched.

"What air ye doin' here?" demanded the angry husband. "Didn't I tell yer ter stay at home whar ye b'longed, ye dad-burned hell-cat? Comin' here to make a fool o' yerse'f befo' a passel o' fools as aint got no more sense than to laugh at ye! Lemme git at ye; I'll see ef—"

The group separated to make way for him as the half-drunken man strode past them; he carried a rawhide whip that he jerked from the hand of one of the men who had driven a yoke of oxen to the store. The woman moved aside, not to dodge the blow, but to shield the child playing with the twine cord upon the counter. One sharp, cutting blow descended upon the thin, stooped shoulders, but before he could lift the whip for a second the strange man leaning against the counter sprang to his feet and seized his arm.

"Don't you do that again!" he commanded. "Don't you dare to strike that woman again, you damned brute, you. I mean what I say; no man shall strike a woman where I am, not if I have to hang for it. Drop that lash, you coward and get back to your oil tubs. A pretty thing, you, to call yourself a man! Men!"—he turned to the wonder-stricken crowd about the door—"you see for yourselves how the laws of the State need mending. If I go to the Legislature from this county the very first bill I shall introduce will be one to make wife-beating a felony in the State of Tennessee. Now you may elect me on that ticket or not, just as you choose."

A few minutes later he stood outside, watching for Josephine to come down the rude steps, preparatory to going home.

"Why did you come here, my good woman?" he said, wishing to offer some kind of help to the poor creature. "Why did you come here? See what you have brought upon yourself."

He pointed to a blood stain upon her shoulder where the rawhide had cut through the skin. She glanced at the stain and then at him. Something in his voice appealed to her; this was her opportunity to say a word, to help along the women of Knoxville.

"I air not keerin' fur that," said she; "what I air keerin' fur air my liberty; I want my liberty. 'Pears like the women air the only created critters as hev not got the'r freedom in this worl'."

Instinctively there recurred to him a scene he had witnessed in his youth; a slave was being beaten for running away; he was bound with thongs, and another slave was made to ply the lash; it was of rawhide also, and there was blood upon the slave's shoulders. He received his punishment without a groan; but the next day he ran away again, and was found dead along the roadside, en route to liberty. And this woman of Tennessee, with her bruised and burdened back, demanded hers.

"Aye, God, and she shall have it," he told himself as he galloped home through the midnight; "she shall have it, if word of mine can avail to help along the cause. Liberty? Why, men have died for liberty; they have died to give the gracious boon to other men. Yet for woman—who has thought of *her?*"

The words of the mountain woman throbbed in his thoughts: "'Pears like women air the only created critters as aint got the'r freedom."

He saw again the gaping crowd, the sneering faces, the uplifted lash. Again in his ears was sounding the one word of defence offered: "Some o' you-uns'll live ter see the women o' the land castin' o' the'r votes yet."

Prophetic words, and big with meaning!—*Arena.*

Miss Canary's Legacy.

F. L. BACON.

THE wind was blowing in high and from the sea. It always sounded with that peculiar wail when it came sweeping over the foam-touched waves as they lashed up against the beach. It was very strong to-night, and there was a dash of sleet with it. Miss Canary had drawn her striped shawl closer about her shoulders and stirred the fire into a brighter glow.

She was a thin, angular woman, of sixty or more. Her face was hard with many lines of care. She had not taken life easily; though, living alone in the little cottage, her simple, uneventful life had had seemingly few grievances. Miss Canary tended her flowers, kept her house in order, and owed no one. What cause had she then to worry?

To-night she held in her hand a letter, and more than once settled her spectacles to re-read it. Joel Canary, her only brother, was at the point of death. How she had loved him! It seemed, to-night, that she could see him so plainly—a little lad, when she was already a woman grown, running to her for everything, his sunny curls tossing brightly over his white forehead; could see again his laughing eyes.

She had loved him with all the strength of her heart. But she had not forgiven him for loving and marrying as he had done. She had opposed it from the beginning. A pink and white doll face, that was all! It had been a grim satisfaction, when the news came that the foolish little woman had run away from home to join some opera company, deserting child and husband.

That was what the story had been. She had not cared to investigate it further. It was nearly five years ago, and she had not forgiven Joel. He had but met his deserts, she had said sternly. Now he was dying. He had not prospered, the letter said, and there was nothing to leave, "nothing save the little lad—Joel." And the writer begged in her brother's name, that she, his only sister and kinswoman, would care for the child. She, Eliza Canary, who had no dealings with children, who dreaded their approach as some unknown species of untamed animal! She had suddenly the care and responsibility of one thrust upon her!

Her untasted tea stood on the little round table. Mousey, the big Maltese, rubbed herself against her mistress' dress, vainly desiring notice. Miss Canary had indeed forgotten that she had no tea, and that Mousey's saucer of milk had not been poured. She sighed heavily and folded up the letter.

"It's got to be, I s'pose," she said. Much living alone had given Miss Canary the habit of talking to herself. "I s'pose I know my duty; the Lord's alway's made it plain enough for me, whatever folks may say 'bout not knowing what the Almighty wants 'em to do. That's just shiftin' the responsibility, I'm thinking. Joel's child! I—I almost wish I'd seen him afore he went; but I told him I'd never speak to him again if he married that girl, an' I never broke my word yet, an' never intend to—but oh, I wish to mercy the child hadn't never come! How ever I'm to keer for it, I don't know. There'll be dirt over everything—my carpets an' clean floors; an' noise like the Fourth of July all the year round. An' he'll be certain to tease Mousey."

This last was evoked by the fact that Mousey had put up her paw and was gently patting Miss Canary's lap. The old woman rose mechanically, and, with hands that trembled a little, poured the milk. The wind outside blew the curtains at the windows. It sounded like a voice of distress afar off.

"I never knowed the wind to blow that way and bring anybody luck," said Miss Canary; "an' it sure has brought my share of trouble," she added with a groan.

For the next few days Miss Canary held herself and home in readiness for her new charge. She had prepared a little white bed in a small but spotlessly clean room. She carefully laid pieces of drugget by its sides for the bare feet. She baked an overwhelming number of pies, and even made doughnuts. She had not made any for so long that they were rather a failure. "But boys' stomicks can stan' most anything," she said, "an' Joel used to love 'em so."

When finally the boy arrived, having come in charge of a comparative stranger traveling in the same direction, Miss Canary was not prepared for him. She was in the back yard hanging out her modest array of washing, when the vehicle stopped, and a tiny—such a tiny—little figure was lifted out, and then the driver whipped up his horse and was off, leaving what looked like a bundle of rags at the gate.

Miss Canary's hands were wet, she wiped them hastily upon her apron as she hurried forward. Two grave blue eyes—Joel's had been blue—met hers. But what a baby! Surely she need not fear dirty carpet and general destructiveness from such a child as this. She gathered the little bundle of clothes, as she called it, into her arms and carried it swiftly in from the keen east wind.

The child was indeed very small for his age of nearly six years. As he sat eating thick slices of bread and butter and drinking rich, sweet milk, the like of which had never before been his share, Miss Canary looked at him in a sort of stupefied amazement. To speak to him, to expect a reasonable reply, did not occur to her. He continued to cut bread and butter as his requirements seemed to call for it, and with great satisfaction she watched the mouthfuls disappear. When Joel had finished he got down from the tall

chair very gravely, and came to her, folding his little hands together.

"I fink I'll say my prayers now, Aunty 'Liza."

"Mercy, child!" gasped Miss Canary, completely overcome by this familiarity and the startling announcement. "Who told you to call me that?"

"Papa; he tol' me how you loved little boys, an' how you were goin' to buy me a rock'n' horse an' a sailboat, an' a canary bird an' white mice; an' now, Aunty 'Liza, I'll say my prayers."

"But it isn't time; it's not night yet."

"Oh, that's noffin," responded Joel, cheerfully. "Papa always let me say 'em in the daytime—God'll hear."

Miss Canary was mute while the little face buried itself in her apron, and a smothered voice gabbled over,—

"Now I lay me," and added, "P'ease b'ess mamma, papa, Aunty 'Liza, an' little Joe." Then the tightly closed lips relaxed and Joel sprang to his feet. "Now let's play horse, Aunty 'Liza!"

So the days went on, and Miss Canary's charge thrived and grew like the pink and white hollyhocks planted against the kitchen wall. But things did not go exactly as she had expected. For instance, the very first night Joel had flatly refused to occupy the little white bed arranged with so much care.

"I allus slept with papa," he pleaded; and Miss Eliza found nothing to do but let him crawl into bed with her, where he slept soundly and his head resting constantly against her arm. She found herself counting over her scanty hoard, to see what might be spared for a rocking horse. She would compromise upon that; the sailboat would keep her in endless terror, and how could she insult Mousey by installing white mice and a bird in her domain?

Joel was very happy. As the spring advanced he spent hours down on the beach collecting treasures hitherto unknown to him. Miss Canary was silent when he showered jellyfish and "fiddlers" on her parlor floor. Nay, she even permitted the building of a "pond" for his "fam'ly," as Joel called them, in the corner of her sitting room—a pond formed of a dish pan surrounded by bits of stick, rocks, and sand. She used to pause every now and then in her baking or cleaning, to go to the front window and look for him on the beach.

"I have to do my duty by the child," she said apologetically.

So time passed on, and Joel had been an inmate of the little cottage nearly two years. It was a day bright with the May sunshine, and Miss Canary had set herself to work at cleaning the cellar. "The brighter the day the better to see the cobwebs," she said, as she tied up her head and drew on a pair of cotton gloves.

Joel was playing. He had put prepared glue on Mousey and his own hair was sticky with it. Miss Canary did not know that.

Suddenly she heard his voice calling her name excitedly. What was the matter? She scrambled up the steps, not waiting to remove her gloves. She hastened to the front of the house and flung open the door. drawing back in horrified amazement.

Just outside, bending over the child, the long plumes of her hat mingling with his curls, was the slender, almost girlish figure of a young woman. The rich silk of her gown glistened in the sunlight; there were bright colors in her hat, and the soft hair under it shone like gold Joel's arms were round her neck, and he turned, saying with an air of pride,—

"Aunty 'Liza, this is my mamma; I'se been 'spect'n' her so long, oh, ever so long, 'cause papa said she'd come."

Joel's mother unfastened his arms, but still clasping the child, turned her pretty, half-defiant face to Miss Canary.

"You are surprised to see me," she said, looking gravely at the other's bewildered face. "I have known my child was with you. I owe you a great deal. I was with my husband when he died, but I could not take Joel then. I came up from Boston this morning to get him. You will no doubt feel glad to be relieved of him; you are unused to children; Joel must be a trial to you."

Miss Carney was still silent. She felt as though a sudden paralysis had seized her. She tried to speak, but the words choked her. She put out her hands as though to ward off a blow.

"My position has not justified my taking the child before," continued Joel's wife. "Now I have an assured one which will enable me to amply care for him. Oh, my baby, my baby!" she cried, smothering him with kisses, "how I have hungered for you!"

Miss Canary's grim face did not relax.

"Then why did you desert him?" trembled on her lips. Words of passionate reproach, of hate, of anger, arose within her. Still she stood silent, the wind blowing the skirt of her flimsy dress and the straggling locks of her gray hair. With it all came her stern sense of justice. This was the boy's mother, who had the right to him; how dare she question it? But she made one last desperate effort.

"Joel," she said, and her voice trembled and shook, "would you rather go with this lady, or stay with me an'—an' all your things?" She clung to the last inducement as to a straw of hope.

The child looked at her with his grave questioning eyes, and, not loosening his hold on his mother, put out a hand to her.

"I loves you an' my fam'ly very much, Aunty 'Liza; but you see, this is my mamma—my truly mamma; I couldn't help goin' with her."

Mrs. Canary showered kisses upon him, and Miss Eliza turned away with a sickening sense of defeat and misery at her heart.

"I'll go pack up his things," she said.

The waves were rolling inward, and the wind was blowing high and from the sea. The air was full of its wail, as she stood and watched them as they went.

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She went about like one upon whom some heavy blow had fallen. The people missed her from the church. They missed her active figure in the village, and on the sands. She performed her duties mechanically. It seemed to her she had grown so old. How empty the bed seemed! How doubly empty the room! The "pond" was undisturbed. A jellyfish sprawled on the floor beside it. Miss Canary did not remove it. To herself she dealt her words sternly.

"It's retribution. I wouldn't forgive Joel; I vowed I never would an' now the Lord's punishing me."

At the end of the third month, the moon, looking down, one night might have smiled to see Miss Canary stepping cautiously out of her front door. She was not wont to venture out at night, and felt a certain sense of awe and looked around half fearfully. She locked the door and put the key in the little worn satchel she carried. Every window blind was drawn at front and back. Without doubt, Miss Canary was going away, but there was only the sea and the wind to know it.

It was quite early the next morning that she found herself in Boston and at the door of the house to which, after much inquiry, she had been directed. A neat maid admitted her, and with shaking limbs and trembling lips she sat stiffly on the high carved chair in the hall. She was conscious that she was squeezing a jellyfish or two, which she had put in her pocket, but she felt incapable of moving.

There was the soft rustle of a woman's skirts, and then a graceful figure in a pretty morning gown came leisurely towards her.

"The servant told me," she began—then stopping short, "why—why if it isn't Miss Canary—Sister 'Liza, I mean—why how do you do?"

She held out both hands, but Miss Canary rose up solemnly.

"Wait er minute," she said. "I want to tell you something. I didn't forgive Joel fur marry'n you; I said I would't, an' I didn't, an' so the Lord punished me by lettin' me have Joel's child, an' then, when I mos' depended on it, taking him away. Joel's dead, an' I can't tell him, but mebbe his sperit 'ill know of it, if you forgive me, an' lemme live here—jus' as—as er housekeeper—or somethin'. My salt riz bread is good, an' jus' lemme—lemme see the child." She broke down sobbing, her withered hands covering her face.

"Joel, Joel," called his mother softly.

There was a patter of little feet, a sound upon the stairs, a glad cry, and a

curly head rested upon Miss Canary's breast; her tears fell upon it.

"It wasn't altogether as you thought," Mrs. Canary said, as she poured hot, fragrant coffee for Miss Eliza, while Joel smoothed and patted his flabby and flattened fish. "I didn't desert Joel—" her eyes filled with tears—"we couldn't make ends meet, and I—I had talent and could sing , he was willing I should go, and when he died, we both wanted you to have the child until I could take him. I didn't mention that when I wrote, because we were not friends then, and I felt you would not understand. And now I have a place assured me in a large church here, and I do not have to be away from home. Joel, tell Aunty 'Liza she's never to go away any more—except in the summer, when we'll all go to her home and spend it there on the beach, with all the jellies and the nettles—and—what else?"

"An' my fam'ly," said Joel.—*Good Housekeeping.*

WHY NOT DO IT?

Friends, in this world of hurry,
  And work and sudden end,
If a thought comes quick of doing
  A kindness for a friend,
Do it that blessed minute—don't
  Put it off—don't wait,
What's the use of doing a kindness
  If you do it—a day too late?

—*Selected.*

Reuben Cole's Change.

ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

"AND roses, Reuben?" Leah Cole said quickly.

The seed catalogue lay open, and she could see the bunch of thrifty onions on the open page. Reuben almost always ended his list with onions. There was not time to wait any longer—it was now or never.

"And roses, Reuben?"

Reuben Cole bent over his laboring pen, apparently deaf to the gentle, wistful voice. His hand was painfully cramped, and the parallel lines indented between his eyebrows told of his mental toiling. Plowing half a day steadily on the windy side of Stone Scrabble hill was nothing to this.

Leah could have helped him if she had only dared to suggest it; but to her simple vision there was something majestic and unapproachable about Reuben with a pen gripped in his fingers. It required all her courage to mention her heart's desire—the roses.

"But I'm bound I will," she communed with herself, stoutly. "I'll do my part, an' that's all the Angel Gabriel could do if he wanted Reuben to put roses on to his list."

But her heart failed her as she watched Reuben's slow pen trace "Two packages of best onion seed," and then sign "Reuben Cole" in great, quivery letters. It did not write "roses," and Leah Cole's plaintive face fell.

Reuben Cole was not deaf. None of the Coles had ever been, even in their eighties. It was a matter of family pride with them all.

He had heard Leah's gentle reminder about the roses—oh, yes, but he had let it pass unheeded, just as he had the year before and the year before that. "Leah always put in her oar for some foolishness like that every time he sent off his order for seeds and berry canes. One year it was flowering almonds an' some kind of Tartar honeysucles. If he got 'em once, he'd have to again, and wasn't it about all he could do to manage the garden sauce They'd got to have that, but they hadn't got to have a mess o' bushes an' flower beds littering the front yard. Leah was real curious about that."

The Cole farm was prosperous. According to its place in the taxgather's books, it ranked as one of the thriftiest in the town. There were always the newest varieties of small fruits in its berry patch, and the newest kind of garden sauce in the garden. Its field crops were fine—its level mowing fields

wonderfully productive. The neighbors averred that they never did see greener, heavier grass than grew in Reuben Cole's meadows, and his loads of hay at haying time were sights to behold.

But the front yard at the Cofes' was barren and dismal. To be sure, there were Leah's beds of old-fashioned flowers that she spaded and tended herself with steady patience; but they had a discouraged look, in spite of her care. The little old-time posies refused to blossom thriftily in such barren, undressed soil, and Reuben could not spare any dressing for it.

But the grass—oh, that was the worst! It tormented poor Leah's beauty-loving eyes summer after summer. She did so long to see it brilliantly green and carpety, like other people's front-yard grass. Across the street, a little way down the hill, the Hobbs's grass was so green! You could feast your eyes on it, and bury your feet in its luxuriant thickness, and they always kept it mowed.

Leah Cole did her own front yard mowing. It was not very successful.

The day after the seed list was sent off, Leah took her sewing out into the yard. It was one of those surprisingly warm summery days that come sometimes in early spring, and she could not resist the temptation of it. But she did not sew much. She wandered wistfully around the big, bare enclosure, girt in by its unkept fence. It took all Reuben's time to keep the pasture fences trim.

It's a nice-shaped yard," murmured Leah. "It's got the 'possibles' in it. Mowing' an' dressin' an' fixin' up the bushes an' things—land alive! wouldn't they make it nice? I'd like to see it jest once before I die!"

She went about picking out her "sites," as she called them—this corner where she wanted a Tartar honeysuckle like Amanda Hobbs's—this little longish place where she wanted a row of rosebushes—this sheltered spot for the flowering almond.

There were a good many sites. They dotted the forlorn little place all over, and when Leah shut her eyes and made believe, transformed it into a lovely little place.

In the antipodes of Leah Cole's hungry, wistful life it is possible she might have been an artist. The artist's soul was in her.

"I'd put a clump o' hydrangeas over here in this cornery place—kind o' set 'em round careless in a scattering bunch. They look real pretty so. There's a clump in a yard over to Buxville. And the white laylac I'd like to go about here. It would grow big and need plenty of room."

A white lilac was one of Leah's heart's desires, too. She wanted a white one so!

They were plowing down in the home field, and the sound of the men's voices drifted up to her through the clear air. Reuben's voice was hearty and full of enthusiasm. He was going to lay down the field to clear clover.

"I wish they'd plow the front yard up," mused on Leah, watching the long, straight furrows grow. "I'd sow the grass seed myself. It's the only way to do. This sod is so dead 'n' alive!"

There were no children on the Cole farm. and all the love and devotion Leah Cole might have spent on little uneasy bodies, and all the time she might have spent over little patched pinafores and frocks, were centered on this little unkempt front yard, that was so dreary, and might be—land! so beautiful.

It wouldn't have been so bad with little child truck scattered around it, and prints of little feet on its graceless sod.

"I'm agoin' to run up to John's before the plantin' begins, Leah. There's some business I've got to do with him, an' I need a little change," Reuben said at supper time. He said nothing about Leah's going too. Did he think she did not need a change?

"Why, I would, Reuben. I's a pretty drive, an' they ll be tickled to death to see you. It'll do you good. An', Reuben—" her voice faltered the least bit—"an', Reuben, if you don't mind askin' John's wife for some slips—"

"Slips! I s'pose you mean slips o' plants an' things; but I calc'late John's wife has all she can do makin' slips out o' dimity cloth!"—for at John's there were little children.

Reuben laughed, and pushed away his plate. But Leah rallied for the second attack.

"Mebbe she's dreadful busy, but John's wife will always find time to keep growin' things round—"

"Of course. There's six there now, if I remember. I guess they all grow fast enough."

The immediate prospect of a "change" made Reuben unwontedly jovial. He chuckled in pleased appreciation of his little joke. But Leah was intent on her own thoughts, and remained grave enough. If she could only have some of John's wife's slips, and, maybe—land! think of it! John's wife had roses all around the house.

"An' John's real poor beside Reuben," sighed Leah's thought.

The last thing, as Reuben drove out of the yard, she called out after him, wistfully:

"If you're a mind to speak of the slips, Reuben—"

And then she went back to her work, and Reuben rode along the pleasant country ways, with the beautiful resurrection of spring all about him. The air was full of the smell of newly turned sods, as he passed by fields fresh from the plow. The first birds back from their winter resorts tilted on limber twigs, and sang to him. It was spring—spring—spring.

Reuben Cole's blood quickened and flowed more freely through his veins, as the sap was flowing under the little song-birds' feet.

He passed a jogging couple in a quaint, old-fashioned wagon, and caught a glimpse of their placid enjoyment of each other's company.

"I declare," he thought, "why didn't I bring Leah along? I might've, as well as not. I'd go back now, if I warn't a third of the way to John's."

At John's a good many things interested Reuben Cole, and a good many things astonished him. The tiny farm was just out of its winter dress, and the spring cutting and fitting had not begun.

"Ain't you late about your plowin', John?" questioned Reuben, a little surprised, for John was a first-rate farmer. "Down our way it's all out o' the way, an' plantin' will be comin' along pretty quick."

"Yes, I am late," laughed John, cheerily enough, looking up from his work—he was helping his wife prune roses and shrubs. "You're ahead this time, sure. But I told Letty here she shouldn't do all this prunin' and tyin' up alone—the plowin' could wait a bit. Don't you worry. I'll catch up with you."

John and John's wife were bending over a white rose bush, and their heads and fingers came together, now and then. in the friendliest nudges. Both of them were laughing, with their voices keyed to spring music. It was very pleasant out in John's front yard.

Reuben sat on the door-step, and revolved new notions in his head.

"Why shouldn't I help?" went on John's voice. "Half this front yard's mine, an' I guess I want things to look flourishin' in it, too,—hey, Letty, what's that you say about men folks not carin' for flowers? Take it back, ma'am,—one, two, three!"

A merry race ensued, and all the little John children flowed out of nooks and crannies to join in it.

Letty came out of it breathless and smiling.

"We're goin' to put the aster seeds in under the windows this year," she explained to Reuben. "They ll look so bright against the underpinnin'. And the sweet peas over there against the fence, and the pansy beds here, you see. The children see to those. Oh, we're goin' to look fine, I tell you! And John's sent for some new shrubs, too,—let s see; hydranges, and a golden elder, and a smoke tree. Last year we got that purple-leaved plum. You'd ought to see it by and by! And we got the white lilac' —John's wife said "laylac," too,—"last year. Oh, yes, and that cunnin little mulberry tree. We try to get three new ones every year. When the front yard's full, there's the back yard."

John s wife laughed, and went in to see if the John baby had waked up yet.

"She's a great one for fixin' up, Lettty is," John remarked, proudly. "I leave the selectin' all to her; then I help set out and tend. There's nothin' like havin' things kind o' pretty around the house. I say that's as necessary

as having good potatoes and thick hay crops. If you can't have both, have six of one, and half a dozen o' the other. You chaps with the money can outshine us, of course, but we'll do the level best we can!"

All the way home Reuben Cole was still revolving his new ideas. In the back of the wagon was a bundle of shrubs done up in burlap. He had driven ten miles out of his way for these. John's wife's slips were in a moist package under the seat. Half-way home, the ideas said there was going to be a revolution. Two-thirds of the way, there was going to be a revolution in the little homely sitting-room, where he and Leah, sat together through the long winter evenings. There was going to be something new and bright there, as well as in the little homely front yard.

Grand ideas—brave ideas.

Three-fourths of the way home, he was going to help set out the things, and prune them and dress them for her. "Poor Leah! She'd had kind of a hard, up-hilly time of it tryin' to fix up things round home. Come to think of it, Leah was growin' real sober and old, late years—Leah! and she used to be the sprightliest, han'somest little woman in the United States. Happy an' chirk, too, as a laughin' child."

Four-fifths of the way, five-sixths—almost home!

Seven-eighths of the way home, he was going to give the little woman a surprise, and see if she'd forgot to blush that little soft red color that used to set her off so.

Home. And Reuben Cole sprang lightly down, and kissed Leah's patient, gentle face. A little soft red color hurried into her cheeks, and made her young again.

"Why, Reuben—land!"—*The Housewife.*

Miss Maud's Injured Knee.

EVERYBODY said he was the "nicest young man." To be sure he was a trifle new to Chicago ways. It seemed odd to have him asking what the Auditorium was, or whether State street ran east or west, but those little things didn't really count in a man's character. The chief point to be considered was his frank, open, upright nature.

He didn't lose any time in getting acquainted with the Peters family after he came to room in the flat in the rcom next to their house. That, in itself, showed his good sense, as Mr. Peters complacently remarked.

Maud Peters was sitting on the front steps the first night he looked out of his window. She had formed a habit of sitting on the front steps since she was in the railway accident, for, besides the general shock which shattered her nervous system then, she has had a trouble with her right—no, her left—no, perhaps it was her right knee. "Well, ask Maud; she can remember which knee it was," Mrs. Peters is want to remark.

Anyway, whether Maud knows or not, it was a serious injury. She didn't ride her wheel for three week, and it wasn't all because it was being repaired, either. And anyone who has watched her since must see that she has been imcapacitated for household duties from that time on. Poor Maud. From the day her father had decided that she has a good case against the railway company and commenced suit for $10,000 damages, the girl hasn't been able to do a thing but buy blue and pink dimity dresses and laces and ribbons and all kinds of becoming extravagant things, and just sit on the front steps and wear them for all they were worth. It's really pathetic.

Of course, in these leisurely circumstances, she could hardly be blamed for opening metaphorical arms to a new acquaintance like the nice young man. Not that she did anything forward—nor he either. There was Maud's brother Hugh—the handiest fellow to have around! The nice young man took a fancy to him from the start, and as soon as he found that Hugh was out of work, he managed to get him just the position he wanted, in a big book store. It was queer, too that a stranger in the city should be able to do this; but it so happened that practically the only person the nice young man knew in all Chicago was this influential man in the book store where Hugh wanted to work. Things do happen so strangely at times.

Naturally Maud was under obligation to like a man who had been so

kind to dear Hugh, and Maud is not the girl to shirk her duty when it comes to her in this shape. She received the nice young man on the front steps; she took him into the parlor, she walked with him in the park and she went to the theater with him. There was only one thing she didn't like—he always marched her away up to a high balcony seat. It wasn't so much the balcony seat she objected to—she had been there before—but it hurt her feelings to have him persist in telling her that the down stairs seats were all taken before he got there, when night after night she used to sit in her loft perch and look down on any number of empty rows in the parquet. What she wanted was for him to be honest about it, as he was about everything else, and own that the seats were the best he could afford.

They had known each other for several months, and Maud was feeling well enough acquainted to think of tenderly rebuking him for a little deceit, when, suddenly, without a good-by, he disappeared.

About that time the case against the railway company came up. The Peters family sailed into court with high hopes. That is, all sailed except Maud, who limped sadly—poor girl!

But there was something even worse than that railway accident limp to be endured by Maud. The most important witness for the railway company was a nice young man who testified that, while on duty as a detective in this case, he had made sure that Miss Peters could climb the highest stairway in any theater in town without apparent effort."—*A True Republic.*

THE MAN OF GALILEE.

(For Talks and Tales.)

I am on a shining pathway
Adown life's short'ning years,
And my heart hath known its sorrows,
And mine eyes have known their tears;
But the gloom and shadows flee
And the "Shining light" I see,
While I'm trusting in the merit
Of the Man of Galilee.

Oh, my soul hath had its battles,
With mighty hosts of sin,
With deadly foes without me
And deadlier ones within;
But I saw those Legions flee,
And my soul found victory
When I trusted in the merit
Of the Man of Galilee.

I am coming near the city
My Saviour's hands have piled,
And I know my Father's waiting
To welcome home his child;
For unworthy tho' I be,
He will find a place for me;
For "He is the King of Glory,"
The Man of Galilee.

(NOTE.—This poem was given to Mr. Cleaveland by a blind man who composed it. The name of the author has been mislaid. We should be glad to receive any information concerning the author.—Editor TALKS AND TALES.)

Artistic Accompanying.

H. R. W. MILES.

(For Talks and Tales.)

STRANGE as it may seem to many, it is nevertheless true that the musician finds it most difficult to acquire those qualities necessary for artistic accompanying. Some players who are capable of grand interpretations and of rendering great compositions with faultless technique fail from an artistic point of view when they accompany a single voice or instrument; others who excel in accompanying, have neither the ability nor the technique for the acceptible performance of any classical work.

Those persons who are disposed to criticise musical renditions are sometimes wrong in their censure of a soloist, for often it is the accompanist who is to blame; it is also true that fault is sometimes unjustly found with the accompanist of a grand voice or fine-toned instrument when the real cause for complaint is with the soloist. The possessor of a grand voice or of a fine instrument and a brilliant execution is not necessarily an educated or even natural musician. "Poets are born and not made;" in like manner are accompanists bestowed with their especial gift, which, like all other gifts, may be broadened and strengthened by careful cultivation.

He who would become an artistic accompanist must first of all be sure that he possesses a talent for music. This talent must be so carefully and delicately trained that it will develop a sympathy and sensitiveness that shall be keenly alive to every variation of tone, tempo, and temperament of the person accompanied. O, that the average accompanist might realize the blessed relief it would be to both soloist and audience would he play softly and be entirely subordinate to the soloist and not play loudly and make himself prominent as if eager for display!

Of course we have been speaking only of mere accompaniment and not of obligato passages which are introduced to relieve the monotony of mere accompaniment. These obligato passages should indeed be given prominence but they should not be allowed to bear harshly against the solo. The prelude and interludes are the proper places for display on the part of the accompanist but never in the accompaniment.

It is obvious that the volume of tone for an accompaniment can be easily and satisfactorily determined by the tone quality of the voice or instrument accompanied; hence a soprano or tenor voice would usually require a lighter

accompaniment than would a contralto or bass voice. A violin or cornet could be properly supported with less volume of accompaniment than it would take to support a cello or saxhorn.

Some accompaniments leave the mere accompaniment style and assume more or less individuality. There are accompaniments in some of the compositions of the great masters which, played alone would make suitable concert selections. Accompaniments of this style are intended to be made prominent and in some instances are just as important as the voice or instrument for which they are written.

Familiarity with the notes, phrasing, and marking of an accompaniment will permit the accompanist to give his undivided attention to interpretation. There is so much attendant upon reading music that the distractions of playing an unfamiliar composition are obvious and the best results cannot be attained unless the accompanist is perfectly at home with the task in hand.

Solos are especially difficult to accompany on account of the liberty or license which the soloists take and are allowed. This liberty appears in various ways and from various causes. The changing of phrasing of expression is indulged in as is also the accidental or intentional changing of notes according to the mood or taste of the soloist. In duets, trios, and quartettes, however, this liberty disappears of necessity if not by courtesy.

In ensemble playing there must be some understanding, some regularity and an abandonment of individual caprice or confusion and discord will result.

As it is impossible for different minds to agree upon everything, any difference of opinion as to interpretation not clearly defined in the edition used should be referred for settlement to the person carrying the leading part unless, of course, some one is teacher or conductor.

One great cause for so much faulty accompanying is the total ignoring of this important branch of musical art by music teachers themselves. Let us hope that as the art of music keeps pace with the progress of the times, music teachers will see the necessity of giving their pupils proper instruction in accompaying. Let us beseech those who are already accompanists, for the sake of the soloists dependent upon them and the public, that as conscientious study shall be given to accompanying as to the preparation of solo work for the drawing room or concert hall.

"SHE."

REV. THOMAS K. BEECHER.

SHE is away—absent. When a man says "she," he is understood. To every "he" there is but one "she," or should be. And "she" is away, leaving us to thought and good resolutions. Like Hawthorne, we have been washing dishes. Says he:

"The washing of dishes does seem to me the most absurd and unsatisfactory business that I ever undertook. If, when once washed they would remain clean forever and ever (which they ought in all reason to do, considering how much trouble it is), there would be less occasion to grumble, but no sooner is it done than it requires to be done again. On the whole, I have come to the resolution not to use more than one dish at each meal."

The quiet fidelity with which "she" will dish-wash her life away for "him" is a marvel of endurance and grace. Just here is the servitude of women heaviest—no sooner is her work done than it requires to be done again. Man works up jobs, ends them, and takes his pay. The pay can be translated into something else desirable. A man works all day and draws pay for his day's work. This pay allures him, as oats a horse homeward bound. Thus men work by terms and jobs—and, although the work is endless as to quantity, yet when cut up thus into terms and jobs, we men go heartily on our journey and count the milestones.

Not so with our mates. "She',mends our socks, and we put our irrepressible toe upon the darned spot, and she darns it again. "She" washes for the family and then makes haste to send back the same garments to be washed again. "She" puts the room in order, and we get it ready to be "rid up" again. The same socks, the same washing, the same room every time. She has no successive jobs, no terms, no pay-day, no tally-stick of life. She washes the same dish three hundred and sixty-five, yes, three times three hundred and sixty-five times every year. No wonder she breaks it and is glad of it! What a relief to say: "I ve done that dish."

Not only have we, like Hawthorne, washed dishes, but also we cooked and served and helped eat a meal (with bated appetite because of cooking), and now we are astonished at the number of thoughts, and steps, and acts, and processes involved in a very plain supper. Only two of us, jolly cronies, caring nothing for style, and needing only a very plain supper. And we had it, and with it came wisdom.

Gentlemen, all! We go into a room and see a table ready set. It seems to us one thing—a supper. It is, in fact, from fifty to two hundred separate things, taken down one by one for us to use, and for "her" to wash and put back whence they came. There is a plate of biscuit. To that plate of simplicity we, with our hands and feet, brought together a new, quick fire for baking, viz.: kindling wood, raking out stove, and hod of coal. Flour from the bin, shortening from the gravy-dip down cellar, salt from one box, sugar from another, soda from the jar, acid (tartaric) from a bottle, a spoon, a pitcher of water, a dripping pan, and a tin pan for mixing up these ingredients, and, after all, happening to forget the things for ten minutes, we burned the biscuit half through in a way which we men reckon quite unpardonable in a cook. Meanwhile that one plate of biscuit added to the eternal dish-wash two spoons, two pans, one plate, and a little cup. Just a little piece of steak contributed eight pieces to the dish-wash. A few strawberries sent in six pieces to be got ready to soil again. Four eggs impressed themselves on six separate articles.

Gentlemen, we began at ten minutes of six, and at quarter to eight we found ourselves triumphant—everything cleared away except the dishcloth. You see, we washed up the breadpan, the dishpan and the sink, scalding them all (and our fingers too) and dried them off with the dishcloth. Now, where on earth can we go to wash out that dishrag? Not in the clean pan! Not over the clean, dry sink! We stood aghast for five minutes, and then wadded up the rag, round like a snowball, and tucked it into the far corner of the sink, and shut the cover. Our sink has a cover. But that rag, though hidden, was heavy on our conscience. "She" never would have done so. We have seen clean dishcloths, but how they wash them passes our skill.

And so, as we said, "She" is away, leaving us to thought and good resolutions. We shall be a wiser and a better man for at least two days after her return. And, whenever we stop to think, we shall rank a successful housekeeper and home maker as a worker second to none on the scale of achievement and deserving. Her services are like the air, the rain and the sunshine, indispensable, yet too often enjoyed without thanksgiving.

Trouble of a Private Secretary.

CESTRIAN.

(*For Talks and Tales.*)

HAVE you ever undergone the misery of writing at the dictation of a person who will insist upon thinking that one's mind and brain can take in, remember and reproduce an unlimited number of words, not to mention sentences, without a pause?

If you have had the happiness to escape such an infliction or affliction, listen just a moment while I try to give you some idea of the discomfort of it, that you may learn to sympathize. Those who have already suffered thus, can, I feel sure give fullest sympathy for the woes of a Private Secretary who has to write at dictation under the above named circumstances.

This is the sort of thing—

Dictator: "Are you ready?"

Pri. Sec. "Yes."

Dic. "'My dear Sir or Madam':— Have you got that?"

Pri. Sec. "Yes Sir."

Dic. (At great speed). "'Your letter dated April 1st, was forwarded to me from Boston, hence the reason for the protracted delay, I hope it—'"

Pri. Sec. (Hurrying along to the best of her ability, looks up at this point in despair, and says—), "Just *one* moment please!"

Dic. "Oh pardon me!" (He is certainly most apologetic when his attention is called to the facts of the case). "Are you ready now?"

Pri. Sec. "Oh yes, sir!"

Dic. "What did I say last?"

Pri. Sec. "'I hope it—'"

Dic. "'I hope it did not put you to any inconvenience. I am delighted to hear that your undertaking is coming along successfully, it is certainly a most worthy cause, and should be encouraged as far as"—

(Here the Sec. puts down her pen and looks tragic!)

Dic. "What is the matter? Am I going too fast for you?"

Pri. Sec. "Just a little sir, please tell me what came last?"

Dic. "'And should be encouraged as far as possible.'" (Pause). "Have you written that?"

Pri. Sec. "Yes, I am ready now."

Dic. "'You will be pleased to learn that things are going on here as

well as is to be expected under the circumstances; of course there are always difficulties to be overcome, also a good deal of opposition."'

Pri. Sec. (Who has waited for him to finish, asks—,) "Will you kindly begin that again? By the time you had reached the end, I had forgotten the beginning, I am sorry!"

Dic. "Oh that is all right, I do go too fast. It always was a failing of mine."

This is the way things go until the end of the letter, which, by the way, does get finished at length, at great length sometimes!

But this is only one phase, to write with the pen is one thing and comparatively easy, even from too rapid dictation, but to do so on a typewriter when one has only just mastered the rudiments of the machine, is *quite* another. There are so many things to attend to, the line and word spacing. It is so pleasant to find, after careering gaily along, that you have a jumble, caused by forgetting to space and so, one line is written over another, or half a dozen words or so are neatly joined together. Then finding the letters and punctuation marks is no light task, I assure you.

This, and a hundred and one other things which only a poor beginner, going through the experience can possibly understand, is what *some* private secretaries are obliged to undergo.

Just think of it!

"O man bowed down with labor,
  O woman young, yet old,
O heart oppressed in the toiler's breast
  And crushed by the power of gold,
Keep on with your weary battle
  Against triumphant might,
No question is ever settled
  Until it is settled right."

Fanny Crosby's Reminiscences.

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NUMBER SIX.

ANOTHER disadvantage attendant upon my position as a sort of Poet Laureate of our Institution, was the fact that I was expected, whenever anything unusual happened, to embalm the event in rhyme and measure. I may say, too, that not only the important events, but some of the most trivial of subjects, have from time to time been offered me as themes for my humble muse. People do not always stop to reflect, that a poem is not an anecdote, or a table of statistics; and that an incident so near to them that they consider it worthy an epic, might be almost ridiculous to the world at large, if set in rhyme.

But there was and is no lack of events well worthy any poet's best endeavor, and I thought, one evening that same year, that I had found one.

I remember, one evening on my way home from a visit somewhere, we heard newsboys proclaiming the death of Daniel Webster, and offering papers for sale with full accounts of the melancholy events. "You must write a poem on the subject at once, Fanny," they all said: "while the inspiration of the sad event is on."

I went to my room, and began the mournful but (to me) interesting task. I remember commencng as follows:

> "A casket has broken—a jewel has fled—
> The mighty has fallen—the peerless is dead!
> And the heart of the nation is bleeding once more,
> For her eagle lies low on her desolate shore!"

I was just repeating this stanza over again, so as to gather from it inspiration for the next, when one of my schoolmates came rushing into the room, exclaiming, "O, Fanny! Fanny! the heart of the nation isn't bleeding, or the casket broken, or the eagle lying dead on the desolate shore! That news was all a 'get-up' to sell papers with, Webster *isn't* dead! Don't let the poem go on any farther: you might kill him yet!"

I was personally glad to know that the great expounder of the Constitution "still lived;" but must say that my "muse" was a little disappointed, at having plumed herself for flight, and been ruthlessly brought down to earth again by Mr. Webster's oversight in not dying.

On the 23d of February, 1847, Henry Clay, Jr., a brave son of the magnificent statesman and orator, was killed while fighting for his country, in the Battle of Buena Vista. I wrote a poem on this event, and, with help of friends, summoned courage to mail it to the afflicted father.

The lines, which I quote from memory, were as follows:

ON THE DEATH OF COL. CLAY.

Lo! on the blood-stained battle-field,
  A wounded hero lying:
Dim is the lustre of his eye,
  For he, alas! is dying!

See, how with feeble hands he grasps
  The sword, so faithful ever!
Now drops the weapon from his side,
  To be resumed—no, never!

O gallant Clay!—though for thy brow
  Its laurels Fame is weaving,
Vain trophies these!—thy bosom now
  Its last faint sigh is heaving.

Back, tyrants!—would ye deeper make
  The wounds already given?
You, from an aged father's heart,
  Another tie have riven.

Intrepid warrior!—thou hast left
  A deathless name behind thee:
That name, unsullied, bright shall shine
  Though the dark grave may find thee!

Thou by thy General's side has fought;
  And Taylor will deplore thee,
And many a heart that loved thee dear,
  Will weep in silence o'er thee.

It was only a short time afterward that Henry Clay visited New York, and, among other places, came to our Institution. He was now seventy years of age; and might easily be called one of the grandest old men the country could boast. He had been in public life almost continuously for forty-three years; only three years before, he had been nominated for the Presidency, and although defeated, it was believed the Whigs would name him again for the ensuing election. Zachary Taylor finally received that nomination and election, and went to Washington and to death; but Clay was re-elected United States Senator in the year following that, and so continued all the remainder of his life.

Of course, we were all very much flustered and "put about" at the coming of this great orator—rivalled only by Webster in his silver-tongued

eloquence. We had a band of music, containing twenty pieces; and it met him with a burst of instrumental melody.

Mr. Clay made us one of the finest addresses we had ever heard. His voice was sweet and gentle, and sympathetic in tone—qualities valued and appreciated very highly, by the blind. I remember feeling that no one of sensibility could be in his society very long, without being powerfully influenced by its magnetism.

He mentioned the different things he had seen on a late tour through the country—a journey that had to be made mostly by steamers and horse-coaches—vastly different from the lightning progress made by politicians nowadays. He related several pleasant incidents that had occurred during the journey, and said none had been more enjoyable than the present. It was a luxury to him, he remarked, to see so many of us there, who, although the good Lord had thought fit to deprive us of our sight, were still so comfortable and so happy.

At conclusion of this part of the speech, I heard him coming back on the platform to where I sat, and felt him take my arm. I had half hoped that he had forgotten the poem I sent him, although it was my heartfelt wish that it might give him some little comfort in his terrible affliction; but it was evidently not in his nature to forget anything kindly meant. He gently drew me toward the front of the stage, and said to the audience: "My friends, this is not the first time I have felt the comforting presence of this young friend, although I never saw her before. Into the deep wound of my sorrow, she poured the balm of consolation."

He continued to hold my arm while he talked on, in the same strain, for what seemed, to poor, shrinking me, a full hour, although it was not really more than ten minutes.

Only one year more, and the great Kentucky orator was to rejoin the son whom he loved so fervently and lamented so deeply.

Sketches from Our Exchanges.

COSTLY EGGS.

THOUGH not an uncommon bird, little is known of the nesting habits of the graceful frigate. Its eggs are laid on a miserable platform of sticks, two in number. The shell is said to be pinky white. But very few have discovered the nest, and naturalists disagree as to number of eggs, color and size. A South American collector is reported to have given £45 for an undamaged eggshell of the frigate bird, but describes the color as white, clouded with gray. A supposed specimen brought home by a seaman was sold for £10, but the purchaser has no proof of its genuineness; in color it is grayish-white, with faint mottlings at the thick end.

The eggs of the great northern diver are becoming scarcer every year. Five pounds for a good shell is by no means a fancy price; while more than this figure will be asked ten years hence if the birds decrease in numbers with the present rapidity. The eggs are large in proportion to the bird, which is often three feet in length, so that some idea may be gleaned of their size: while in color they are tawny white, usually unspotted and handsomely shaped. Hopes are entertained that the frozen seas of the North Polar regions offer safety from the extermination which attended the great auk, explorers having noticed pairs and parties at frequent intervals where no bird life otherwise seemed to exist.

The egg of the nutcracker crow, if found in England, is worth 15s. or 20s.; a raven's egg about 10s., though a guinea was given for one taken from a nest on Dover cliffs; while the bearded tit's nest is so seldom found in the British Isles that very unusual sums have been given for an egg of this species, though in size it is no larger than the production of the common wren, white and red spotted, and distinguished with difficulty from the eggs of the more plentifully distributed titmouse.

Once common in England, the crested grebe is making haste to leave us. Its eggs fifty or sixty years ago were not of particular value, but at the present time a recently collected egg is worth a sovereign. A bustard's egg, if found on British soil, is worth many times its weight in gold; that of an English nesting crane is equally valuable. So far as Great Britain is concerned, these birds are almost extinct.

DEPTHS OF SPACE.

THE sun is a long way off, ninety-three million miles. Now multiply this by 200,000, and the results is, roughly speaking, 20,000,000,000,000, and this

is the distance we are from Alpha Centauri. Take the speed of the electric current, which is nearly the same as that of light, 180,000 miles per second—suppose a message be sent at this speed from a point on the earth's surface, it would go seven times around the earth in one second. Again, let it be supposed that messages are sent off to the different heavenly bodies. In eight minutes a message would go to the sun, and allowing for a couple of minutes delay, one could send a message to the sun and get an answer all within twenty minutes. But to reach Alpha Centauri it would take three years; and as this is the nearest of the stars, what time must it take to get to the others? If, when Wellington won the battle of Waterloo in 1815, the news had been telegraphed off immediately, there are some stars so remote that it would not yet have reached them. To go a step further, if in 1066 the result of the Conquest had been wired to some of these stars, the message would still be on its way. If the tidings of the first Christmastide in Bethlehem had been sent to the stars, there are some orbs, situated in the furthermost depths of space, which could not receive the message for a long time yet.

BLACK DIAMONDS.

BLACK diamonds are comparatively rare and correspondingly high priced. They are three or four times as hard as the white ones, and fire cannot harm them, however great the heat, but if a drop of water should touch them while heated they will explode and leave nothing but a little heap of sand in their place.

Their beauty is not remarkable, but on account of their extreme hardness they are invaluable for dressing surfaces impervious to the friction of any other material. The largest black diamonds are set in the end of a round short bar of steel, with a handle of wood, and are used in dressing emery wheels that have lost their "trueness." A black diamond is the only substance that will not be ground away by contact with the emery surface.

Black diamonds are also used as points in scoring pencils which are used by sealers of weights and measures to mark glass receptacles. They are used by dentists for drilling teeth before filling them with gold. In appearance they look more like a shining little splinter of iron or grain of coal than precious gems, and their chief mission is a distinctly commercial and not an ornamental one.

SUCCESSFUL BLIND PEOPLE.

In this department, which is dedicated to the cause for the advancement of which this periodical is published, we hope to serve a double purpose. We wish first to call the attention of the seeing world to what it is possible for blind persons to accomplish.

Second, to have this knowledge, by means of the thoughtful kindness of our subscribers, reach the sightless everywhere and stimulate them to make the most of their lives.

Every blind man or woman, young or vigorous, with a favorable opportunity may become self-sustaining. The right amount of perseverance will command the opportunity. All who wish to know what is being accomplished to increase the methods by which blind people may become independent are invited to open correspondence with the American Association to Promote the Education and Employment of the Blind, 3124 Fourteenth St. N. W., Washington, D. C., enclosing stamp for reply.

Mr. J. Newton Breed, of Somerville, Mass., a sketch of whom we published recently, sends us some facts about blind people, with whose lives he is familiar. One man lost his sight after graduating from a high school and entering a store. He was twenty years old and consequently could not enter any Institution for the Blind as at that time there was none which received adults.

For fourteen years he did not have a chance to learn any point or other system of embossed print. He did some canvassing, but the hire of a guide, with other drawbacks, kept the profits down and he finally abandoned that business.

His mother, with whom he lived, was feeble and could not be left alone, so he decided to stay at home and apply himself to housework.

For some years he took charge of the house doing the general housework and in case of the sickness of his mother, he acted as nurse for her.

Within the last three years, this blind man has learned not only the N. Y. Point, American and English Braille with all their contractions but has made himself master of the Braille shorthand, introduced a year or two ago in Edinburgh, by which system, with but a few months practice, a blind student was able to take from dictation at the rate of 120 words a minute, and this too, so accurately that the student had no trouble in transcribing the notes. Last winter, this blind man made five books, doing all the writing, binding

and embellishing. Every dot is perfect, and in the exact spot it should occupy to carry out the design, not only in the letter but in the ornaments.

Mr. Breed also writes us about a lady, living in New Hampshire, who has been blind since she was nineteen; her loss of sight at that time was the result of over study.

She keeps house for herself and her mother, doing all the needful things.

She also does most of the sewing for the family—cutting and making her own dresses.

OHIO.

For more than sixty years Ohio has been extending her maternal care over the Blind within her borders, and her Institution, located at Columbus, reflects credit upon her liberality and upon the wise management of the officials in charge.

Nearly four hundred pupils attend this Institution and the curriculum of the Literary, Musical and Industrial departments appears to be very complete.

In a recent report is given a list of things which should be taught blind children at their homes, and as early in life as possible, which seems to us so reasonable and practical that we reproduce it here:

"1. To count and number; to add, subtract, multiply, divide, etc.

2. The multiplication table.

3. To spell common words.

4. The meaning of common words.

5. The letters in raised and point print.

6. Items of general information. Every blind child of six or seven years of age should know the points of the compass, the name of the town, county and State in which he lives, etc.

7. Hymns, verses of Scripture and select passages of prose and poetry, which they can understand, should be committed to memory.

8. Singing common tunes.

9. There is no reason why a blind child should not commence attending school with his seeing brothers and sisters, and take part in the exercises in spelling, mental arithmetic, geography, etc."

The above suggestions should have a wide circulation. The earlier a blind child has something given him outside of himself to occupy his thoughts and command his attention the better for his adult life.

A little farther on in the same report we find the following very valuable paragraph:

"The blind are for the most part to spend their lives among those who have sight.

"It should be the aim of all who have the oversight of them to render them as much like the seeing as possible. They should be carefully guarded against forming any habits which will be disagreeable to others. The blind are always noticed by strangers, and their manners and habits observed more particularly than those of other persons; hence it is a very great kindness to them to prevent them from acquiring unsightly habits, or to correct them if such have been formed."

The cost to the State for the year, including salaries of officers and teachers is reported to be $77,182.01. The financial report is very complete; an itemized account of all the expenditures for each month, being given.

SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND.

ENTERTAINMENT BY THE KINDERGARTEN CHILDREN FOR LEGISLATORS.

An interesting and pleasing entertainment was given before the members of the General Assembly in the House chamber yesterday afternoon by the children in the Kindergarten department of the Industrial School for the Blind. About two dozen small boys and little girls participated in the entertainment and their skill, knowledge and proficiency aroused admiration and congratulation in the minds of all observers. Many members of the Legislature were present and they were not the least interested of the spectators. A large platform was arranged in front of the speaker's desk and upon this the children presented a diversified program of exercises. The program embraced expositions of the study at the Kindergarten and in these the boys and girls displayed a proficiency fully equal to that of "seeing" children. It was very interesting and at the same time somewhat pathetic to listen to the playing of the children's orchestra, to hear them read by means of their deft finger tips, to see them make models of clay and of wood and of paper, and to become aware of their knowledge of arithmetic, geography, history, zoology and other branches. All of the children took part in the exercises, there were none selected for special excellence. Perhaps the most interesting feature of the afternoon was when the exercise in musical pitch and time was given. In this the sense of cadence and rhythm shown was very remarkable. Taken altogether the entertainment was thoroughly successful and by it the Legislature obtained an insight into the work that is being done at the Blind School and of its value among the educational and charitable institutions of the State.—*Hartford Courant.*

MAKING THE BLIND SEE.

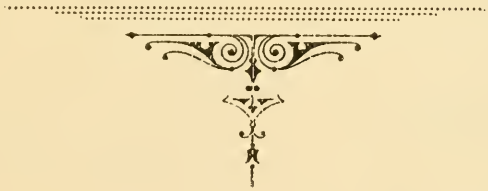
A member of the Central News staff, says the London Electrical Engineer, reports having had an interview with a Russian electrician, by name Dr. Peter Stiens. Dr. Stiens claims to have discovered a process by which he can

make the blind see, not through their eyes, but through their brains. The interviewer in question says that having been blindfolded and connected with Dr. Stiens' apparatus, although the blindfolded substance was not touched or altered in any way, in place of the darkness there appeared a white light that looked very much like the ordinary light of day. The interviewer then identified objects held up before him while blindfolded. Other experiments of a similar nature were tried and were stated to be successful.

Dr. Stiens said that he had a number of electrical patents running on the continent. He felt certain that when this sight-for-the-blind invention became the success which he anticipated it would prove one of the most astounding, as well as one of the most beneficent of all the applications of electrical science. If it is as the doctor says, comments our contemporary, it is indeed one of the most astounding of the applications of electrical science, but there have been such a number of these remarkable inventions, which have appeared only to disappear again directly, that we should prefer to have the opinions of oculists of good standing on the subject before believing everything which is said about the discovery.

DONATIONS.

A Friend	$ .50
J. A. Walter	4 00
Miss M. I. Lockwood	5 00
Clothing and Magazines	Rev. and Mrs. D. D. Marsh
Plants and Bulbs	From Friends
20 Tickets to Concert of Colt's Band	Mr. Johnson
25 Tickets to Van Yorx' Recital, May 15th	Mr. Abell
25 Tickets to Van Yorx' Recital, May 27th	Mr. Abell
Entertainment at Institution	Music, Mrs. Pepper Singing, Mr. Riga Reading, Mrs. Riga



CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

Dolly's Lesson.

Come here you
ignoramus!
I'm ashamed to
have to fess;
You don't know
any letter
'Cept just your
crooked S.

Now listen, and I'll tell you;
This round hole's name is O;
And when you put a tail in,
It makes a Q, you know.

And if it has a front door
To walk in at, it's C;
Then make a seat right here
To sit on, and its G.

And this tall letter, dolly,
Is I, and stands for me;
And when it puts a hat on,
It makes a cup o' T.

And curly I is J, dear,
And half of B is P;
And E without his slippers on
Is only F, you see.

You turn A upside downward,
And people call it V;
And if its twice like this one,
W t'will be.

Now dolly, when you learn 'em,
You'll know a great big heap—
'Most as much as I, O dolly!
I believe you've gone to sleep.

—*Southern Churchman.*

TOWZER.

A VERY funny thing happened at Ruth's house the other day, and brought her into ill-repute with at least one member of the police force.

She is a very serious little girl of five, with great solemn, truthful eyes. No one would ever dream of her telling what was not exactly true, and she never made a joke in her life.

She was sitting on the bottom step of her veranda this special morning, when Mr. Smith, the big policeman, came along. He interested Ruth very much by going to the door of every house, a little open book and pencil in his hand. After talking with whoever came to the door for a moment, he turned away, sometimes writing in the little book, but oftener not.

At the minister's door he wrote something, and at Dr. Blake's. Ruth parttcularly noticed that.

Mr. Smith was a tremendous power in the neighborhood. Not a boy dared to shout a shout or fling a ball when he was in sight; and, as for the little girls,—well, they always breathed freer when Mr. Smith turned the corner.

Ruth watched the big man until he reached her house. Then with a quaking heart, she saw him mount

her steps. Mamma opened the door.

"Do ye kape a dog, mum?" asked Mr. Smith.

"No," replied her mamma; and to Ruth the dear voice seemed to shake with fear.

Mr. Smith bowed sternly, and turned to come down.

It was perfectly clear to Ruth now. Mr. Smith was putting the entire neighborhood under arrest, except those who kept dogs!

The minister had one, and so did Dr. Blake. She meant to save mamma if she could. So she tremblingly faced Mr. Smith on the bottom step, and said gently, "Mamma forgot Towzer, sir."

Mr. Smith was all attention.

"Is this your house?" he questioned.

"Yes, sir." Ruth's great, honest eyes gazed frankly into the grim face, looking down.

"And you have a dog, eh?"

"Yes, sir. Towzer is our dog."

Up the steps again went Mr. Smith, and sharply rang the bell.

Mamma replied.

"Where's your dog, mum?"

"I told you that we had no dog. We have never had a dog," mamma answered.

"Oh! This is an old trick, mum; though we don't meet it often in these neighborhoods. However, you've got a truthful little girl; and she isn't so sure that ye have no dog, I insist upon seeing him, mum!"

A funny little gleam came in mamma's eyes.

"Ruth," she called, "you may as well bring Towzer. The officer insists upon seeing him."

Mr. Smith's face grew very red, as Ruth ran upstairs.

Presently she came back. "Here's our dog!" And she held up to the astonished eyes of the big policeman a soiled Canton-flannel dog, one shoe-button eye quite gone, his tail in shreds, and his detached ears pinned to his head with safety pins!

If Mr. Smith had been wise, he would have laughed, but Mr. Smith was not on the police force because of his wisdom.

Mamma, though, laughed merrily; while Ruth hugged Towzer, and felt that in some roundabout way he and she had saved the family from an awful fate.—*Christian Register.*

A DOOMED BOY.

This is a genuine letter from a lad at school to his mother. After complaining generally of the school, the young gentleman says:

"I hope Matilda's cold is better. I am glad she is not at shule i think i have got consumtion, the boys at this place are not gentlemanly, but of course you did not no this when you sent me here. i will try not to get bad habits. The pants have worn out at the knees. i think the tailor must have cheated you. the buttons have come off, and they are loose behind. i don't think the food is good, but i shd not mind if i was only stronger.

"The piece of meat i send you is off the beef hd on Sundday, but on other

days it is more stringly. There are black beetles in the kitchen, and sometimes they cook them in the dinner, which can't be holesome when you are not strong. i have a tame beetle as a pet.

"Do not mind my being so uncomfortable, as i do not think i shall last long. Pleae send me some more money, as i o 25 cents. If you can't spare it i think i can borrow it of a boy who is going to leave at the half quarter, but perhaps you would not care to be under an obligation to his parents. Yr. loving but retched son."—*A True Republic.*

A Wolf Story.

Provence is in the southern part of France. The people of Provence relate the following wolf story to visitors. An old wolf had become deaf and blind from age. The old wolf made a journey through the forest by taking a young one's tail in his mouth to show him the way. A hunter saw the wolves. He fired at the young one, but the shot missed the body but the tail was cut off. The young one was greatly frightened and ran as fast as his legs could carry him. The old wolf stood still, wondering why the young one stood still. He did not know the young one had lost his tail. The old wolf neither heard the hunter nor saw him. The hunter came up and took the tail in his hand and led the old wolf home. The old wolf followed contentedly. The villagers were astonished to see the hunter leading the old wolf. The hunter put the old wolf in a cage. Soon after the old wolf died. The villagers relate this wolf story to strangers or visitors. You may believe it if you want to.—*Willie Kesterson, in Colo. Index.*

Not A Perfect Specimen.

The little girl whom the New York Times tells about is only five years old, but she has such a large experience of dolls that she feels herself to be something of a connoisseur in children. Recently there came a real live baby into the house.

When it was put into her arms, this real live baby, the five year old surveyed it with a critical eye.

"Isn't that a nice baby?" cried the nurse, with the joyous pride with which a nurse always regards a new baby, in which she feels that she has a proprietary interest.

"Yes," replied the little girl, hesitatingly, "it's nice, but it's heads loose."

Not long ago an insect lover watched a party of about a dozen ants who had found the body of a small spider and were dragging it toward the nest. The spider had hairy legs, which stuck out in every direction and caught on obstacles, greatly retarding progress. For several minutes the ants toiled away with the awkward booty, and then stopped and seemed to hold a council. A minute fragment of dry leaf was lying on the ground, and presently they all lay hold and pulled the spider on top of it. Then they seized the edges and slid it along without difficulty.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

There's one thing about castles in the air. You don't have to pay any rent for them.

———o———

The New Jersey man who is gradually turning to stone has hit on a great scheme for outwitting the mosquitoes.

———o———

Reporter—"There's a newsboy on the street yelling out a lot of sensational stuff that isn't in the paper."

Great Editor—"Gee Whittaker! Then, put it in!"

———o———

Hibernian in front of unfinished building to fellow-workman at fifth story window: "Mulcahy, go to the spaking-tube. I want to tell yez to come down."

———o———

Grogan—"An' was yur wife seasick on the boat?"

Kelley—"Was she! She was that bad she couldnt kape anything on her stomach except her hands."

———o———

"I presume," said the obituary writer, "you wish me to say, in conclusion, that you would not call her back again?"

"Yes," replied the old man, "might's well be candid!"

———o———

Flustered Old Lady—"Does it make any difference which of these cars I take to the bridge?"

Polite Pedestrian—"Makes no difference to me, madam."

Lady—"I want a dog that will look terribly fierce, but won't even bite."

Dealer (meditatively)—"I guess you'd better get an iron one, mum."

———o———

Mike—"Why do thim false eyes be made of glass, now?"

Pat—"Shure, an' how else could they say throo 'em, ye thickhead."

———o———

"Was she a trained nurse?"

"I guess she must have been. She hadn't been in the hospital a week before she was engaged to the richest patient."

———o———

Mrs. C—"It was very rude of you to yawn while we were making that call."

Mr. C—"Well, good gracious! I had to open my mouth sometime."

———o———

Freddy—"Ma, carpets are curious things, aren't they?"

His Mother—"Why?"

Freddy—"Cos they are bought by the yard and worn by the feet."

———o———

A little girl was sitting at a table opposite to a gentleman with a waxed mustache. After gazing at him for several moments she exclaimed:

"My kitty has got smellers, too!"

———o———

He—"And so she's married! Ah, well! I used to have a soft spot in my heart for her myself."

She—"Indeed! Everybody else always supposed it was in your head."

He—"Carrie, do you know you are the first woman I ever loved?"

She—"So, then, that accounts for your greenness? But to think that I should run a kindergarten courtship school!

———o———

"Some men," said Uncle Eben, "uses sech big words dat de public stan's an' listens in admiraciousness. But when dey gits home dey can't 'spress deir idees simple enough to make the chillun mind."

———o———

Young Mother—"Do you think baby looks most like me or his papa?"

Nurse—"Like you, mum. Mr. Jenkins is a very handsome man."

Advertisement—Wanted—-A competent, well-mannered nurse.

———o———

"This is the parlor, eh?" tentatively remarked the house agent, who was looking over the house.

"Yes," replied Jones, "but I usually call it the court-room—I've got seven daughters, you know."

———o———

"What two things," exclaimed the orator, "are helping mankind to get up in the world?"

"The alarm clock and the step-ladder," answered the dense person in the rear of the hall.

———o———

Tourist—-"And what are your clergyman's views on the higher criticism?"

Uncle Silas—"I dunno as he's got any. I reckon the church mortgage gives him all he kin attend to."

———o———

"The house is afire!" cried the tenor. "The audience must be dismissed as quickly as possible."

"All right," replied the manager. "Say nothing about the fire. Go out and sing."

Mr. Wanterby—Nonsense! "Why should we have burglar-alarms in the house? We have nothing worth stealing."

Mrs. Wanterby—"I know, dear, but it will make the neighbors think we have."

———o———

Papa—"Are you sure that you and mamma thought of me while you were away?"

Grace—"Yes; we heard a man kicking up a great row about his breakfast at the hotel, and mamma said: 'That's just like papa.'"

———o———

"He has gone in for politics, I hear."

"Well, he certainly is interested in the situation in Washington."

"How do you mean? What situation?"

"Any old situation they care to give him there."

———o———

Husband—"Didn't you tell that cook I wanted my breakfast right on the minute?"

Wife—I did.

"And what did she say?"

"She said that we all have our disappointments.."

———o———

At a college examination a professor asked: "Does any question embarrass you?"

"Not at all, sir," replied the student. "Not at all, sir. The questions are quite clear. Its the answers that bother me."

———o———

"What's twins, mamma?" asked 4-year old Bessie.

"I know!" exclaimed her small brother before the mother could answer. "Twins is two kids just the same age,three's triplets, four's quadrupeds and five's centipedes."

SELECTED MATTER.

A Great Poem.

It is said that Mrs. H. A. Deming of Oakland, Cal., spent over a year in the creation of the following poem of 38 lines, taken from the writings of 38 English poets. The names of the authors of each line are given below.

1. Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
2. Life's a short summer, man, a flower.
3. By turns we catch the vital breath, and die,
4. The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh.
5. To be is better far than not to be,
6. Through all man's life may seem a tragedy;
7. But light cares speak when mighty cares are dumb;
8. The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
9. Your fate is but the common fate of all;
10. Unmingled joys here to no man befall,
11. Nature to each allots his proper sphere.
12. Fortune makes folly her peculiar care;
13. Custom does often reason overrule,
14. And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
15. Live well, how long or short, permit to heaven,
16. They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.
17. Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face—
18. Vile intercourse where virtue has not place;
19. Then keep each passion down, however dear;
20. Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear;
21. Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay,
22. With craft and skill to ruin and betray;
23. Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise,
24. We masters grow of all that we despise.
25. O, then renounce that impious self esteem;
26. Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream,
27. Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave,
28. The path of glory leads but to the grave.
29. What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat,
30. Only destructive to the brave and great.
31. What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?
32. The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.
33. How long we live, not years, but actions, tell;
34. That man lives twice who lives the first life well.
35. Make, then, while yet we may, your God your friend,
36. Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.
37. The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just;
38. For live we how we can, yet die we must.

1, Young; 2, Dr. Johnson; 3, Pope; 4, Prior; 5, Sewell; 6, Spenser; 7, Daniel; 8, Sir Walter Raleigh; 9, Longfellow; 10, Southwell; 11, Congreve; 12, Churchill; 13, Rochester; 14, Armstrong; 15, Milton; 16, Baily; 17, Trench; 18, Somerville; 19, Thomson; 20, Byron; 21, Smollett; 22, Crabbe; 23, Massinger; 24, Crowley; 25, Beattie; 26, Cooper; 27, Sir Walter Davenant; 28, Gray; 29, Willis; 30, Addison; 31, Dryden; 32, Francis Quarles; 33, Watkins; 34, Herrick; 35, William Mason; 36, Hill; 37, Dana; 38, Shakespeare.

HERE are some facts in regard to modern book-making as exemplified at the Oxford university press. They are given by *The Periodical*, the privately published literary organ of that press: The best books are sewn with silk, which is stronger than thread. The skins of upwards of 100,000 animals are used to cover Oxford Bibles alone. In the leather store at the binding house all the better kinds of skin are kept in stock. Here is the genuine Russia leather, the skin of small Russian cows being used in this connection. The undyed skin alone possesses the distinctive aroma of Russian leather in perfection. The odor is supposed to be derived from some gum, but however this may be, the process is a secret one and has been jealously kept for two centuries. Imitation Russia leather is often made of "English calf." Goats' skins provide most of the best binding leather. The best goat skin morocco is known as "levant;" "Turkey morocco" is lighter and thinner and of a closer grain than levant; "Spanish morocco," an almost obsolete term, has a different grain—straight and cross. It is curious that "French morocco" should be really the poorest kind of sheep skin imitation, since at the same time the best genuine morocco on the market comes from Paris.

THE composition of which printing rollers are made was accidentally discovered by a Salopian printer. Not being able to find the "pelt ball," he inked the type with a piece of soft glue which had fallen from the glue-pot. It was such an excellent substitute that, after mixing molasses with the glue, to give the mass a proper consistency, the old pelt ball was entirely discarded. The auger with the twisted shank, which makes itself discharging, is also the result of an accidental discovery. The real screw auger is an American invention, dating back to the year 1774, when John White and Benjamin Brooke, of Hammer Hollow, Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, noticed some boys boring holes in the ground with some pieces of hoop iron. One of these, which had became twisted, was seen to bring up the dirt each time as it made a complete revolution. Being men of an observing turn of mind, White and Brooke began to debate the possibility of constructing a tool for boring wood on the same principle. It was immediately tried, with the addition of a screw point for drawing the cutting edge into the wood. It is needless to add that the experiment was eminently successful.

MR. GEORGE W. CHILDS, the wealthy and successful editor of a leading American newspaper, was once asked what he considered the secret of success. He replied in three words: "Industry, temperance, frugality." It is interesting to know some of the mottoes which proved helpful to Mr. Childs in his brilliant career. He had a great affection for such maxims as "Do the best, and leave the rest," and "the ideal man is one who has a clear commission, an

honest purpose, a bright mind, and a healthy body." He was very decided on the question of temperance. He declared that there was no safety in moderate drinking, the man who touched alcoholic liquors at all was in danger. Summing up his advice to young people, Mr. Childs said: "The greatest pleasure in life comes from doing good to others. Do good constantly, patiently, and wisely; and you will never have cause to say that life is not worth living."

An interesting statement has been published by a French army doctor to the effect that the regularity of the marching step in the army has a most deleterious effect upon the health of even the strongest soldiers. This regularity causes the indefinite repetition of a shock to the brain which does not occur in the ordinary irregular walk. As a preventive of this shock he has suggested the attachment of a rubber heel to all military boots, with which experiments are now being made in the French army, to the undoubted relief of the soldier.

An interesting collection of stone implements has been obtained from the Nile Valley by Mr. Seton-Karr. The material is chiefly yellowish-brown or pearl-gray, opaque, earthy chert, and is but rarely of the translucent, chalcedonic variety as found in the chalky formation of England. The collection contains a large number of types, which may be classed as bracelets, ax-like tools, leaf-shaped flints, knife like instruments, hoes or agricultural implements, scrapers, cores and flakes.

Some once has said, "Life is like a stool with these three legs—body, mind, spirit. For its perfect poise all three must be good." The latest use of the three-legged stool is by Andrew Carnegie in his recent speech to his workmen at Homestead. "Labor, capital and business ability," hs said, "are the three legs of a three-legged stool. Neither is first, neither is second, neither is third. There is no precedence, all being equally necessary."

The present possessor of a piece of land in the district of Itzehoe, Denmark, pays what is believed to be the smallest rent paid by anybody in the world—a single penny. The land has been in his family for generations, and escapes a higher rent through the act of one of his ancestors in saving the life of Count Rantzau of Britenburg castle.

London now has girl district messengers as well as boys. The girls range in age from sixteen to eighteen years and are said to be as efficient as the boys.

The public offices in Rangoon are to be provided with motors for punkah-pulling and also with electric lights.

Java has taken to the bicycle, and keeps a factory that has been established at Samarang busy.

CURENT EVENTS.

THE GLOBE-TROTTERS.

THE TRIP OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AND PARTY.—The President and his party started for Washington on a tour of the country on the 29th of April. They first went to New Orleans where they were very enthusiastically received. It was the first time since Andrew Jackson's day that a President of the United States had visited that city. In the old Cabildo, the building which was the seat of Government of the former Spanish and French rulers and in which the territory of Louisiana was transferred to the United States nearly one hundred years ago, very interesting ceremonies took place. After leaving New Orleans, President McKinley started west by a southerly route, making speeches at the many stopping places in response to the greetings of the people. He arrived at Redlands, California, May 8, and was met by Governor Gage and the California Congressional delegation. Through an avenue lined with palms the party were driven to the Casa Lomo Hotel where exercises took place. From Redlands, the President started for Los Angeles. Every station was crowded with children with wreaths of flowers in their hands, and by cheering men and women. The approach to the city of Los Angeles was announced by shrieks of steam whistles and the boom of cannon. At the station the party were met by many distinguished people from all parts of California. Mr. and Mrs. McKinley dined at "Bivouac," the residence of General Harrison Grey Otis, and after dinner a reception was held in their honor. Onward from Los Angeles the route of the President's train was to San Francisco, through Santa Clara valley where it ran for hours along the edge of cliffs overhanging the Pacific Ocean. As the train neared San Francisco, the program at the different stops was less fatiguing than it had been at the other places. A drive through the city was in each case the principal feature. Mr. McKinley had originally planned to make a tour of the northwest returning by way of Chicago and stopping also at Buffalo to visit the Pan-American Exposition, and thence to Washington reaching there June 15. He has had to abandon his proposed trip to the northwest and to other states on account of the serious illness of Mrs. McKinley. She was taken ill at San Francisco and for a time her life was despaired of, but the physicians now give hope for her recovery. President McKinley and his party have returned to Washington,

OPENING OF THE AUSTRALIAN PARLIAMENT.—On Wednesday, May 8, the first federal Parliament of Australia was opened at Melbourne. The event occurred in the Exposition building which was elaborately decorated for the occasion. The Duke of Cornwall and York at the appointed time touched a telegraph key thus giving the signal through the entire country, upon which the Union Jack was unfurled. The Senate and House of Representatives were present. The hundredth Psalm was sung, a prayer offered by the Earl of Hopetoun (Governor-General) and in the address which followed, the Duke declared Parliament opened. He paid great tribute to his Grandmother, the late Queen, spoke of the aid rendered in the South African war by Australian soldiers, and the great interest taken by the King in their remarkable progress. A message was then read from the King wishing them happiness and prosperity. The members of both houses took the oath and subscribed their names to the roll and then retired to their respective chambers to elect officers.

TROOPS LEAVING CHINA.—The United States cavalry and artillery contingent have left China and are now at Manila. Great honor was paid by the other foreign troops at their departure. Only a small legation guard will be left in China to represent American military power. Field Marshal Count von Waldersee will soon depart for Europe. The main force of French troops are to return home leaving the Tonquin marines. The Russians are also preparing to depart. From the report of Capt. Thomas Franklin, a member of the Commissary Corps which accompanied the American troops to China, it has been found that the United States ranks foremost in its care of soldiers. The transportation arrangements seem to have been a great surprise to the other foreigners. The American camps were the cleanest and best regulated.

JACKSONVILLE'S LOSSES BY FIRE.—The recent losses by fire in the city of Jacksonville have been estimated at about fifteen million, and from ten to fifteen thousand people have been left homeless and needy. Governor Jenning's appeal for succor has been generously responded to from all over the country. The fire started in the works of the American Fibre Company where a wire became entangled in a shredding machine. The fire quickly spread and burned for twenty-four hours.

MACHINIST'S STRIKE.—The International Association of Machinists and the Allied Metal Mechanics ordered a general strike to take effect Monday, May 18, if the demands of the Union were not conceded to before that date. They want an nine-hour work day instead of a ten-hour with the same pay. Very few of the firms in the many cities of the country acceded to the demands, and in consequence thousands of machinists quit work on the requested date. At the present writing it is claimed that several firms have given their employee's their nine-hour-a-day de-

mand, but others it is claimed will not settle amicably if the Union is to be recognized. They are willing to deal with the men personally, but not otherwise. The Government was rather anxious as this strike affected the government work now in progress especially in the navy department.

POPULARITY OF SPANISH LANGUAGE IN AMERICA.—In the high schools of many of our largest cities as well as in our colleges and universities, Spanish has made great advances during the last year, and in some places it is threatening to outstrip French and German in popularity. In one of the eastern universities, where Spanish has been neglected for many years, over a hundred students have announced their intention to take it up next year, and this number will probably be greatly increased when the fall term opens. It is said by educators that in the West the desire to learn Spanish is considerably greater than in the East. One reason for this increasing eagerness to take up Spanish is due to the return of the volunteer soldiers who have been a center of Spanish influence and have undoubtedly spread abroad many stories concerning the richness of the resources of our new possessions especially the Philippines.

INCREASED ATTENDANCE AT GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.—A large attendance has been noted during the last few years at the German Universities. Five years ago there was somewhat less than 28,000 students in the various institutions of the empire. Now according to the New York Churchman, there are 34,363. Berlin has 6,673 more than any American institution. Students in medicine and theology have decreased.

HARVARD'S DEGREE FOR PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.—Some weeks ago it was announced that President McKinley would be present at the commencement exercises at Harvard University next month. There was a report that the University intended to confer upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws. Immediately, protests were filed against such a recognition of the President by the University by a number of graduates who are not in sympathy with the administration. The majority, however, favored the proposition, as may be seen from the result of a vote showing seventy-eight per cent. for it.

CHAUTAUQUA SUMMER SCHOOL.—Chautauqua has come to mean a Mecca for students, teachers and all classes of people who desire to combine a pleasant summer outing with intellectual profit. Its nearness to the great Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo will doubtless prove an additional attraction this year. Lectures by members of the exposition staff are to be given at Chautauqua treating of the different departments of the Exposition and the underlying ideas in each. A new school for library training is to be organized this year. The school is intended for those already engaged in library work and it will be conducted by active librarians of ability and reputation. The director of the school will be

Mr. Melvil Dewey, Director of the New York State Library. Lectures will be given throughout the course by librarians from various parts of the country who will visit Chautauqua for that purpose.

INCREASE OF ITALY'S POPULATION.—The population of Italy has practically doubled in the last twenty years, a rate of increase that surpasses that of all nations of Europe and even the United States. The last census was taken twenty years ago, in 1881, and showed a population of twenty-one million, according to the census taken early this year, the population now numbers thirty-five million, the number of emigrants during the twenty years being at least five million, so that the increase by birth has been about twenty million. It has taken the United States thirty years aided by twelve million immigrants to double its number.

THE TOPOPHONE.—Various devices have been invented of late years for the purpose of aiding the mariner to locate his position in a fog. Signals have been given greater penetrating power, and new methods have been brought into use to some extent, such as wireless telegraphy, also a plan for ringing bells under water. All these need special appliances, and are expensive. Colonel D. P. Heap's newly invented device, the topophone, is described in the following: The United States Government has established a number of fog-signals, bell-buoys, whistling-buoys, and light vessels with fog-signals on or near the shores of its navigable waters. Every vessel that floats is required by law to carry some kind of a fog signal, there are other sounds such as echoes, breakers, etc., whose direction the mariner needs to know to prevent accident. The topophone has been devised to accomplish just this thing and also to hear sounds at greater distances than is possible with the unassisted ear. The topophone is simple in construction, light in weight, portable and any one with normal hearing can soon become proficient in its use. It consists of two acoustic receivers or trumpets, pointing in opposite directions and supported on a vertical shaft. From the lower ends of the trumpets extend rubber tubes connected with the ears by ear pieces. The observer holds the shaft so that the instrument is above his head; if a sound is heard, in either ear—the right ear for example—it shows at once that the sound must be somewhere on his right-hand side. If he then turns to the right until the sound is heard in his left ear, it shows that he has passed the direction of the sound. The whole operation is simple, and the above operations takes but a few seconds. As soon as the direction of the sound is ascertained, the observer can keep the topophone pointed in its direction and knowing the speed of the vessel and its course, the location of the sound can be quickly plotted accurately enough for all practical purposes.

PANIC IN WALL STREET.—The recent panic in Wall Street was due to

the efforts of Messrs. J. J. Hill and J. P. Morgan to get control of the Burlington road some six weeks ago. They had the Erie and the Great Northern, by getting the Burlington their line to the coast would be complete. The men who control the Union Pacific heard a rumor that this combination was to invade Union Pacific territory, and immediately the latter went down in price. Then in the struggle which ensued, both stocks went up. When it was found that the Northern Pacific was cornered the price of the stock went up from $170 to $1,000 in just two hours. Thousands of people would have been ruined, but for the intervention of the Supreme Court of New York. Both the Union Pacific syndicate and Hill-Morgan crowd were enjoined from further transactions in Northern Pacific.

DRAMA.—Mrs. Sarah Cowell LeMoyne has made a great success for herself in her artistic production of Browning's "In a Balcony." The beauty of the lines was skillfully interpreted by Mrs. LeMoyne as the Queen, Eleanor Robson as Constance and Otis Skinner as Norbert. The scenic effects, the beautiful costumes produced a delightful impression, while the perfect enunciation was a rare treat indeed. "Marion Lescaut," one of the masterpieces of French literature of the eighteenth century was dramatized by Mr. Theodore Sayre, but has proved a failure. Neither of the principals was in accord with the story. Mr. Herbert Kelsey with his straight-forward and slightly ponderous methods and his inability to interpret passion was probably the least suited to the part of the misguided young seminarist who elopes with "Marion," and Miss Shannon was certainly miscasted. Mme. Bernhardt and M. Coquelin closed what will probably prove to have been their farewell engagement in America with a series of several performances at popular prices of "L'aiglon," at the Metropolitan Opera House. It is not acoustically adapted for the requirements of drama, and while Coquelin was distinctly heard in all parts of the house, Mme. Bernhardt's delicate passages of the play were heard but faintly and at times not at all.

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TALKS AND TALES.

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To the Patron Members of the American Association of the Blind:

Kind Friends:—This notice is to inform you that your membership fee can be paid to our treasurer, H. R. W. Miles, 1808 H Street, office of the Columbia Polytechnic Instiute, this being in lieu of any further charge for the magazine Talks and Tales.

We desire to call the attention of the readers of Talks and Tales to articles which appear by the following occasional contributors, all of whom are blind.

H. R. W. Miles, Mary E. Sanford, Charlotte M. Hinman, Alice A. Holmes, H. Stennett Rogers, Alfred J. Hosking, Alexander Cameron, Roberta Anna Griffith, Rev. Ghosn el Howie, Syria; Helen Marr Campbell, Clarence Hawkes, Mamie Ray, Harry Forrester, J. Newton Breed.

FROM THE KINDERGARTEN.

TALKS AND TALES.

VOL. IV. HARTFORD, CONN., JULY, 1901. NO. 10.

BELLE KEARNEY.

ONE summer during our vacation abroad, we went from Grindelwald to Interlaken, and there took a boat and passed up Lake Brienz. A party of young Swiss men and women were on board, who sang their national hymn and other songs, as we glided over the sparkling waters in the heart of the everlasting hills. Soon we were transformed to the train and began to ascend the Alps, going over the Brunig Pass. A panoramic view of surpassing grandeur and magnitude stretched out before us as we climbed higher and higher. The great mountains towered ever above us with their sun-covered and snow-capped heads, with tumultuous torrents and thick covering of fir and pine and hemlock, beautiful valleys with silvery streams, picturesque hamlets, green fields of waving grain and grass, and exquisite lakes set like jewels in the midst of the surrounding richness and splendor.

The sides of some of the hills were deeply seamed, where raging waters had rushed in years gone by, wearing away the rock, and leaving red, rusty streaks, like lines in the face of an old, time-scarred, grief-racked man. There is pain and passion in nature as well as in the soul of humanity. Lungern was the first of the lakes passed. It seemed sunk deep in the earth; the little village near was once submerged by it. Since then the bed has been lowered and the waters kept at a certain height by artificial outlets. The Lake of Sarnen was like a sea of glass. Its sides are fringed with rushes, white and yellow water lilies, and tall bushes laden with pink wild roses. At the tavern of Sarnen, which is the capital of the Canton of Unterwalden, is a handsome building where the referendum meets each year to legislate. It was here that we saw a jail for the first time in Switzerland. In the midst of

all the beauty of earth and air and sky of this idyllic clime one would never dream of sin, or think of its hideous penalty. God is so near, and gives such vivid manifestations of his presence and power. In this region we saw the dry, rocky bed of a river that wound its sinuous way through the brilliant tints of the mountain sides. The outline was perfect. Underneath was the river, flowing deep down the rugged fastnesses. At certain seasons its volume increases and it pours through its outward channel, but at all other times it is hidden, leaving only the evidence of its existence. How like our lives. With some the streaming waters of unrest writhe and twist and beat the strength out in unseen force, leaving their mark on wearied brain and brow; with others peace—"the peace of God that passeth all understanding," flashes like a river—deep, silent, untiring—stamping the face with a look like that of "The King in His beauty."

At Alpnach, the third lake passed, the mountains begin to decrease in size. Stanserhorn is the highest of surrounding peaks. Tunnels are surprisingly few, but just before we reached Hergiswyl, a little town whose houses are built right down on the water's edge, we passed an unusually long one, cut through the solid rock of the mountain. Here we gain our first view of Mt. Rigi, upon whose heights it is said to be worth a lifetime to see the sun rise. Beyond, nestling close to the ideally beautiful lake that bears its name, is the city of Lucerne. We were amazed to find it so Italian in appearance. The houses and elegant hotels are typical villas in architecture and the expense and beauty of their grounds.

Immediately after arrival we took a long walk through the quaint old streets, which are nearly all beautified by glimpses of the lake on one side, and handsome buildings on the other. The latter are half hidden by bowers of roses and tropical plants growing in the most marvellous luxuriance. Of course we went to see "the lion" the first thing. That magnificent figure is cut from the solid rock on the side of a mountain. It was modelled by Thorwaldsen and was chiseled there to commemorate the heroic death of the Swiss guards who laid down their lives in the defence of Louis XVI., the French king, when he was attacked by the Revolutionists.

The garden in which this monument is placed is regarded as the most wonderful in the world. In early ages it was the home of glaciers, and was discovered only twenty years ago. In numerous places there are circular depressions which were ground out by mill-stones whirled to and fro in their stony beds by the movements of the great masses of snow and ice. Different formations are seen, showing the physical conditions of the earth at distant periods. One great rock was a mass of shells; another contained the outline of palms that had been petrified. The most unique thing in Lucerne is the "Kappel brucke," an old wooden bridge that was built in 1333. It is covered from end to end, and stretches diagonally across the River Reuss. Just under

the roof are dozens of three-cornered paintings placed the entire length of the bridge, illustrating the noble deeds of the warriors in the early history of the Swiss Republic.

The Cathedral at Lucerne is one of the most interesting in Europe. The carving of the chair-stalls and the northern-side altar is magnificent, it was done in the fifteenth century. At that time the art of wood carving was extensively cultivated in Switzerland. The wrought-iron chair-screen and the screen of the Baptistry are extremely fantastic. The organ is said to be the third finest on the continent. It has ninety registers. Every evening a recital is given. We sat in the stillness of those dim old aisles yesterday at dusk, and listened to the exquisite strains that poured from the marvellous old instrument under the touch of some unseen master-hand. The *vox humana* and *vox angelica* sent forth sounds that were weirdly, strangely beautiful, lifting the soul on wings, stilling the tumult of the world's strife, leaving one under the very shadow of the glory of the most High. After rendering several of the finest productions of the best musicians, the organist gave an improvisation. It was the translation in unearthly language of a storm. The thunder rolled in realistic, terrifying volumes throughout every inch of the sanctuary, making the listeners look at each other in a questioning, awe-stricken way. Then the rain began to fall, clearly, distinctly. We gazed unconsciously towards the windows to assure ourselves if the shower that had greeted us on our arrival was indeed over. A long, despairing, sighing wail followed, then a grand, triumphal "magnificat," and we awoke from the trance in which our souls had been held and electrified.—[*Woman's Journal.*

HOW DICK WON.

PERCIVAL RIDSDALE.

THEY had been talking about the difference between the love of man and the love of woman, and, as they were all very young and more or less impressionable, the conclusions were interesting. Rawlins, who had said little and smiled much, patronizingly asked, when the subject seemed nearly exhausted:

"Did you ever hear of Dick Polsue's affair?"

"No," they said in chorus.

"I knew that," he remarked, settling deep in his chair; "because that isn't his name. Anyhow——"

"Will you have it filled again?" asked Tomlinson, who was accused of having the remnants of a conscience, because he imagined every allusion was directed at him.

"Don't worry, Tommy," said Rawlins, graciously contracting his brows with the effort of thought. The expectant listeners accorded him a few moments of dramatic silence.

"Well," he said, at length, "it may open your eyes a bit as to the creature feminine, and if you want to hear——"

There were cries of "Let's have it."

"Dick—I'll call him Dick—and you'll remember that the story commences here, was getting close to the thirties. Like most of you youngsters, he had gone around the circle many times and was getting the bad reputation of being a confirmed flirt. So when he settled his attentions on Kitty, as nice a girl as you could find in the town and wise beyond her nineteen years, we all—or rather the women all—said 'Poor Kitty.' Now when Dick was attentive to a girl he was very attentive. He didn't care a rap for any other; he devoted all his time and thought to the one. We thought it would be the affair of a month or so as usual, but it wasn't, and when it had gone on for three or four months and Kitty and Dick were growing closer and closer friends all the time we began to talk. The women said Dick's time had come at last, and we disagreed for argument's sake, but any of us who knew him well could see, with half an eye, that he was in love. And when a man like Dick falls in love, it's the one lasting passion of his life. He gave his whole heart to the girl, and she was almost as much in love as Dick.

"The time came when it was said they were engaged; but there wasn't a

word of truth in it. They had been going along heedlessly enough, seeing each other frequently, to the exclusion of everybody else, for those of us who occasionally called on Kitty dropped away to give Dick a clear field.

"When the silly gossip about their engagement reached their ears, they decided they must see less of each other and they talked the matter over sensibly enough, agreed they'd be just as good friends and all that, and—saw each other more than ever. At last they could no longer hide from themselves the fact that the whole town—it was a small town, you see—considered the affair settled and the announcement expected any day, and then they each made a determination.

"'I've studied myself for the last few months,' Dick said to her, 'till I know what every corner of my heart contains. Kitty, you're the one girl in the world for me, and whatever happens you will always be. I've thought myself in love with many girls, but I've only lately found out what love really is. You might love and marry some one else, but for all that, you would always have my heart. Kitty, I'm rather a shiftless fellow, and I want a guiding star. With you to help me I can make something of myself. It's a poor lot I ask you to share, but with you I can make a name for myself. Will you marry me?'

"Now, Kitty had expected these words. She knew Dick pretty thoroughly, and her answer to what she knew he would say had cost her more than one sleepless night, but she said it, though her lips trembled and tears trickled down her cheeks.

"'Dick,' she said, 'I've thought over this for a long time, and I am saying what I will say with no quick tongue. Dick, there is no man I like as well as you—perhaps I shall never find one I like as well. I hope not, Dick, I hope not. But I am not sure. I do not know myself. You are going on thirty; you have seen much of life; you have known many girls; you are becoming settled in your habits, and you can judge your heart. You know yourself, and I want to know myself. Give me five years, Dick. I'm only nineteen. I've seen little of life. I want to meet men, to know them, because, Dick, I want to be so sure of my love for you that nothing can change it. Will you give me five years? In the meantime we must see each other but seldom, we must make people believe that we are but ordinary friends, that there is nothing between us. We will make no promises; we will be bound by nothing, so that if you feel as you do now, you can come to me at the end of five years and ask me to be your wife, just as if you had never asked me before.'

"Dick did not speak for a long time. Finally he said, 'Kitty, you are a sensible girl. I want you to be sure of yourself; to think of me as I do of you, but I cannot wait five years. I cannot live and work as I should without

seeing you frequently. I might wait for a short time, but for five years—five years, Kitty—will break my heart!'

"'It will be hard for you, Dick; it will be hard for me, but it must be. You will work hard, you will become a famous writer, a great novelist. You will glory in your profession; the years will soon pass, and, please God, our hearts will be true to each other!'

"'There is no doubt about mine, Kitty—but five years!'

"'Dick,' she said, tenderly, 'it must be; it must be.'

"'God bless you,' he cried. 'You are breaking my heart.'

"Give me a fresh cigar," said Rawlins, as he settled himself more comfortably in his chair. "Do you want the rest of the story?"

"Is it me your asking?" queried Delaney.

"As much as the others," said Rawlins, laughing.

"Small good it will do them to hear, the rapscallions," and Delaney scowled at the circle, "but tell 'em, Rawlins, and it may teach 'em a lesson. I'm going home."

"I envy you," said Rawlins, smiling up at him.

"Rawlins," said Delaney, with mock gravity, "I thought you were old enough to know better."

"Oh, go on with the story," cried Tomlinson, who was feeling easier.

"Well, Dick came close to the truth when he said that waiting would break his heart, for he gradually lost all ambition. Not a very energetic or hopeful man at any time, he grew less and less so as the days lengthened into months and Kitty kept her resolve to see him but seldom. She, with a woman's shrewdness, did not want the town people to see them together. As Dick saw less and less of her his spirits fell; he neglected his work, and, moping his days away, passed gradually out of our little circle, away from the amusements that a lot of us shared together, and in a very short time he lost all of his usual attractiveness. At the end of a year he had given up going to see Kitty, because when he had chance to go she had always arranged to have a number of young people there, and Dick, who was longing for a few words alone with her, could never get the opportunity. Then he lost his position. It was some time before he got another. He did not hold that long, and drifted and shifted about until he became positively seedy!

"Kitty knew of it, and asked some of Dick's friends to cheer him up. Those who tried were received coolly, and to one Dick broke loose:

"'Don't you see,' he cried, 'that life is nothtng to me? I cannot keep up. I want to be near her all the time.'

"But Kitty would not send him the words that would have made a man of him. The five years passed and on the very day that the time expired Dick received a note from Kitty, asking him to call. He went haggard with the

dreary years, careless as to dress and appearance, not at all the Dick of five years ago. Dimly he saw her as she had bidden him good-by. She was not the same, perhaps a little more radiant and with a tinge of warmth in her voice that he had not known before. Her hands clung to his strangely as she welcomed him, and her eyes were dimmed with tears as she waited for him to speak.

"'It is five years ago, Dick,' she said at last."

"'Five years,' said Dick."

"'And—you think—you feel that you——'

"'Kitty,' he said, and he took both her hands and gazed deep into her eyes, 'ever since I told you so I have never ceased for as much as a moment to love you with all my heart and soul.'

"'Oh, Dick,' she said, 'I am so glad. There were times when I doubted it; when I looked forward to this night with fear, for I——'"

"'With fear, Kitty?" he asked, with a catch in his voice.

"'Yes, dear; for in the five years that have passed I have found myself, and that I can love only you. I did not know then, but it has not taken me five years to find it out.

"'Kitty, dear Kitty. Wait; I want to tell you something first—something. How I love you! But Kitty, I cannot say what I expected to say when—when this time came. How I have waited for this, how I have longed for it. At first with a longing that nearly drove me wild. I lost hope, ambition—everything except love and—and—I—oh, Kitty, I am not much of a man not to have borne the waiting and the pain, as a man should bear up under the trials of life. I am not worthy of you. You see what I am—a wreck—a pitiful wreck. Five years ago, dear, I should have been strong had you married me. I could have won my way in the world; but, why talk of this? I am not worthy of you.

"'Dick,' she cried wildly, 'Dick, you do not know what you are saying; you cannot mean it. After all these years of waiting, after all these years, for me as well as you—oh, you cannot mean it.' Her face was very white.

"He put her away from him gently. 'It's too late, dear,' he said tenderly. 'I cannot ask anybody to share my life—now.'

"'Dick' she said again, 'Dick, think a moment. You misjudge yourself. If you are not what you might be it is my fault. I am to blame. It is not too late yet. You are not old, much of life is before you. I will help you. Let me make reparation for the past—for my mistake. I am strong, I can work. Let us begin life again—together.'

"But Dick was firm. 'It is too late,' he said. 'You would not be happy. I could not make you happy.'

"She sat down and hid her face in her hands. He let his hand wander over her hair, and when one of hers stole up and held his, a tear trickled slowly down his cheek. He shook it away with a toss of his head.

"'I want to tell you,' he said brokenly, 'that as long as I live you will always have my love. God bless you.'

"He looked back at her as he was half-way across the room, and seeing her shoulders shake with a sob that gave no sound, stepped back quickly, and kissed her hair. She did not hear the door close, nor the firm footfalls as he passed out and down the street. When at last she walked quickly up and down the room holding her hands over her bosom, she suddenly saw herself in the mirror. Her face was pale and drawn and strange lines were about the eyes. She gazed at her herself for a long time and then she sank down close to the fire, and shivering, wept."

"Is that all the story?" asked Tomlinson.

Rawlins shook the ashes from his cigar and laughed.

"All," he said; "well, perhaps I had better finish it. The story is one —I'll call him Dick—had in one of the magazines. It was true as gospel up to the point where the girl asked him to wait five years. She did ask him, but Dick was not the kind of a fellow to wait."

He paused and puffed his cigar.

"Then," said he, quietly; "then Dick, believing that she loved him, wrote the story and took pains to see that she read it and saw his name attached."

"Well?" asked Tomlinson.

"Oh, she sent for him at once."

"'Dick,' she said, 'I am afraid to wait. I do not want to wait. I think I love you now as well as I can ever love anybody—and that is a very great deal. If—if I am—am mistaken——'"

"'I'll take the risk,' said Dick.'"

SENOR TUK-YOO.

A. SONNICHSEN.

VIVIDLY do the terrors of prison solitude appeal to the imagination—the rarely broken silence, the long, dragging hours, the anxious waiting for the footsteps of the attendant who brings the scanty meals, and the nameless dread as night approaches, and fainter grow the feeble rays of light straggling in through the gratings of the window.

Although a year has passed since my release, I shudder even now as my memory wanders back to the time when those horrors were no matter of imagination to me, but grim reality.

Amid the gloom of those recollections, however, there shines out brightly one little gleam that still leaves a grateful warmth in my heart. It is with a regretful longing that I fancy seeing him now, my little prison comrade, standing before me, and sweetly warbling his name: "Tuk-yoo—tuk-yoo—tuk-yoo-o-o." God bless him.

But I forget—you have not the pleasure of his acquaintance (all the worse for you), and an explanation is necessary.

Over a year ago it was my fate to be a captive in the hands of the Filipino insurgents, and an unsuccessful attempt at escape had brought upon me the punishment of solitary confinement in an out-of-the-way room of an old Spanish convent. Hardly large enough to pace up and down in, my cell offered no other amusements than staring at a blank wall outside the window, or lying on a small iron bedstead, gazing at the ceiling, contemplating the spiders at work weaving their webs. Down below echoed the never-ceasing "tramp-tramp" and "shuffle-shuffle" of the barefooted sentry, with an occasional "Alto!" as he challenged some passer-by. My God! the torturing inactivity! Only a book, or even a pencil, with which to scribble on the walls—yes, even a child's top to play with!

The misery of that first night will never be forgotton. Sometimes I fell into fitful dozes, only to awake again with a weight upon my chest, as if some goblin of the darkness sat there.

At last I slept. Suddenly I awoke with a violent start. I seemed to have heard the unearthly shriek of some demon of the spirit world, and springing up into a sitting position, I listened, my forehead wet with beads of perspiration. Again came the voice, fearfully loud and distinct, "Tuk-yoo, tuk-yoo, tuk-yo-o, tuk-yo-o-o-oo," ending up with a low purr.

With a long sigh of relief, I reached for my matches, for the voice, if voice I may call it, was familiar; I had heard it before. Who in the Philippines has not?

Striking a light, I beheld the midnight vocalist sitting on the table, glaring at me with indignant eyes. Evidently he regarded my presence in this long-deserted room as an intrusion upon his privacy.

In aspect he was far from prepossessing, seeming to be, in fact, a cross between a dragon and a crocodile, and quite as terrible to look at, poor fellow, until you learned to know him and he you. His one redeeming feature was his size, which scarcely exceeded that of a mouse, and this seemed in a measure to mitigate the ferocity of his appearance.

"Hello!" I cried; "who are you?"

No answer; he only advanced a step or two and glared at me menacingly. Either he failed to understand English or my familiar tone displeased him. Again I addressed him, this time in Spanish, and with a pronounced air of respect:

"Buenas noches, senor; will you honor me with your name?"

These words produced some effect. His throat swelled until it seemed ready to burst.

"Tuk-yoo—tuk-yoo!" he shouted, explosively, with a final whir that seemed to say, "That's my name; how do you like it?"

And so we continued conversing until my supply of matches was almost exhausted, when, with a loud good-night "tuk-yoo" and a wisk of his scaly little whip of a tail, he disappeared.

Next morning, as I sat eating my breakfast, wondering if I should ever again see my little midnight visitor, he suddenly appeared on the window sill with a loud shout, which I interpreted as "Good morning."

"Ah, good morning, Senor Tuk-yoo," I cried; "how do you find yourself this morning. Will you join me at breakfast?"

No, he wouldn't join me—had already had his breakfast, he gave to understand quite expressively in his native dialect of "tuk-yoo." He seemed now to accept my presence with equanimity; perhaps it was even with a shade of interest that he listened to my conversation, for the volley of "tuk-yoos" that emanated from his little yellow breast seemed distinctly to say:

"Well, you're not such a bad chap, after all, and, demme, I rather like you. You're sociable, at all events, and I guess I'll let you stay here. Well, so long, old man—I'll be back about dinner time." And off he went down a crack in the wall.

And so we came to know each other. The hours no longer dragged, and night had for me no more horrors, for it was then that my little friend would often call on me:

"Tuk-yoo—tuk-yo-o. I say, old man, how are you ?—asleep, eh? Go away ; you shan't sleep when I'm around."

"Come, come, my friend," I would answer playfully, not in the least meaning what I said, "it's time all respectable lizards were asleep."

"Tuk-yoo ! do you call me a lizard? I am Tuk-yoo—Tuk-yoo—that's my name, and don't you forget it. Tuk-yoo-o-o—that's the correct pronounciation."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Senor Tuk-yoo-o-o of course I meant no offence," and then he would crawl up into my hand, laughing boisterously at the joke.

Often, during the day, especially when eating my meals, he would bounce up from apparently nowhere, and seat himself on the end of his tail beside my plate.

"Hello, old chap, what you got for dinner? Rice, eh?" nibbling a few grains from my hand—"rice again, eh? Why, how can you sit there eating rice, with the window full of nice fat flies?" and off he would scurry to the window for his dinner.

One day I missed Senor Tuk-yoo. Evening came, and still he failed to show up. My anxiety was great. Next morning, as I sat mourning the loss of my beloved little companion, he suddenly made his appearance on the sill with a loud, joyful shriek of greeting. God ! how happy I was ! I would have embraced him at once had our respective sizes permitted it.

But he was not alone.

"Allow me to present to you Madame Tuk-yoo, my lady," he said.

I bowed very respectfully, and madame, a demure little thing in green and yellow, received my salutation with a low, gurgling "Tuk-yoo."

"We were married yesterday," he observed, with a sly wink at me of his off eye from Madame, "and we think of setting up our household in the neighborhood here—in fact, we three should be as one family. Well, by-by, old man, lots of work now and less play, but we'll make you a regular call this evening, sorry you can't return our calls, you big, hulking fellow !"

And so they left me to take up their new duties. Sly little Mistress Tuk-yoo !—the way she took the gay jumps out of her rollicking mate, and didn't know how she did it !

"Great responsibilities—hard on a gay young fellow like me," he would often remark to me, "Here I have to catch the flies for both of us, and later on when the family comes—oh, don't say a word !"

So time passed—minutes, hours, days and weeks. Of nights I would ' in bed conversing with my two little friends—they sitting on my shoulder on my arm, and sometimes crawling up into my hair. Then the officer o guard, hearing the sound of a voice, would sometimes open the door, str match, look around, shake his head, and withdraw again, muttering :

"Esta loco ese—loco—loco" (mad—mad).

But one day a crisis came. "Brr-o-o-m, br-o-m!" roared the guns of the bombarding warships; shells cracked overhead, crashing into roofs, and the town fell. Liberty! Hurrah; Liberty at last! and, with the insurgents fleeing and the Americans entering, what wonder if, for a short time I forgot my two little comrades?

Not for long, however. After the tumult came the calm, and then I thought of my little cellmates. But—we were to part. I was to go to Manila. Closing the door of the room—no longer a prisoner—I softly called;

"Tuk-yoo—tuk-yoo-o-o."

In a moment came an answer, and I held them in my hand.

"Good-by, little comrades; you have been dear friends to me, but now we must part. Good-by!"

Softly I pressed them to my cheek, and then set them gently down in their own little corner by the window. They were as motionless as stone.

"Good-bye," I whispered again, as I held the door, about to close it—"good-by."

Still no answer.

Then, I softly closed, it, I heard them:

"Tuk-yoo-o-o-o—yoo-o-o-o-o," faintly, barely audible, like the cooing of doves.—[*Harper's Weekly.*

A Strange Journey.

"HOW I do love winter," and she lazily stretched her dainty little feet toward the blazing fire. "And what a fine storm this is. The wind howls so fiercely and everything is so dark and threatening outside that it makes me positively lonesome. But I really enjoy it at times. How bright the fire looks!"

Just then there came a rap at the door. "Come in," she said, without looking up.

"Please, Miss Dorothy, the seamstress is here, and she wants to know if it will be convenient for you to pay her for her work," said the maid.

"Oh, dear! Some one always has to interrupt me when I have settled down to enjoy myself—and besides, I don't happen to have the money to-day. I spent my last cent on a bracelet yesterday, and I don't dare tell father. Tell her, Hortense, that I am sorry it will not be convenient to pay her to-day—that—I will send the money on the first of the month and she need not call again."

A few minutes after, Dorothy was buried deep in her book, with thought for no one, save the heroine, who was in an exciting situation from which, in Dorothy's mind, there was no escape. Another knock sounded.

"Yes," she answered crossly; "what do you want now, Hortense?"

"There is a little match boy at the door, Miss Dorothy. He looks so cold I thought perhaps you might buy of him."

"Tell him that we never buy of people who come to the house. If he is cold you may let him come in for a few minutes, but don't allow him to stay long for if you do, the house will be overrun with beggars and peddlers. Now go and do not disturb me again until it is time to dress for dinner."

And with these words Dorothy returned to her story, but somehow it had lost its interest. The wind wailed and the snow flurried hither and thither. Fierce gusts rattled the windows. As the girl sat looking at the fire she thought she heard a voice sobbing:

"She does not know. How can she know of the suffering!" Then the voice rising into an angry howl, cried, "But she shall know!"

Then Dorothy felt an icy breath on her cheek and an icy hand clasp hers, and drag her forcibly toward the door.

"Who are you and what are you doing with me?" she asked angrily.

And the answer came, saying, "I am the north wind and am going to show you how other people enjoy this storm."

How dark and wild it was! and how cold! In vain did Dorothy try to turn back, and vainly did she remonstrate, with tears frozen on her face. The wind was firm. They blew along over spires and roofs until they reached the poorest part of the city.

The wind stopped by a little garret window.

"Look in and tell me what you see," it said, and Dorothy, not daring to disobey, did as she was bade. "I sse a small room with a girl sitting at a table," she answered, and then added crossly, "I want to go home. Why can't I go?"

"Not yet. You have much to learn before you can go home," answered the wind. "Now look again and tell me if you see anything more."

Just then the little seamstress began to sob aloud. "Oh, what shall I do! I have not had a mouthful to eat to-day, and no money to buy fuel. How cold it is, and how the wind howls! And after all my long walk Miss White refused to pay. Oh, mother, mother, what a cruel world this is."

"It is my seamstress!" said Dorothy. "I had no idea that she was so poor; let me do something to help her."

"No, it is too late now," sighed the wind. "But come, I have other places to show you." And she was hurried along over several houses.

The next place she saw was a poor room, whose only furniture were two chairs and a bed. Three small children with a thin coverlet over them were crying with cold and hunger. The mother was sitting on the floor, pressing a sickly baby to her breast. The door opened and a little boy of eight tumbled in.

"Did you sell anything, Jimmie?" anxiously asked the mother.

"No," answered the boy. "The rich folks were all too busy to buy. But I've got a piece of bread that a servant gave me, and I've brought it home to the children."

"That must be the match boy," cried Dorothy. "Oh, why didn't I know? Take me home quickly, that I may do something for them."

But the wind sobbingly answered, "We must go on."

"Oh," sobbed the wind, "would that I might bring comfort and cheer like the warm south wind. But I am obliged to wander forever over the earth, an outcast—never welcome and always bringing cold and pain wherever I go. Do you wonder that my voice sounds sad? But I must leave you now, and I trust that I have taught you a lesson which you will not soon forget."

Dorothy shivered and opened her eyes. Hortense was tapping lightly on the door, and then she was conscious of some one saying:

"Miss Dorothy, wake up; it is nearly dinner time. You have been

asleep and allowed the fire to die out. It was quite cold here when I came in."

That night Dorothy went to her father and told him that she had spent her money foolishly and that she needed more to pay her bill. The little dressmaker was made happy by the receipt of her hard earned money.

Then came the impatient watching for the little match boy. But he did not come. One Sunday a few weeks later, while on the way to church, people were scandalized to see the decorous Miss White dart suddenly across the street and embrace a dirty little ragmuffin, crying:

"Oh, Jimmie! I've found you at last! Take this money and buy something to eat and come around to my house to-morrow."

Then she rushed off, leaving Jimmie the proud and amazed possessor of a new dollar bill. Of course people talked. People always do. They said that Dorothy had the slumming fad, that she was "queer," and was spending her money foolishly on the poor. But Dorothy, having had her eyes opened to the right, swerved not from it, but kept steadfastly on. And her success may be judged by Jimmie Danly's remarks a few days ago:

"My, Miss White's a dandy! She can't be beat. She lives in a great house, but ain't stuck up one bit. All the folks down here love her awful well."—[*Free Press.*

"Every heart must learn to beat
As every robin learns to trill;
And every life be made complete,
Led upward by a higher will."

The Taming of Pittsburg.

DENNIE MURPHY was a shining example of enthusiasm in work. He was a telegraph operator, and I have always taken some pride in the fact that I taught him the Morse alphabet. That was doing little for him, for he would have learned it anyway, whether I helped him or not, once he had wished to do so.

By and by he got his first office; he was given charge, at night, of the wires in a village railroad station. In such a position most young operators rest, do what work they are positively obliged to do, sleep all they can without being caught, and if they improve in their work at all, do so because of the practice which they cannot avoid.

Not so with Dennie. He had a "railroad" wire and a commercial wire, and night after night he kept an almost complete record of every word which passed over them, even down to the train reports, train orders and gossip. He was incessantly hungry for practice. The newspaper correspondents used to tell him that they believed he would almost be willing to murder somebody if he could feel sure that the big grist of news specials consequent upon the murder would be filed with him.

Nothing pleased him better than to have me, or some of the "old timers," consent to spend an evening with him at the station and "send" for him to "receive" on a "short circuited" set of instruments. It made no difference to Dennie what was sent. Anything would do—matter from an old newspaper, the contents of a time table or extemporaneous matter; he would "take" the stuff all right if we could be induced to stay so long.

It was pure enthusiasm in his work. It would have been just the same had he been a bootblack or a book-keeper or a railroad engineer—he would have tried to be the best in his line.

Naturally, when there was a vacancy in the terminal office, Dennie got the position, and when the Western Union needed an operator in one of its city offices, Dennie, the man who was unhappy when he couldn't experiment as to how many words he could handle in eight hours, was just the sort of man they wanted. And so it came about that when Dennie drifted to New York he was soon assigned to work on the special wires in the offices of the big newspapers.

It was in the early days of the perfected Philips code, and of receiving telegrams on typewriters. Now the Philips code, as most telegraphers and

newspaper men know, is a system invented to enable the telegraphic circuit to match the speed of a typewriter. For instance, in "code" "tt" stands for "that," "tr" for "there," "e" for "the," and when the operator jerks out the code word "s-c o-t-u-s," the receiving operator at the other end of the wire hurries, and in the brief time it takes to transmit those letters pounds out in full on the type-writer, "Supreme Court of the United States."

Few operators try to master all the abbreviations in Mr. Philips clever work, but Dennie went at it his usual way, and mastered the code book from cover to cover.

When it occurred to him to go St. Xavier's College and support himself there by working half of each night on a "press wire," he found the code very handy in his college work. It took the place of short-hand, and his notes of the college lectures were practically verbatim reports.

It was at about this time that the men in the telegraph room at the Chronicle office began to have trouble with a flippant operator who had been put on the other end of the Pittsburg wire. He was a skilful machine operator, and he was aware of the fact to an extent which made him a nuisance. He was disagreeable, supercilious, sarcastic, merciless, exasperating, conceited, overbearing and all of the other things which a good many men are, and which are ten times as exasperating when the man is in communication with you—although five hundred miles away and out of reach of bodily harm. And because he was an excellent operator he seemed ten times as exasperating.

Night after night he caused gnashing of teeth in the Chronicle office. Picked men were put at the key, but it mattered not to Pittsburg. When the picked man would be sending at his utmost speed and the sounder seemed making a mere clatter clatter, Pittsburg would open up lazily and say something like, "Please hurry up all that you can. We go to press in about three hours," or "Can't you put on a man to hustle things a little?" and the perspiring victim in the Chronicle office would grit his teeth and do his best to make the Pittsburg man "break," but without legitimate success. For a good operator never stoops to intentionally poor work, or, as it is called, "poor Morse," even in an emergency of this kind.

It was after about two weeks of this sort of thing that the Chronicle office force sent up to the college for Dennie, and begged him to come down and work the Pittsburg wire for just one hour—and Dennie came.

When he sat down at the key you couldn't have "raised" the Chronicle office on any of the other wires to save your life, for the force was all gathered in a little semicircle behind Dennie's chair. Dennie bade Pittsburg "Good evening," and then said, in an innocent, halting way, "I am a new man. Can-you-take-code?"

"Of course!" snapped back the answer.

"Is your machine-well-oiled?" continued Dennie.

The response was not courteous, and betokened exasperation.

When you are ready please say so and I will begin," telegraphed Dennie, slowly and evenly.

The haughty "G. A.," or "Go Ahead," which came back sounded as if the characters had been bitten off. Then Dennie began, slowly and hesitatingly, spacing his letters carefully.

In less than a minute Pittsburg fell into the trap, and opening the wire snapped out, "Hustle it! Hustle it! Or get somebody who can!"

Then Dennie grinned and opened up. Faster and faster he sent, the work was faultless. He sent code abbreviations which the Pittsburg man had never heard of, and tapped them off at the speed of a limited train. It was a battle royal between two experts. The Pittsburg man was plucky, and it was all of five minutes before the end came, and then he "broke." And when he broke, twenty-two words behind, the office force embraced one another in their delight and danced wildly about and flung their arms, and sent up a shout of victory which brought in numberless angry copy-holders, proof readers, desk men and other slaves of the eye-shades to expostulate.

For thirty minutes Dennis kept up the fusillade, and then he rose and remarked: "Gentleman, he'll be quiet as a lamb after this. The office boy can send to him now. He's tamed." And so it proved.

Poor Dennie! He did not live to make the name for himself which he was certain to win. He was killed in the terrible railroad wreck at Yonkers, N. Y., some years ago—for this story is all true.

He would have escaped alive, the newspapers said, but he remained inside the wrecked and blazing car, amid the scalding steam, to assist other injured passengers through a window to safety. I have often wondered if in those last terrible moments, he didn't enter cheerfully into a contest of speed with time, to see how many lives he could save before he was himself overcome. The act would have been like him.—[*The Dawn.*

His Local Color.

S. E. KISER.

"NOW, Arthur," said Mrs. Barrington, as her husband put three hand-bags in the seat beside her in the sleeper and handed over six baggage checks, "I want you to be sure to write to me every day and tell me everything you think, just how much you miss me and all about the way the servants get along—don't omit any of the details, thinking that I shall not be interested, for every word that you write, dear, will be precious to me. Put plenty of local color in your letters."

"Oh, I'll keep you posted," he replied. "You go ahead and have a good time and don't worry about me. I'll get along some way. Of course, I'll be lonely and all that, but I'll manage to pass the time. It'll be rather dismal for me to sit on the front porch alone when it begins to get dark, thinking of you in the gay crowd having a good time, and never giving a thought to—"

"Arthur Barrington," his pretty wife interrupted, "if you continue to talk that way I just shant go. You know I shall think of you every minute I'm away, and if the doctor hadn't said the sea air would be good for me, I shouldn't have thought of accepting Aunt Laura's invitation. Please don't fret for me, love, will you? Remember that, wherever I may be and no matter how gay my surroundings, I shall be thinking of you and (lowering her voice to a whisper) my soul will be communicating with your soul."

They threw kisses at each other as the train moved slowly away. Then Barrington went to his office and began writing letters. They were to his wife. He wrote fourteen of them—enough to last for two weeks. In general outline the letters were about the same. He started each by filling a sheet with endearing words and declarations that he was very lonely without his darling. Then followed the local color she wanted in the form of comments on occurrences of the day in and around their home. The letters were not dated, but he sealed and addressed them, and arranged them in a bunch, so that his stenographer could take off the top one day after day and drop it into the mail box.

After that he informed his subordinates in the office that he was going away on a hunting and fishing trip for two weeks, and in order that he might be absolutely free from cares, left no post-office or telegraph address, directing that all personal mail should be left unopened until he returned.

He had been gone nearly a week when there came a telegram for him.

Of course, telegrams had to be opened, and when Miss Wildreth, the stenographer, read the message she turned pale.

"Why don't you answer my questions about the housemaid's ankle and your liver? Am awfully worried."

That was what Elizabeth Barrington had telegraphed. After studying the matter for awhile, Miss Wildreth decided that it was necessary for her to act. She was clever enough to hold a position that not more than one man out of fifty could have filled, and she had the habit of keeping her eyes and ears open, Still she said to herself:

"The housemaid's ankle? I can see how he might know something about his own liver, but—and why should his wife, of all people, want him to see about it? Well, if ever I get married—"

But instead of finishing what she had started to say, she wrote the following dispatch:

"Leg and liver O. K. "Don't worry."

It was about ten o'clock the next day when another telegram for Arthur Barrington was received. It read:

"Yesterday's letter contradicts telegram. Why are you deceiving me? Are you better to-day? Shall I come home?"

"Am as true as steel. Don't think of coming home."

Miss Wildreth had just begun to feel that she had succeeded in settling the disagreeable business when a messenger boy arrived with another telegram in which her employer's wife said:

"Don't understand. What do you mean by being as true as steel? Something tells me you are worse. Wire immediately."

The stenographer replied:

"Never mind reference to steel. Am all right."

Mrs. Barrington watched eagerly for the postman on the following day, and when he handed her Arthur's letter she opened it with trembling fingers. Eagerly she scanned the first page and was about half through the local color when she jumped up and ran to her aunt, crying:

"Merciful goodness, what can this mean? Three days ago Arthur wrote that the housemaid was 'still laid up with her ankle,' which I have tried in vain to get him to tell me about, and that he was not feeling well and the doctor had told him his liver was out of order. Yet here in to-day's letter he tells me that the housemaid has just fallen out of a cherry tree, spraining her ankle, and that he made himself a Welsh rarebit night before last and ate so much of it that his liver is all upset. Why on earth did the housemaid climb a cherry tree when she had a lame ankle and whatever possessed Arthur to eat a Welsh rabbit when the doctor had just warned him about his liver?"

His aunt was trying to figure it out when Elizabeth Barrington happened to think of the telegram she had received the day before.

"This letter must have been written about the time they were sent!" she said. "I'm going home. Something's wrong. Arthur's liver trouble has gone to his head. My poor darling has lost his reason. He writes a thing and then denies it by telegraph. By starting to-night I can be with him to-morrow forenoon. Oh, how shall I pass the weary hours!"

Miss Wildreth broke down and made a full confession when Mrs. Barrington rushed, wild-eyed and pale, into her husband's office. Then the two young women sat together in the private room and wept.

"If I hadn't accidentally knocked over that pile of letters he left to be mailed," the stenographer sobbed, "they would not have been mixed np; there would have been no reference to the spraining of the housemaid's ankle before it happened, and his liver would not have troubled him until after he ate the rarebit. How shall I ever be able to explain it to him?"

"You needn't try," Mrs. Barrington answered, "I'll explain to him when he comes out of the woods, Dear old fellow! I'm so glad he doesn't know anything about this. He mightn't have a good time at all if he did."—[*Chicago Herald.*

THOUGHTS.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Thoughts do not need the wings of words
  To fly to any goal.
Like subtle lightning, not like birds,
  They speed from soul to soul.

Hide in your heart a bitter thought,
  Still it has power to blight:
Think Love, and though you speak it not,
  It gives the world more light.

A Noble Woman.

WHILE General Howe with his British army held possession of Philadelphia, and General Washington, with the few half-starved troops under his immediate command was encamped at a place called White Marsh, a few miles distant from the city, an incident occurred which, though seemingly triffling in itself, may have had an important bearing upon the destiny of the whole country.

Lieut.-Col. Craig, commanding a detachment of light horse, was ordered to approach the enemy's lines and hover near them, in the capacity of videtts, to pick up any intelligence that might be of value to the army. While engaged in this important duty one cold raw day in December an orderly called his attention to a woman who was coming up the road.

The officer watched her as she ascended the hill, and when he perceived, by her stopping and looking frightened, that she had discovered his command, he rode forward and called out in a reassuring tone:

"Advance, madam—you have nothing to fear from true soldiers."

The lady, who was well wrapped up in plain, warm garments, with a hood that quite concealed her features at a short distance, now came forward, without hesitation, to meet the colonel, as if satisfied from his language and appearance she had nothing to fear. When near enough for him to distinguish the features that were turned full upon him, he exclaimed, in a tone of surprise:

"Mrs. Darrah, as I live! Why, what on earth can have brought you, all alone and unprotected, into this dangerous locality?"

"Thee knows, friend," she replied, in the Quaker style, "I have a son in the American army—who is, like thyself, an officer under George Washington—and a mother's heart yearns towards her offspring, even though he has departed from the ways of his fathers."

"You were going then to seek him?"

"I was; but perhaps thee would carry a message for me, and let me turn back to the city?" said the lady, but still with a cautious, hesitating air.

"It will afford me great pleasure to oblige Lydia Darrah in any way," bowed the gallant colonel.

"Thank thee, friend—thee is very kind. If thee will dismount then and walk with me a little way I think I will tell thee what I have to say, which is a secret I would not like to have any other person hear."

The colonel assented, and riding back to his men, gave his horse in charge of one of them and ordered them to keep in sight of him, but not to

approach near enough to overhear an ordinary conversation. He then turned to the lady and they began their walk down the road, in an opposite direction to that which she had come. For a short time she remained in deep silence, with her face averted, and as the officer fancied, with her whole frame trembling with secret emotion.

"Friend Craig," she at length began, with something like a sigh, and speaking in the rapid, earnest manner of one communicating some startling fact, "thee must hasten at once to George Washington and tell him thee has certain information that, on to-morrow night, a large body of British soldiers will secretly march out of the city for the purpose of surprising and capturing him and all his men. Not to mystify thee, friend, and that thee may attach all due importance to this information, I will now inform thee that I, Lydia Darrah, overheard an order read between two high officers to the effect of what I have stated. Thee must also know that the man called Gen. Howe has come to abide in the house opposite my husband's, and that, for some reason to us unknown, two men, one of whom is supposed to be called the adjutant-general, have come over to William Darrah's several times, and held private conferences in one of the back rooms of our dwelling. Last night these two men came again and one of them told me he wanted all my family to go to bed early, and when they should get ready to leave, which might be late, they would call me to let them out.

"Well, Friend Craig, I sent the whole family early to bed, as requested to do, but I myself felt anxious to know what was going on of so much importtance, and so I did what I never did before—took off my shoes, walked on tiptoe to the door of the room where these men were, put my ear to the keyhole, and listened and heard what I have informed thee of."

"God bless you, Lydia Darrah, for a noble woman!" said the colonel, with excited warmth; "perhaps you have saved our country—who knows? For had this plan succeeded, which we will now defeat, and Gen. Washington been taken prisoner, I much fear our cause would have been hopeless."

"I will make haste to finish my story, for thee must ride fast to George Washington. After hearing what I had heard I retired to my room. When the men, soon after, knocked at my door for me to get up and let them out, I pretended I was asleep, and they had to knock three times. Then I came out, rubbing my eyes, and saw them off. But I slept none that night, for thinking what I ought to do; and I did not dare to tell my husband for fear the secret might get out. I wanted to get the information to George Washington, and save a great many lives, but for some time I could not see my way clear to do it. At last it occurred to me that I might go to Frankfort for some flour, if the man Howe would give me a pass out of town. I went over to him and he gave it. Then I told William and my family that I would go alone to Frankfort for the flour, which greatly surprised them and caused much

remonstrance. But I did go alone, and thee sees, friend, how much I have since strayed beyond the mill."

In due time Lydia Darrah returned home with the flour, secretly trembling at all she had done, and the fear of discovery. The night following she lay awake and heard the heavy, solemn tramp, tramp of the British troops, as they marched past her window and on out of the city, to surprise, defeat and capture the army for whose success she had not only prayed, but had so lately periled more than life.

When, a few days after, these same troops returned, Lydia Darrah dared not ask the question she was the most anxious to have answered, lest her emotions might betray her. Soon after the adjutant-general called upon her and said:

"Madam, will you do me the favor to enter my room, that I may ask you a few important qnestions?"

Lydia Darrah, believing her secret discovered, either by chance or betrayal, turned deadly pale, and almost fainted with terror; but fortunately the officer took no notice of her emotions, and soon recovering herself she determined to boldly brave out the worst. She therefore went to his apartment with a firm step, nor showed any sign of trembling when she saw him lock the door.

"Now, madam," he said, with stern and stately dignity, as he handed her a seat and took another facing her, "I beg you will answer me truly, as if your life were at stake! Who was the last person up of your family on the last night I was closeted in this room with a brother officer?"

"Myself," was the firm and quiet reply of Lydia Darrah.

"Are you certain, madam?"

"Quite—for thee requested me to send all the family to bed by eight o'clock, and I did so, myself going last."

"You will be willing to swear to this, madam?"

"We Friends never swear," returned the other with dignity; "but thee has my word for the fact."

"Well," returned the officer, with an air of chagrin, "I do not understand it. You, I know, were asleep, for I myself knocked three times at your door before I could rouse you. We that night laid a plan to attack and capture Gen. Washington and his army; but by some means unknown to me; he got news of our design, and has frustrated our purpose. When we arrived before his camp we found all his cannon mounted, and his whole command prepared to give us battle; and disappointed and chagrined, we have all marched back like a parcel of fools! That is all, madam!" concluded the officer, rising, unlocking the door, and bowing out the mistress of the dwelling.

Lydia Darrah retired with feelings of relief better imagined than described.

Who shall say how much the subsequent dwellers in this land of freedom have owed to the cunning and heroism of this noble woman?—[*New York Ledger*.

The Remembrance Quilt.

MARY SHEPARD.

(For Talks and Tales.)

"GOOD morning, Mary, dear. It does my heart good to have you come to see me this morning."

"Yes, I have my Remembrance Quilt out, working on it a little. I like something bright and pretty to work on such a dull, cloudy morning, as this is. Then, when I sit here sewing and thinking of the friends who gave me these bits of silk, I forget that I am alone or lonely; and it seems as if my friends came back to visit me and I can see just how they look and almost hear them speak."

The speaker was a very bright, motherly old lady, a little gray, but with a sweet, soft voice, and the most winning grey eyes that ever went straight to a body's heart. Her friends called her Aunt Linda.

Her caller was her young friend and admirer, Mary Barnes, a girl of nineteen summers, whose sunny presence banished all thought of winter in her life.

Aunt Linda and Mary were "en rapport" as the French say.

Mary's early comment had been that "Aunt Linda cheers you up, just like a cup of tea." And she held a very warm place in Aunt Linda's heart. Such friendships, between the beginners and those advanced in life's journey, though uncommon, are good and pleasant to see.

"Ah! You like to look over these pieces too?" said Aunt Linda. "That piece," she continued. "No, I never knew the wearer, but I have heard so much about her, that I am proud to have a piece of her wedding gown in my quilt."

"How happened I to have it? Well, I'll tell you. The bride who wore this beautiful piece of silk, was Parson White's daughter; and one of her forbears married into my husband's family. This cousin-in-law gave me this little piece for my quilt.

"The story goes that when the bride was a little girl, her father, Parson White was settled in the little town of Wareham. It was in the time of the Revolutionary War and General Gage held the town of Boston. The people were nearly starved because there were so many British soldiers to feed. Accordingly, men were sent out to the surrounding towns to obtain help.

"Parson White urged his people to give all they could, and his little

daughter catching the spirit of loyalty, wondered how she could help the suffering Bostonians.

"Soon after, the village prepared to send a man to the town with cattle and sheep and a load of wheat, this little girl thought of her pet lamb, could she—*ought* she—to part with it. Running to her father she eagerly asked his advice; but the parson smiling kindly, said, 'No dear, it is not necessary that your little heart be tried in this bitter strife,' and bade her run away and be happy.

"But the thought would not leave her. There in Boston, were little girls, no older than herself, hungry, and crying for food and clothes. She *must* give all she could to help them.

"At last the day came on which the battle and supplies of help were to be taken to Boston.

"Choking down her sobs, the little patriot untied her pet from the old maple tree and crossing the field, she waited for the driver, Mr. Frederick Manning, at the cross roads. 'Please sir,' she said, her lips quivering and the tears rolling down her cheeks. 'I want to do something for the hungry little children of Boston—I want to do my best, but I have only this little lamb. Please sir, take it with you to Boston, and please carry it in your arms a part of the way—it—it is so little, sir.'

"Then bursting into tears, she threw her little apron over her face as if to shut out the sight of her pet and ran away home.

" 'Poor little girlie, you say.' Yes, poor little dear, it was too bad to give away her pet she loved so much; likely she did not have many playthings, for the chidren of those stern times were not brought up to play.

"You wonder if such loyalty would be shown now.

"Some say not; that civilization makes a people effeminate and weak, but I think if the same cause existed now as did when that happened the like spirit of high loyalty would shine forth, even the very children would rise to meet it.

"O! no, not every piece has a story; however, a number have.

"Here is one. That Roman stripe, all bright colors, pink, blue, green and red striped in, good silk too; that is one end of George's Roman necktie, he gave it to me for my quilt the morning he went away from here.

"You never met him? O, I remember you were away on a visit the few weeks he chored round here for us and went to school to the academy.

"I have to smile when I look at his piece, for it reminds me of the morning he picked the hops.

"I handed him a big market basket. Hops are light and fill up a basket quick. I told him where the hopvine grew down by the orchard wall, and I went to get on my rubbers, for the grass was wet, and go with him to show

him how to pick the hops. No, he didn't know hops; though he was bright enough.

"You laugh, but you wait till I tell you, that he went right the opposite direction from what I told him, and when I found him, he was in the back yard, flying round, as busy as a bee picking morning glory seeds off their strings, as fast as he could one by one, into that big basket.

"I don't wonder you laugh now. I *did* then so that I could not speak, to see that great, tall fellow fussing round with that half bushel basket picking those little seeds.

"I leaned up against the side of the house and shook with laughter. George looked up and saw me laughing and innocently asked if he was picking the hops right. As soon as I could speak I told him what he was picking, he looked kind of sheepish to think he got laughed at or because he did not know hops from morning glories.

"O, yes, he picked the hops all right when I got about it. He is the same one who asked if we put the milk *loose* into the tank. *Milk loose! !* The idea!

"I was telling him how to raise cream by setting new milk into a tank of cold water. Ha! ha! ha!

"Must you go now. That's a good girl to help your mother. So she is baking to-day? Well, come again soon. You like to hear the stories? I like to tell them to you, Good-bye."

A Bunch of Mistletoe.

VIRGINIA DURANT YOUNG.

ONE Sunday morning Daisy and I (Daisy is forewoman of the Fairfax *Enterprise*) set out to get a bunch of mistletoe. We each wanted some for a friend cooped up in city brick walls; not free, like ourselves, to roam in the pure air and wide-open spaces of all God's great out-of-doors.

It was the 23d of December, but mild as May; the ground to our feet like a velvet carpet, and numerous birds, mockers, thrushes, wood-peckers, not to speak of big flocks of English sparrows, were abroad and busy, on the hunt for seeds and insects.

As for us, too, we varied our exclamations of delight at the beauty of the little flecks of clouds chasing each other like lambs at play in the high blue heaven, or with eyes looking earthward we "Ah'd" or "Oh'd" over the charm of the ever-green bamboo vines and their contrasting congeners, the Christmas berry bushes.

This last bears its fruit in December, and the clustering little bright red berries, set off by narrow lanceolate evergreen leaves. are in my part of the world a favorite feature of Christmas decorations.

As Daisy and I walked we searched with our eyes the tops of the tall trees that grew near the railroad track, down which we passed for a mile. But though the big cypresses crowded their branching heads alongside pines fifty feet high, not a cluster of the longed-for "All-Heal" of the ancient Druids could we discover. At last we turned into the actual swamp, and skirting the slow oozing streams, peered everywhere for the coveted "gift from heaven," which those ancient priests of Britain would cut with nothing less valuable than a golden knife. Not only so, but the priest who cut it had to wear a white robe, and on the occasion of the cutting two white bulls were sacrificed.

Daisy and I didn't have on white robes, and the small colored boy we had brought with us to climb for the mistletoe let on to us that he was "not afraid of breaking his neck," in the conservative blood-offering manner of the old-timers.

As long as we tramped through the swamp, where the pines grew as well as the cypresses, not a bunch of mistletoe was to be seen, from which I infer that the pine absorbs something from the air which the mistletoe wants. But after awhile we reached Duck Branch, a creek with only cypresses, maples,

oaks and hickories. There grew the "viscum loranthaceæ," in huge bunches, some of them a yard wide across the top.

Having arrived at the desired haven, I threw my wrap on the ground and sat down to nurse and comfort a wretched stray kitten we had found on the swamp's edge. She was as miserable a travesty of the cat-kind as was ever seen, and I stroked her poor burned fur, and told her she should have a full meal when we got back to my house.

But, looking up in the mighty tree tops where the mistletoe grew, onr boy Anderson's heart failed him, and his feet refused to climb, though Daisy was "siccing" him with all her might. Offers of Christmas dimes palled on a mind full of fears. Raising myself from my restful posture, and dropping the cat, I saw some colored boys emerge from the swamp, driving the family cow. I immediately called to them to come to me, and when they reached me, offered them a reward of Christmas cents to go up and cut down the mistletoe.

"Will you trust me?" I asked. "I'm the Mrs. Young" that lives—

"Yes'm, we knows her."

And with not another word the little black fellows each found a tree and shinned up like squirrels. And then what a shower of the beautiful parasite, now in full perfection of fruitage, its obvertlanceolate leaves a sombre dark green and its small berries, millions of tiny clusters, looking like veritable pearls dropped down!

We came home loaded; felicitating ourselves on the joy which would ripple over the girl friends who inspired our quest,—Daisy's darling being in a hospital ward in Augusta, and my special pet a lovely creature in the old "city by the sea," Charleston, to whose eyes the light comes dimly through her finger tips.

Well, we had so much mistletoe we could afford to decorate our own parlor and sitting-room, besides sending off boxes full. And then I got to moralizing on the mistletoe, as the type of so many women, who look to men not only to support them in a pecuniary sense, but to do their thinking for them. Ouch!

Another aspect of parasitism is the tendency of people to depend on others for entertainment, instead of digging into their own minds for something precious.

This propensity to draw sustenance from others is by no means peculiar to women. Men (the sons of women) are equally given to sucking out and living on the sap from other minds, to which they are not entitled. Like the mistletoe, they crowd themselves on the brains of people whose time is precious, and haven't an idea of the parasitism they practise. I suppose the wives of preachers and doctors suffer more from this form of parasitism than almost any other class. The parishioners and patients of these hard-worked ministering men seem to fancy they have a right to take up the time and

attention of the latter's wives. And so they will make uncalled for visitations, and take all they can get of talk, or favors of whatever sort the victim yields. These impositions, when suffered, scatter one's forces and lead to imbecility.

I know a woman journalist who declines to see people in her working hours, those who do not come on business, and (of course with some exceptions) this is the only plan, and means independence.

It is Christmas morning,—the day jnst dawning,—clear, beautiful, heavenly. A red rose, fragrant as Persian Attar, rises out of a green vase on my writing table, my canary is singing a Te Deum ; and I smile, I laugh joyously, with the thought of saying, "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year" to all the dear people. So many to love and speak good words to !

The first time I ever went to church I was about four years old, and, dressed up in a crimson merino frock with a great display of bright buttons, was led by my mother's hand to the sanctuary. The preacher was a Methodist, and in the course of his peroration became very vehement and gesticulative, moving from side to side of the close, box-like pulpit. I watched him for awhile, and finally, feeling assured he was in bonds, I cried out aloud, "O papa, please let the man out of the box !" And my father, much mortified, picked me up and carried me out of the church. Well, the man is still in the box of prejudice and old-time ideas here in the South ; and I cry out to Infinite Love, "Loose him, and let him go !"

LEAVE IT WITH HIM.

ALICE WHITTIER JONES.
(Composed when the writer was 14 years old.)

When the hours and the moments are full
And the hand knows not where next to turn,
Although you make many mistakes
And there seems to be so much to learn,
Leave it with Him.

When the wrong thoughts flock in thick and fast
And you fear they will lead you astray,
Remember that Jesus can help you,—
That His grace is sufficient each day,—
And leave it with Him.

Though you think you are doing but little
For Him who has died on the tree,
If you're doing the work that He gives you
And striving just faithful to be,
Leave it with Him.

Though you cannot have things as you'd like,
And others do things that annoy,
Though you feel that your life is all dark
And that there is little of joy,
Leave it with Him.

Although you can't understand others
And others can't understand you,
And things are so very perplexing
You hardly know what you should do,
Leave it with Him.

There comes to us many a trial,
That only our Father knows why,
But He who is able and willing
Will put gladness in place of the sigh
When we leave it with Him.

And He who has promised that all things
Shall work for the good of His own
Will surely remember that promise,
And a sweet, quiet peace will be known,
As we leave it with Him.

And behind the dark clouds that hang heavy
And seem to be filling with fear,
Is a *Light*, that will ever grow brighter,
More nearly distinct and more clear,
As we leave it with Him.

And *sometime*, in *some way*, He'll show us
(It may not be here but above,)
That all the crosses we met with,
He permitted in wisdom and love.
So leave all with Him.

How Some Poems Were Written.

GRAY'S immortal "Elegy" occupied him for seven years.

Bryant wrote "Thanatopsis" in the shade of a grand old forest, a fitting spot for such a theme.

Cowper wrote one of the drollest and quaintest English ballads, "John Gilpin's Ride" when he was under one of those fits of depression so common to him.

General Lyle wrote his beautiful composition, "Antony and Cleopatra," which begins "I am dying, Egypt, dying" on the night before his death. He had a premonition that he was going to die the next day.

The noted poem, "The Falls of Niagara," was written by its author, J. G. C. Brainard, the editor of a small paper in Connecticut, in fifteen minutes. He wrote it under pressure in response to a call for "more copy."

"After the Ball," the little poem which has made the name of Nora Perry known in the world of letters, was dotted down on the back of an old letter with no idea of the popularity it was to achieve in the pages of a noted magazine.

Thomas Moore, while writing "Lalla Rookh," spent so many months in reading up Greek and Persian work that he became an accomplished Oriental scholar and people found it difficult to believe that its scenes were not penned on the spot instead of in a retired dwelling in Derbyshire.

Poe's first thought of "The Bells" was when walking the streets of Baltimore on a winter's night. He rang the bell of a lawyer's house (a stranger to him) walked into the gentleman's library, shut himself up, and the next morning presented the lawyer with a copy of the celebrated poem.

The "Old Oaken Bucket" was first suggested to the author, Samuel Woodworth, in a bar-room. A friend with whom he was drinking said that when they were boys the old oaken bucket that hung in his father's well was good enough for them to drink from. Woodworth immediately went home and wrote the famous poem.

'Old Grimes," that familiar "little felicity in verse," which caught the popular fancy as far back as 1823 was a sudden inspiration of the late Judge Albert G. Green, of Providence, R. I., who found the first verse in a collection of old English ballads and enjoying its humor, built up the remains of the poem in the same conceit.—[*The Palmetto Leaf.*

Fanny Crosby's Reminiscences.

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NUMBER SEVEN.

IN 1848, General Winfield Scott came to see us. He was said to be a magnificent looking man—over six feet in height, and well proportioned; and at sixty-two was in the fulness of his fame; for he had only a few months before entered the City of Mexico in triumph.

His career had been so splendid that we felt as if a portion of the country's history was about to walk in upon us.

He had commenced life at Petersburg, Va., which afterwards became historical in Grant's memorable siege; he had practiced law at twenty two, become tired of it at twenty-four, entered the army as a captain of light artillery, and remained in it ever since. He had been one of the heroes of 1812, and was the most prominent figures of the Mexican War, which had just closed.

The general arrived at our Institution a little earlier than the time named for his reception, and I was sent down to the parlor to entertain him during the time he was waiting. I did not flatter mysely that anything I might say would be of very much interest to so distinguished a man—one who had probably met many of the most illustrious statesmen and soldiers and scholars of the world; but he was quite pleasant, and insisted upon it that he was having a wonderfully good time. Of course his politeness and chivalry had much to do with his saying so; but if that was the only reason, he was a wonderfully good actor; for we fell to visiting as if we had known each other a long time. Perhaps after the fatigues and anxieties of the campaign, a quiet visit with a simple girl had a restful effect upon him; but certain it is, that he was so communicative, that I felt like asking him all sorts of questions that I would not have dared promise doing, an hour before.

"How did it seem, when you really found yourself in the halls of the Montezumas, General?" I asked. "Didn't you feel like shouting?"

"No," he replied: "I felt like falling on my knees and thanking God for the victory. War is a terrible thing—demoralizing in all its immediate effects. Would to God it were not sometimes necessary, in order to accomplish results!"

He paused, and I could somehow feel that he was thoughtfully looking

into the distance with the eyes of memory—scanning once more, perhaps, "The red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strewn."

When, many years after this, I heard that General Sherman said "War is Hell," I thought of my conversation that day with Scott, just from his glorious victories. He was not so epigrammatic as his illustrious successor, but he meant the same thing.

At the time General Scott and I were having our conversation, Sherman was an unknown adjutant in California, only twenty-eight years old. Neither he nor Scott perhaps had any idea that in thirteen more short years, there would be a gigantic war in this country, the like of which had never been known!

I lost my dinner by the interview (the General had had his lunch and would eat nothing), but felt well repaid, in the fact of having had a tete-a-tete with the greatest General America had thus far produced since the Revolution.

A little madcap sort of adventure occurred after we were seated on the stage, at which I often laugh, and wonder at my own temerity. There were by this time several public men of the city who had gathered in to see what was going on, and among them an alderman, whom I had met before, and who had the regular aldermanic love for a joke. He suggested that I pull General Scott's sword from the scabbard, and hold it up over his head in regular Damocles style. "I will guide your hand to its hilt," he said, "and you can do the rest." More like a school-girl of fourteen than a staid lady teacher in her twenties, I drew the sword suddenly from its scabbard, held it over his head, and on the impulse of the moment exclaimed, "General Scott, you are my prisoner!"

I was startled at what I had done, and apprehensive of what might follow at the alderman's odd and ill-timed joke: but was immediately relieved in mind, when the grim old warrior laughed good-naturedly, and replied, "I surrender at discretion. I always do, to the ladies. Now let me show you how to wield it." Which he did, guiding my arm with his huge soldierly hand. It waa a simple incident, but one for a women to remember as long as she lived.

After the exercises were over, he said, playfully:

"Well, Miss Fanny, I suppose that the next I hear, some one will have picked you up and run off with you."

I replied, thoughtlessly:

"Oh no, Mr. General! *I'm* going to wait for the next President!"

I said this forgetting that he had already been talked about as a candidate for the office; and my cheeks must have suddenly assumed a fiery red color when the fact occurred to me. But the General was safe, so far as any of us poor spinsters were concerned: he had thirty-one years before married the beautiful and accomplished Miss Mayo, of Richmond, and had always been noted as a very chivalrous and devoted husband. She was, however, not destined to grace the parlors of the White House as the first lady of the land; the General ran for President on the Whig ticket a few years later, and, much to my sorrow, was defeated.

Sketches from Our Exchanges.

LAUNCHING BATTLESHIPS.

"THE mere act of getting a war vessel into the water costs a lot of money, time and trouble," said an engineer, speaking of the recent launching of several new torpedo boats. "I spent a year and a half in the designing room of Cramps' yard" he continued, "and happen to know what I am talking about. Of course the launching of a little torpedo boat is comparatively easy, and the cost is not over a few hundred dollars including flowers and souvenirs and even the bottle of champagne used in the christening. But when it comes to a big armored cruiser or a first class battleship it is a horse of a different color, and the actual expense seldom falls below $4,000 or $5,000. I've known it to go as high as $8,000

"The building of the ways for the ship to slide down over is the main item, and then comes the greasing. Every inch of timber over which the vessel slides must be covered with a lubricant. Different firms use different substances, but soap and tallow form the main ingredients of them all. At Cramp's we used a layer of beef tallow and a layer of soft soap, and taken all together between 1 and 1½ tons of the stuff were required to put a move on an average battleship. The tallow is spread on first to the depth of about three fingers, and then the workmen use big flat trowels to make the surface as smooth as possible. Then pour over the soft soap which is just thick enough to run, of about the consistency of tar.

"As a general thing, the double coating answers the purpose admirably, and the ship slides into the the water as if it was sailing on air. If it sticks, as has happened in a few cases, it is likely to spring some of its plates and accidents of that kind are so costly that nothing is spared to avert them."

IN THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

FEW of the thousands of visitors to the Washington Mouument have the disposition to climb its nine hundred steps. It is much easier to ride on the elevator, which makes the ascent of the tall column in about eight minutes. But visitors who walk one way, either up or down, are well rewarded by a near view of the inscriptions on the Memorial Tablets.

One hundred and seventy-six of these tablets were contributed by various societies, lodges, cities, states, foreign countries and private individuals. The variety of their inscriptions attests the wide reach of the influence of Washington.

The Association of Journeymen Stone-Cutters of Philadelphia, under the emblems of their trade, inscribed on their tablet, "United We Stand."

Westmoreland County, Virginia, describes itself simply as the Birth Place of Washington."

Greece, the "Mother of Ancient Liberty," sends from the Parthenon "This Ancient Stone as a Testimony of Honor and Admiration."

The Turkish inscription, it is said, was written by the court poet and bears a date in a "year of the Hegira." One of the longest inscriptions appears on a stone presented by some Chinese Christians of Che Heang, China, in 1853. It declares George Washington to have been braver than Tsau-Tsau or Lin-Pi.

A likeness of Shakespeare stands cut on a stone at the twenty-sixth landing, as the short level spaces between the flights of stairs are called, bearing these words above: "All that live must die," and below: "A tribute of respect from the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Dramatic Profession of America."

TREES.

MUCH sentiment has attached to trees in all lands and in all ages. Acorns from the oaks of Mount Vernon were presented to the Tsar of Russia by a brother of the late Senator Sumner. They were planted, by order of the emperor, in the imperial preserves of St. Petersburg, and there grew into fine trees, the acorns from which were, in their turn, brought back to the United States by Mr. Hitchcock, then ambassador to Russia and later Secretary of the Interior. These acorns will be planted at Mount Vernon, near their "grandparents."

After a recent visit to England, Senator Hoar of Massachusetts brought back young British oaks from the royal forest of Dean and chestnuts from the estates of the Earl of Ducie. These will be studied by our foresters as they grow in the mall at Washington. Within the enclosure of the Botanical Gardens at Washington many trees, planted by prominent American statesmen, have grown to be objects of great interest and beauty.

Charles Sumner planted a European hornbeam; Thaddeus Stevens an Oriental plane-tree; Senator Beck an American elm; President Hayes a rare variety of oak; Senator Hoar a cedar of Lebanon. A Scotch plane-tree planted by Senator Frye is pointed out to all visitors. There are many others, but enough have been mentioned to show the interest that attaches to a tree carrying the name of the person by whom it was planted.

SUCCESSFUL BLIND PEOPLE.

In this department, which is dedicated to the cause for the advancement of which this periodical is published, we hope to serve a double purpose. We wish first to call the attention of the seeing world to what it is possible for blind persons to accomplish.

Second, to have this knowledge, by means of the thoughtful kindness of our subscribers, reach the sightless everywhere and stimulate them to make the most of their lives.

Every blind man or woman, young or vigorous, with a favorable opportunity may become self-sustaining. The right amount of perseverance will command the opportunity. All who wish to know what is being accomplished to increase the methods by which blind people may become independent are invited to open correspondence with the American Association to Promote the Education and Employment of the Blind, 3124 Fourteenth St. N. W., Washington, D. C., enclosing stamp for reply.

A recent Chicago paper has given accounts of some blind people living in that city who have had more than ordinary success in their chosen professions. It refers at length to Dr. Rob't H. Babcock, a sketch of whom we published in May TALKS AND TALES. The story is also told of a young student of medicine, who has been wholly blind for more than eighteen years, and who has just completed with honor the course at the Chicago Homeopathic Medical College, and will now take a post-graduate course.

Four years ago when Mr. George C. Dobbins applied for admission to the Chicago Homeopathic College members of the faculty and students refused to believe that he could keep pace with the studies or hold his own at the clinical demonstrations and diagnoses of disease.

But the blind student fooled them all. Remarkable power of concentration, developed by fourteen years' dependence upon hearing, touch and smell, enabled him to memorize lectures which escaped the dissipated observations of more fortunate students. His refined sense of hearing became the wonder of his class in the use of stethoscope, percussion, and other tests of lung and chest affections which must be diagnosed by sound. In the appreciation of tumors, cancers, inflamation and other ailments that are adjudged by the operator's touch Mr. Dobbins quickly demonstrated his superiority,

and he was not in the college a year before he was recognized and respected as one of its leading students.

Influenced by his peculiar limitations Mr. Dobbins determined to devote all his professional efforts to diseases of the lungs, chest, and respiratory organs. In this department of medical science sounds and not sight are the doctor's guides, and his classmates and professors are agreed that the blind student is in every way qualified to become a successful specialist along such lines.

Dr. J. Wilson Evans, classmate and comrade of Dr. Dobbins, has made a practice of reading aloud to his friend all the lectures and printed literature bearing upon their mutual studies.

'I think Dr. Dobbins's lack of sight has been more than offset by his wonderful powers of concentration," said Dr. Evans. "He need hear a lecture but once to remember it. The facility with which he absorbs and applies knowledge has been a source of wonder to us all. His sense of touch and his sense of hearing are equally exquisite—far superior to those of men who have their sight. Furthermore, he has not lost his appreciation of form and color. He was a grown man when he lost his sight, and he remembers colors, tones, shades, and forms so well that a written or recited description immediately enables him to form an idea of the shape or color of anything."

Dr. Dobbins has already collected a library of scientific books, all printed with raised letters. He reads as rapidly as though he could see. He is an expert with the typewriter, and is proud of the fact that he was one of the first telegraph operators to transcribe a telegraphic message upon the writing machine. He is able to take dictation as speedily as the average shorthand writer and prefers the machine to either pen or pencil.

In Chicago, in 1864, Edward J. Nolan was born, with normal sight. At two years of age he became blind. At the Illinois School for the Blind in Jacksonville he acquired an excellent education and a thorough knowledge of the different systems of point writing for the blind. He left the school at 18 and returned to Chicago where he began the study of music, while preparing himself for his chosen career as a lawyer.

He began a systematic study of law at the Chicago College of Law in 1892 and was graduated in 1894. He received the degree of LL. B. from Lake Forest University and was considered one of the brightest members of his graduating class. Mr. Nolan began to practice his profession at once and he has succeeded in building up an enviable reputation as an attorney.

For several years he was President of the Social and Mutual Advancement Association of the Blind of Chicago, during which time the Industrial Home was considered in the Legislature. It was this society which originated the plan for the establishment of the home in Chicago.

He represented the society and the blind generally in Springfield during the session in which the bill was first brought up and his support contributed a great deal to its final success.

At present he is in his second term as President of the National American Blind People's Higher Education and General Improvement Association.

Mr. Nolan has contributed articles on different subjects to various newspapers and magazines of this country.

Mr. Nolan demonstrates to a marked degree that physical vision is not an absolute necessity for success in life.

Other things being equal the man without sight can do his work as thoroughly as the sighted man, and in some respects in some professions the lack of sight is a distinct advantage.

Blind people acquire a power of concentration that is almost unknown among seeing people.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

This Institution has been in operation for more than forty-six years having admitted its first pupil December 7th, 1854. The Report of the President of the Board of Directors says, "The Institution has been continuous in growth, not only in numbers, but in accommodations and facilities. The object of the Board of Directors has been to maintain a school for blind children of our State fully equal to the best in the country. The education of the blind like every other branch of educational work has made constant progress toward a broader and more liberal course of training. * * * * *

Reports from time to time, from graduates of the School who are fighting the battle of life with more or less success, encourage us to feel that our work is on correct lines."

The curriculum of literary studies covers a wide range from the Kindergarten through Higher English, the Sciences and Mathematics.

The Musical Department also makes broad and liberal provision for the development of all the active or latent musical powers of the children. It is difficult for seeing people, unless they have been thrown much into the society of the blind, to appreciate the value of music in bringing sunshine, pleasure and companionship into the lives of these who are forced to sit in the shadows.

The industrial arts are not neglected. Instruction is given in piano tuning, broom and mattress making, chair-caning, sewing, both plain and machine, crochetting, knitting and fancy work.

While this Institution is primarily a school for children between seven and eighteen years of age, we are glad to notice that employment to eight or nine blind men, has been furnished in the broom shop during the past year.

These men are not connected with the school, but live at their own homes coming to the shop daily and working by the piece. In this way they each earn from four to eight dollars a week according to their skill.

The buildings are large and convenient with pleasant surroundings. The cost of carrying on the work for the last year, as given in Superintendent's report is a little less than $31,000.

DONATIONS.

Mrs. Chas. F. Smith.....$1 00
Mr. J. A. Walter..... 5 00
Mr. H. D. Tillotson..... 1 00
Sheets and Pillow Cases.....Cheerful Workers' Circle, Prospect Ave. Chapter House.
Sheets and Pillow Cases.....Girls' Mission Circle, Park Cong. Church
Clothing, Kitchen Utensils, Furniture, Steel Knives, Reading Matter:—Rev. and Mrs. Marsh, Mrs. Boyd, Mrs. James Bartlett, Mrs. Twiss, Mrs. W. N. Coomes, Mrs. Sara E. Browne and Friends.
10 Tickets to Entertainment Colt's Memorial House.....Church Good Shepherd
25 Tickets to Annual Sunday School Picnic " " "

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

A Noted Convention.

A Pug and a Pony
A Puss and a Poll
Belonged to a little Miss Lou.
They held a convention right out by the farm,
And decided the things they would do.
Miss Lou was provoking,
There wasn't a doubt;
For twenty-four hours
She hadn't been out.

The Pony was sulky
For want of his sweets,
Miss Pussy for want of her milk,
The Pug was disgusted and growled a great deal,
Because he'd no bow of pink silk.
The Poll was provoking,
There wasn't a doubt;
For, in spite of these trials,
She would not speak out.

The Pony suggested
And said he should vote
That each one should frighten Miss Lou.
The Pug said, "He'd tear up her lovely new doll,
And Puss her canary could chew."
Said Poll (most provoking
There wasn't a doubt),
"As sure as you do it,
I'll let the thing out."

—*St. Louis Star.*

AN UP TO DATE BOY.

HE was a freckled-faced, foxy-looking boy of thirteen or fourteen, and not more than about half as big as he ought to be, but he was wiry and his eyes were clear. The proprietor of the store was in his office when the boy entered.

"Do you want a boy here?" asked the boy with confidence.

"What do I want with a boy?" replied the proprietor, with an intent to have fun with his visitor.

"I don't know," was the unabashed response. "I guess they have boys around stores sometimes, and I thought you might want one."

"Well, since you have mentioned it, I do.

"What kind of a boy do you want?"

The proprietor looked him over with a more or less suspicious eye.

"I want a good boy," he said slowly.

"Then I won't do," said the youngster.

"Why won't you? Are you a bad boy?"

"Um—um—er," hesitated the caller, "I'm just a boy, that's all. There's something wrong with 'em when they're good."

He started out, when the proprietor called him back.

"Hold on," he said. "Maybe you are what I want."

"If you don't want a good thing, I'm it," said the boy, "and you won't have to push me along, neither."

"How much do you want?"

"I want a million, but I'll take $3 a week."

"When can you begin?"

"This very minute, if you'll give me my supper. I haven't had nothing to eat for three weeks."

"Nothing to eat for three weeks?" exclaimed the proprietor.

"Nothing fit. I've scraped along as I could but I haven't had a square meal with pie on the side."

"All right, you shall have your supper. And where will you sleep?"

"Oh, I won't sleep at all. I'm going to stay awake of nights I ain't busy, so's I can feel how good it is to have a job and get money in my clothes. Hully gee, there's a kid out there's trying to get away with a piece of lead pipe. Let me crack him once." And the new employe dashed out after the offender.—*Washington Star.*

ROBINS AND CHINA BERRIES.

Many of his northern friends will be shocked to learn that Robin Redbreast leads a double life.

When Robin goes south for his winter vacation he is tempted and falls, relates the Detroit *Free Press.* It happens in this way:

In December and January the robins find on the Gulf coast China berries,—of which they are extremely fond. Now the China berry is a very dangerous food for robins. It contains some narcotic principle that affects a robin just as alcohol affects a man. It makes Robin drunk, and when he is drunk he acts precisely like a drunken man. Exhilarated at first, he dances about and sings in a "We--won't--go-home--till-morning" sort of a way. This happy condition is soon followed by a drunken stupor.

While in this stupid state the negro boys easily pick the birds from the low branches where they are perched.

After a little the birds recover, but only to hunt more China berries. As long as there are China berries Robin is consistently and persistently drunk.

Now it must not be thought that even a robin can undergo this sort of debauch for a month or six weeks without its having some effect on him. Robin soon loses his self-respect, grows ragged, neglects his bath, and appears generally disreputable. He is a very sad-looking bird. In February they gather in countless thousands in the canebrakes of Tennessee and Alabama. At this season the visitor from the North finds "robin pie" a common dish on southern tables. On inquiring, he learns that the robins are slaughtered by thousands. Men with torches visit the roosts by night and knock the dazed birds off their perches in great numbers. The writer heard of one man bringing into market at one time 180 dozen, a single night's murderous work.

He GOT A HOLIDAY.

When I was about eleven years old I one day rebelled against going to school. I preferred the hook and line and the babbling brook, and I said to father—a farmer—at the dinner table, "Can't I stay out of school this afternoon?"

"Oh, yes," he answered promptly to my no small surprise.

I ate my dinner with keen anticipations of a jolly afternoon; but as we rose from the table father said, "Come with me. I need a little help in picking up the fallow ground."

When the trees of the forest were felled they were cut in logs, rolled together and burned, after which it was necersary to pick up the charred sticks, and make smaller heaps for another fire When father said "Come with me," I knew what he meant, and I went.

At night I was black as a negro and sour as a lemon, and the next morning I said, "Father, I think I would rather go to school to-day."

"All right," he answered: "go ahead," and after that I was careful not to ask for a holiday without some very good reason.—*Chicago Herald.*

A Thrush and Her Lover.

An exchange tells a story of a Highland laddie, who to his great delight caught a female song thrush in his net. He took it home and put it in an open-braid basket, and having tied the lid down securely, he hung it near the open window. The minister was called in by the boy's mother who wished him to persuade her son to let the bird go free. The clergyman noticed another thrush on a branch opposite the window and called the boy's attention to it. The boy replied that it had followed him all the way home. The clergyman hung the basket well outside and told the boy to quietly watch with him to see what would happen. In a short time the captive bird gave a call to her mate and he came to the cage and began billing and cooing to the prisoner. He dressed her feathers and stroked her neck all the while talking to her as only bird lovers know how. Suddenly he put on a very fierce air and began to pick at the holes in the lid as if determined to let his mate out. By this time the mother was wiping the tears from her eyes and the boy cried out: "I'll let the bird go." He took the basket back to where he had snared the bird and let the thrush out. Immediately she was joined by her mate and they flew off happily together. The boy had learned a good lesson.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Mamma—"Did you tell God how naughty you were?"

Lily—"No; I was ashamed. I thought it had better not get out of the family."

———o———

The inevitable disillusionment had come.

"My mouth is no longer a rosebud, of course!" she exclaimed, bitterly.

"A rosebud is always closed, I believe!" sighed the man, her husband, making no effort to conceal his emotion.

———o———

"My love for you," he cried, passionately, "is pure—pure as the driven snow!"

"Let me understand you," she said. She was visibly touched, and yet one must be so careful. "Do you mean city or country."

———o———

"What little boy will tell me why Lot's wife was turned into a pillar of salt?" asked the Sunday-school teacher.

Freddy Filkin's hand went up, and the good lady nodded to him to give his answer. "Because she was too fresh."

———o———

"Tommy, your teacher says you are the poorest scholar in your class."

Tommy—"That's nothing. It is only because I don't answer all the questions she is asking us every day. It isn't wise to tell all you know to a woman, even if she does happen to be a school teacher."

"I see that the cream of the British army is now in the transvaal."

"Yes, the whipped cream."

———o———

Paterfamilias—"Tommy, stop pulling that poor cat's tail."

Tommy—"I'm not pulling it, pa. I'm only holding on to it. The cat's pulling it."

———o———

Employer (to clerk)—"This is disgraceful, Jones; here I am at the office first."

Clerk—"Yes, sir; I have always been taught to give precedence to my superiors."

———o———

Misstress—"I hope I didn't disturb you and your lover when I went into the kitchen last night."

Cook—"Not at ali, mum! Oi toid him that you was my chappyrone!"

———o———

Teacher—"What influence has the moon upon the tide?"

High School Girl—"I don't know what effect it has on the tide, but it has a tendency to make the untied spoony."

———o———

"Well, that's enough to try the patience of Job," exclaimed the village minister, as he threw aside the local paper.

"Why, what's the matter, dear?" asked his wife.

"Last Sundaay I preached from the text, 'Be ye therefore steadfast,'" answered the good man, but the printer makes it read, 'Be ye there for breakfast.'"

Mike (opening his pay envelope),—"Faith, that's the stingiest man I ever worked for."

Pat—"Phwat's the matter wid ye, didn't ye git as much as ye ixpected!"

Mike—"Yes, but I was countin' on gettin' more than I ixpected."

———o———

Mrs. Goode—"You are the sixth man who has asked me for something to eat to-day."

The tramp (sadly)—"I s'pose so. If de competition in dis line gits any wuss, some of us'll have to go to work."

———o———

"Gracious!" said the summer boarder, "What is that tower with the great wheel on top of it?"

"That there is a windmill," the farmer explained.

"Really? About how much wind will it turn out in a day?"

———o———

Nellie was much interested in Aunt Mary's Chandelier when she went to the city to stay with her, and when she went home she exclaimed: "Oh, mother, I do wish we had a place for our lamps to roost on like Aunt Mary has!"

———o———

"Judson has developed into a confirmed kicker, but his wife can handle him every time; he kicked last night because his dinner was cold."

"What was his wife's play?"

"She made it hot for him."

———o———

A modern philosopher thinks it is a mistake to suppose women have stronger attachments than men. A man is often attached to an old hat; but, he asks: "Whoever heard of woman being attached to an old bonnet?"

"Dickie, when you divided those five caramels with little sister, did you give her three?"

"No, ma. I guessed they wouldn't come out even, so I et one 'fore I begun to divide."

———o———

Fairlie—"Jack, have you that £10 I lent you the other day?"

Flyntie—"Not all of it, old chap, but what I have will do me a day or two longer. Jolly kind and thoughtful of you to inquire, though.

———o———

"Mildred," said her father, "I am willing that the young lieutenant who comes here should make a coaling station of my house again this winter, but if he ever hints at annexation you may tell him I am unalterably opposed to it."

———o———

Mike—"Arrah, Pat, an' phat's the manein' of thim words I sees in the newspapers—germs, an' parisites, an' moicrobes?"

Pat—"Sure, Moike, an' they're all wan. Whin they're from Germany they're germs, an' from France they're parasites, an' from Oireland they're moicrobes.?'

———o———

One little boy, standing by a window watching the flies on the pane, said: "Didn't you say God made everything, mother?"

"Yes, my boy, everything."

"Yes, even the flies."

"After a momentary silence he remarked: "It must be fiddling work making flies."

Teacher—"Johnny, tell me the name of the tropical belt north of the equator."

Johnny—"Can't sir."

Teacher—"Correct. That will do."

SELECTED MATTER.

Life's Journey.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

As we speed out of youth's sunny station
The track seem to shine in the light,
But it suddenly shoots over chasms
Or sinks into tunnels of night.
And the hearts that were brave in the morning
Are filled with repining and fears
As they pause at the City of Sorrow
Or pass thro' the Valley of Tears.

But the road of this perilous journey
The hand of the Master has made;
With all its discomforts and dangers,
We need not be sad or afraid.
Paths leading from light into darkness,
Ways plunging from gloom to despair,
Wind out thro' the tunnels of midnight
To fields that are blooming and fair,

Tho' the rocks and the shadows surround us,
Tho' we catch not one gleam of the day
Above us, fair cities are laughing
And dipping white feet in some bay.
And always, eternal, forever
Down over the hills in the west,
The last final end of our journey,
There lies the Great Station of Rest.

'Tis the Grand Central point of all railways,
All roads centre here when they end;
'Tis the final resort of all tourists,
All rival lines meet here and blend,
All tickets, all mile-books, all passes,
If stolen or begged for or bought,
On whatever road or division,
Will bring you at last to this spot.

If you pause at the City of Trouble
Or wait in the Valley of Tears,
Be patient, the train will move onward
And rush down the track of the years,
Whatever the place is you seek for,
Whatever your aim or your quest,
You shall come at the last with rejoicing
To the beautiful City of Rest.

You shall store all your baggage of worries,
You shall feel perfect peace in this realm,
You shall sail with old friends on fair waters,
With joy and delight at the helm.
You shall wander in cool, fragrant gardens
With those who have loved you the best,
And the hopes that were lost in life's journey,
You shall find in the City of Rest.

IN the northwestern part of Apache County, Arizona, is located the most remarkable petrified forest yet discovered on the American continent, and what geologists believe to be the most wonderful specimens of silicified trees in the world. The forest is about eight miles square and

was originally composed principally of firs. It is located upon a plateau which is 5,500 feet above tide water, although the theory of geologists is that the woodland in its natural state originally existed at a much higher altitude. It is in the center of one of the most desolate parts of the West, surrounded for many miles by a country which yields principally sage brush and soapweed. The nearest stream, which is about twenty miles distant from the forest, is lined with a stunted growth of cottonwood trees and is called the Dirty River from the quality of the liquid, which can hardly be called water, flowing through it. The cottonwood trees and a small clearing at the nearest railroad station include the only living vegetation in the vicinity of the forest, with the exception of a few small cedar trees and bushes near what is termed the "Natural Bridge."

THINK of an entire church being constructed of the wood from a single tree! Santa Clara, Cal., has such a house of worship. In 1853, first Baptist service held in that region was conducted under an oak tree. When the same Baptist society decided to build a church the site on which the tree stood was elected. This monster of the forest, which cast an acre of shade, was then cut down at a height of twenty-five feet and the timber was cut into lumber. The big stump was partially hollowed out and allowed to stand as the church tower. A high steeple was erected on it, and the church was built from the timber made from the giant oak. When the church was complete 1200 feet of lumber remained unused. The building is thirty feet wide, seventy feet deep. It is a strong and handsome structure, and is one of the "show places" of Santa Clara.

AS most flowers are associated in our minds with sunshine, it is quite a surprise to find a few whose charms are greatest at night with the pale moonlight falling on them. Their unusual fragrance betrays them, and our glance is held by the large white blossoms of the moon-flower vines, then strays to the low but equally fragrant night-scented stock. The evening primroses and the nicotiana attract our attention as well. By day the garden is laden with the sweetness of the dianthus, sweet-woodruff, wall-flowers, sweet scafioso, and roses; so that no matter how small the garden, at all times there are fragrance and bloom. Some prefer to enclose their gardens either by hedges of hollyhocks or by training vines on wire—honeysucle and sweet-pease are admirably suited for this. An unusual but beautiful hedge is formed by the foliage of the prickly poppy.

IT is really remarkable the prejudice which exists among persons otherwise sensible and intelligent against night air. They consider a breath of it while sleeping as something to be carefully guarded against. Yet science has announced and experience justified the fact that at no time in the twenty-four hours is the

air of a crowded city so wholesome and pure as after 11 o'clock. This is specially true during warm spring and summer months, when the setting of the sun and the consequent cooling process which the earth immediately begins sends off vapors and exalations in vitiating quantities. After two or three hours the atmosphere is rid of its impurities and clear to a noticeable degree.

When a Chinese baby takes a nap people think its soul is having a rest —going out for a long walk, perhaps. If the nap is a very long one, the mother is frightened. She is afraid that her baby's soul has wandered too far away and cannot find its way home. If it doesn't come back, of course the baby will never awaken. Sometimes men are sent out on the street to call the baby's name over and over again, as though it were a real child lost. They hope to lead the soul back home. If a baby sleeps while it is being carried from one place to another, the danger of losing the soul along the way is very great. So, whoever carries the little one keeps saying its name out loud, so that the soul will not stray away. They think of the soul as a bird hopping after them.

The wife of a Methodist minister in an Indiana town has been married three times. Her first husband's name was Robbins, the second Sparrow and the present one Quayle. There are two little Robbins, one little Sparrow and two little Quayles and they live on Bird street. Their fellow townsman designate them as "the game family."

At the birth of a Japanese baby a tree is planted, which must remain untouched until the marriage day of the child. When the nuptial hour arrives the tree is cut down, and a skilled Cabinet-maker transforms the wood into furniture, which is considered by the young people as the most beautiful of all the ornaments of the house.

Queen Victoria's maiden name was Azon; so that if all titles had been abolished in her youth she would have been simply "Miss Azon," and on her marriage would have been known as "Mrs. Wettin." The Czar of Russia wonld similarly be Mr. Oldenburg, a name which he would share with the Kings of Denmark and Greece.

It is not seeing one's friends, having them within reach, hearing from them, which makes them ours. It is the believing in them, the depending on them, assured that they are good and true to the core, and therefore could not but be good and true toward everybody else, ourselves included.

The natural habit of human beings appears to be the use of the teeth on the left side of the mouth for masticating the food. During a lengthened period of observation only one person out of thirteen was found who used both sides of his mouth for chewing and masticating his food.

BILL NYE says a case of appendicitis required an operation some weeks ago, and the surgeon never tried it before. When he had removed the inflamed appendix on account of some typographical errors that he had found in it, he began to put back the other organs, but after three or four days and an apparent healing of the wound, "bv its first intention," he found an odd looking organ behind the lounge that had evidently been left out. The other doctors have worried him a great deal about it, and at the funeral of the patient tried to get the clergyman to make an allusion to it in the sermon. A doctor cannot be too careful in that way. I once knew a young surgeon to operate for appendicitis on a large, roomy man, and, had it not been for a timely autopsy, he would not have known to this day that a good twenty-five cent cigar dropped out of the physician's pocket during the operation and was sewed up in the patient's annex. Had it not been for the post-mortem, the cigar would have been a dead loss.

AN important and curious discovery was made in the cellar of Peabody museum at Yale university the other day. In a rubbish heap, ready to be thrown away, were found more than a 100 Aztec gold ornaments and relics, used both in households and temples. The ornaments were packed away in a crate. In turning over a pile of empty boxes piled up to be carted away one of the students lifted a box that was half opened, and from which a number of what seemed to be brass articles fell out at his feet. The under-graduate took one of the pieces to the laboratory and applied testing acids to the surface. He immediately discovered that the article, weighing some ounces, was pure gold. It was then found that the remainder of the ornaments were also pure gold.

"The Man with the Hoe" is "Looking Backward" at "Robert Elsmere" and "Trilby" and wondering if "Alice of Old Vincennes" is going "To Have aud to Hold" her own as "Richard Carvel" and "Janice Meredith" and "David Harum" did, while "The Gentleman from Indiana" is sadly sighing as he thinks of the days "When Knighthood was in Flower" down at "Red Rock" and "The Choir Invisible" sang "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush."

THE Chinese are not generally educated. About one man in every hundred can read and write, and about one out of a thousand women. Foreigners can seldom do more than learn one dialect in a lifetime. To speak one dialect, it is necessary to know at least 6,000 words. One well-known translator of the Chinese classics did not speak enough words to be understood by his Chinese servants.

THE lives of Lord Byron and Bulwer Lytton converge in the person of a son recently born to the Hon. Mrs. Neville Lytton. The child's father is the grandson of Bulwer Lytton and

his mother is the daughter of Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, the poet, and of Lady Anne Blunt, the famous writer and traveler. Lady Anne Blunt is the granddaughter of Lord Byron. If literary heritage counts for anything this boy should be a prodigy.

THE natural habit of human beings appears to be the use of the teeth on the left side of the mouth for masticating the food. During a lengthened period of observation only one person out of thirteen was found who used both sides of the mouth for chewing and masticating his food.

IN securing the photographs which illustrate his "Bird Studies with a Camera," recently published by the Appletons, Frank M. Chapman traveled over 10,000 miles, and his account of his experiences combines in an unusual manner the charm of sport and adventure and the value of an original contribution to ornithology and photography.

WOODPULP paper as military clothing is used by the Japanese troops. It is marvelously tough and has an appearance that might well be regarded with satisfaction for summer wear. It holds stitching uncommonly well, while its warmth is undoubted.

IN Tripoli barley constitutes the bulk of the food of the people. The area under this crop constitutes about three-fourths of the cultivated land, and the annual crop is from 1,400,000 to 2,000,000 bushels.

IN the evolution of signaling, the flag has largely given way for day work to the heilograph—a movable mirror with an attached finger key which controls its movements and throws the image of the sun to the eye of the observer at the receiving station.

IN Maine there are 17 spool factories, and the white birch trees of that State annually supply the material for three hundred million spools, on which are subsequently wound about fifty billion yards of thread.

JAPAN has only 148,000 square miles, all told, and a population of about 44,000,000. The one province of Szechuen alone, in China, is nearly 10 per cent. higher than that of the Mikado's kingdom.

GUTTA PERCHA in Sumatra and Borneo is being exhausted owing to the reckless and primitive way in which the trees are treated. The Philippine Islands will prove an excellent place for profitably growing gutta percha.

EVERY acre planted in peas is good for a net profit of from $20 to $45, and the industry in this country alone this year is good for $200,000, which is much more than will be the revenue from the country's wheat crop.

THE Chinese think that they occupy the middle of the earth and that all other nations are merely dwelling on the edges. The most respectful term to designate a foreigner is "the ocean man."

WERE it not for the multitude of storks that throng to Egypt every winter, there would be no living in the country, for after every inundation frogs appear in most incredible numbers.

AMONG the fossil animals that have recently figured in geological literature is a fossil camel from Roumania which enjoys the unique distinction of being the only one so far known in Europe.

EASTERN oysters do not reproduce well in the colder waters of Oregon and Washington. An attempt is to be made, therefore, to acclimate there the fine large oysters of northern Japan.

GLASS bricks are gradually coming into use. Glass will soon be used in makings statues for public places. It resists the corroding effect of the weather better than marble or granite.

THERE are 13,000,000 acres of primeval forests in Cuba.

ALL the Chinese who come to the United States are from Canton and its near neighborhood, and consequently speak the Cantonese dialect.

THE neat little city of Osage, Kan., has three pretty little parks. They are beautiful and maintained by the women of the place.

ASTRONOMER WOLFE, of Heidelberg, by means of his photographic process, discovered three asteroids in a single night.

OF the eleven emperors and empresses of Russia between Peter I and Alexander II., four have been assassinated.

ENVELOPES were first used for letters in 1839, and the first issue of postage stamps was authorized in 1847.

THE only tea factory in the United States is located at Pinehurst, near Summerville, S. C.

CHESS was played 3,000 years ago, according to certain pictures in Egyptian tombs.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE GLOBE-TROTTERS.

PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.—The formal dedication of the Pan-American Exposition took place on May 20. Large crowds attended the exercises which passed off smoothly. They consisted of music, prayer, reading of congratulatory messages, two poems and addresses by John G. Milburn, President of the Exposition, Conrad Diehl, Mayor of Buffalo, Vice-President Roosevelt, Lieutenant-Governor T. L. Woodruff of New York and Senator Henry Cabot Lodge. The principal pictorial features of the day consisted of parades and fireworks. The Exposition is now in full swing, although finishing touches are being put on. The wealth of color by day and the brilliancy of the nightly displays are charming thousands of visitors. No city can be better situated or more admirably adapted to the requirements of a great exposition than Buffalo, as it is tapped by a score of railroads and accessible by the steamers which ply the Great Lakes. The site of the Exposition is also ideal. It lies on the northern outskirts of the city in the largest and most beautiful of the parks and embraces an area of three hundred and fifty acres. The architectural style chosen was the Spanish renaissance. The material is staff, a combination of plaster and hemp fiber, but instead of being the customary white, it has been given a warm tint like that of old ivory, and the roofs and ornamental details are as various as the colors of the spectrum. The principal buildings surround a broad and beautiful court in the form of an inverted cross. No one who visits the Exposition at night can fail to be impressed by the prominent place given to electricity. Five hundred thousand lamps are used about the buildings and courts and not an arc lamp among them. Many of the bulbs are of ground instead of transparent glass which has a beautiful softening effect. The fountains flow with liquid fire, and even the still water in the basins is rendered luminous by hundreds of floating lights. In a practical sense, too, electricity is much in evidence and the exhibit is almost a complete history of the science, from the piece of amber which gave it a name to wireless telegraphy and the submarine telephone. The United States Government building consists of a great central structure rising to a splendid dome and crowned with a group of statuary twenty feet high, representing Victory. The two great buildings devoted to manufactures and

liberal arts and machinery and transportations are inexhaustible storehouses of interest and information. The Pan-American Midway occupies nearly a third of the whole space, and has almost a mile of streets. Among the attractions are, "Trip to the Moon," "Streets in Mexico," "House Upside Down," "Venice in America," "Filipino Village" and numerous others.

AFFAIRS IN CUBA.—The modified version of the Platt Amendment was accepted by the Cuban Constitutional Convention on May 28 by a vote of fifteen to fourteen. When it was found at Washington that several clauses in the Amendment had been changed by the Cubans, the President and his Cabinet refused to accept it in its modified condition, and will continue to govern the island until such times as the Amendment is received in the original version. When such is accepted, the Convention will draw up an electoral law, and ninety days after its adoption by this body, according to the Constitution, an election will take place to fill the offices created by the Constitution. When this stage is finally reached control of the island will be transferred to the Cubans.

BOER SITUATION — Through the strict censorship maintained by Gen. Kitchner, it is almost impossible to ascertain the exact conditions in South Africa. It is known that about four thousand soldiers are needed monthly to replace those incapacitated through sickness, wounds and death. About thirty thousand of the whole are in field duty, the rest being employed in garrison duty and maintaining the long lines of communication. On the other hand, the Boer force seems constantly increasing with marked improvement in their fighting qualities. They are getting part of their supplies from the native negroes. General Kitchener has failed to capture any of the leading Boer Commanders, and things have become so serious in Cape Colony, that he has sent General French there to assume charge of affairs. People in England are dissatisfied at the continued expense attached to the war with no definite prospects in cessation. Rumor claims that Queen Wilhelmina will act as mediator with a willingness on Great Britain's part to accept.

TUBERCULOUS IMMIGRATION PROHIBITION.—Commissioner-General of Immigration, T. V. Powderly, has instructed the Commissioner of the port of New York not to admit immigrants suffering ftom tuberculosis. This disease is now considered of a dangerous contagious nature, and as the percentage of cases amongst immigrants is high, this preventive measure, it is hoped, will lessen the ravages of the disease in this country. The sanitary officers fear it wlll be immpossible to execute the order as it is difficult to detect consumption except in an advanced stage, therefore, a cursory examination will be inadequate, and a thorough examination would necessitate the retention of immigrants for weeks. They suggest examination at ports of embarkation.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY TO BE LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY.—Gas has been used for a long time in the Abbey, but it has caused a chemical change in the limestone which is followed by disintegration and not long ago a small marble shaft fell from one of the windows in St. Andrew's Chapel because the iron pin which held it for six hundred years had become corroded. Electricity will now be used instead.

EAST RIVER BRIDGE CABLES.—A few weeks ago the first important step was taken in the making and laying of the cables for the new East River bridge at New York. The contract was awarded to a company of Trenton, New Jersey. The work recently done has been the placing in position of the 2¼ inch diameter ropes which support the temporary foot-bridge on which the workmen stand during the main work of cable-laying. Several methods of getting the first line across have been employed in the past but the method this time was to carry the drum containing the cable across the river on a float, one end having been previously secured, and pay out the cable, allowing it to rest on the river-bed until at the proper time it could be raised from the water and to the desired height by means of stationary engine and drum.

INFLUENCE OF DARKNESS ON FLOWERS.—Some interesting experiments upon the influence of darkness on the development of flowers have been made by M. L. Baulaygue. He finds that flowers open in darkness later than in sunlight, and that the color of the flowers is less intense, some of the flowers loosing nearly all their color. He also found that the weight and size of flowers grown in darkness was less than for flowers developed in sunlight.

EDUCATION.—The events of the season are in several instauces of great importance, and are occupying large space in the newspapers. The attention given to educational matters by the press is a significant fact of the widespread interest in American schools and colleges and the intimate relation between tha higher institutions of learning and the popular life of the country. Those who love statistics may be interested to know that the ratio of our student population to our general population is increasing rapidly from year to year. With this increase, opportunities for educated men and women are keeping pace. The increasing wealth of the country is paying increased tribute to education, and it is not indifferent or insensitive to the highest interests of civilization. Mr. Carnegie's gifts to libraries have been so many that newspapers have almost ceased to record them. Every such gift has been a contribution to the educational resources of the country, but Mr. Carnegie's contribution of nearly ten million dollars for Scottish education marks a new departure in his vast beneficence, and may not improbably mark a new epoch in the division of wealth with learning. Before the conditions on which the gift was bestowed were understood there was

evident reluctance in some quarters to accept so large a sum, and there was in other quarters frank criticism; but further explanations have made it clear that Mr. Carnegie has acted with his usual sagacity, and that he has made his gift under the advice of those who know Scotland best. Scotland has always been the home of education of a very high order; but Scotland has never been rich and Mr. Carnegie's noble remembrance of his mother-country will greatly aid the universities. Probably one of the best results of the gift will be its reaction upon England, where the universities are suffering from causes which have greatly lessened their income. Mr. Carnegie's example is likely to be followed by prosperous Englishmen in the form of substantial gifts to Oxford and Cambridge. Brown University has been enriched by the gift of the John Carter Library by the trustees of the will of the late John Nicholas Brown. Several other large gifts have been given to the University, among them, Mr. Rockefeller's offer of $250,000 on condition that its friends raise $750,000 in addition. The retirement of Dr. Gilman from the presidency of the Johns Hopkins University is an event of national interest, for Dr. Gilman's services to education, although rendered largely in Baltimore, have left a permanent impression on the higher education of the country. The appointment of Professor Remsen, of the same institution, as his successor is a promotion which was foreseen by many who knew the inner history of the University.

BACH FESTIVAL.—No event in the world of music has more interest or significance to Americans than the Bach festival which was held in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, the last of May. The festival has a religious as well as a musical significance. To a considerable degree Bethlehem is a Moravian town founded by Moravians one hundred and sixty years ago. No hymns are more realistically religious than Moravian hymns and it is their closeness of religious touch which dominates all of Bach's music, and the rendition of his music was more appropriate in the Moravian church at Bethlehem than it could possibly have been anywhere else. In some sense Bethlehem has become the Baireuth of America and in the festival last week, Baireuth came forcibly to the mind. A quartette of trombones used in Bethlehem to summons the audience to performances was in accordance with the trumpets used in the German town. The four trombonists stood in the quaint tower of the church and intoned a passage from a Bach choral. The programme consisted of the Christmas Oratorio, the Matthew Passion and the great B Minor Mass. The Christmas Oratorio was given in its entirety for the first time in this country. The Matthew Passion is familiar to many communities and the B Minor Mass is the most magnificent in many respects of all Bach's works. The Mass was heard in this country for the first time, two years ago at Bethlehem.

PASSION PLAY PERFORMED BY INDIANS—Four thousand Indians, in

cluding thirty different tribes, speaking seven different languages gathered on the banks of the Fraser at Chilliwack, British Columbia, on Saturday the eighth of June, to take part in the Passion Play, given under the direction of Bishop Dontenwell and Father Chiruse. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon a great crowd of Indians of all ages paraded around a large open space which was called a "midway plaisance" chanting in their myriad tongues, "The way to the cross." The great space in the center was filled with one hundred Indians of the Seachelt tribe dressed in the costumes of the religious people of biblical times. On a raised platform was the figure of Christ on the cross. The four thousand chanters crowd around the open space, and on bended knees in deep silence listen to a priest's recital of Christ's life. When he reaches the part of the sword-piercing in Christ's side, a soldier advances and pierces the crucified figure with a sword, and blood trickles from the side and bespots the garments of the Virgin and Mary Magdalene who stand at the foot of the cross. It was given with deep sincerity and religous fervor and was a splendid lesson to the simple-minded redmen.

PUNISHMENT OF WEST POINT CADETS.—In the dismissal of five cadets from the Military Academy at West Point and the suspension of six others for one year, it has come to light that the pledge given by the cadets to the Congressional Committee on January 19, to abstain from hazing has not been kept. Hazing in lighter form came to the knowledge of Colonel Mills, Superintendent of the Academy, and punishment for it resulted. In order to demonstrate their displeasure of such proceedings, the cadets on April 16 engaged in an insubordinate fracas culminating in the removal of the reveille gun from its accustomed place to a position directly in front of the superintendent's main entrance with muzzle pointing towards the door. An official investigation followed. The report was sent to the Secretary of War. In it Superintendent Mills stated that it was necessary for the discipline of the corps of cadets to separate the leaders of the insubordination from the Academy for good, for this demonstration plainly exhibited a total lack of appreciation of responsibility and obligation, and was entirely inexcusable among cadets finishing their third year at the Military Academy.

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TALKS AND TALES.

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DEPARTMENTS.—

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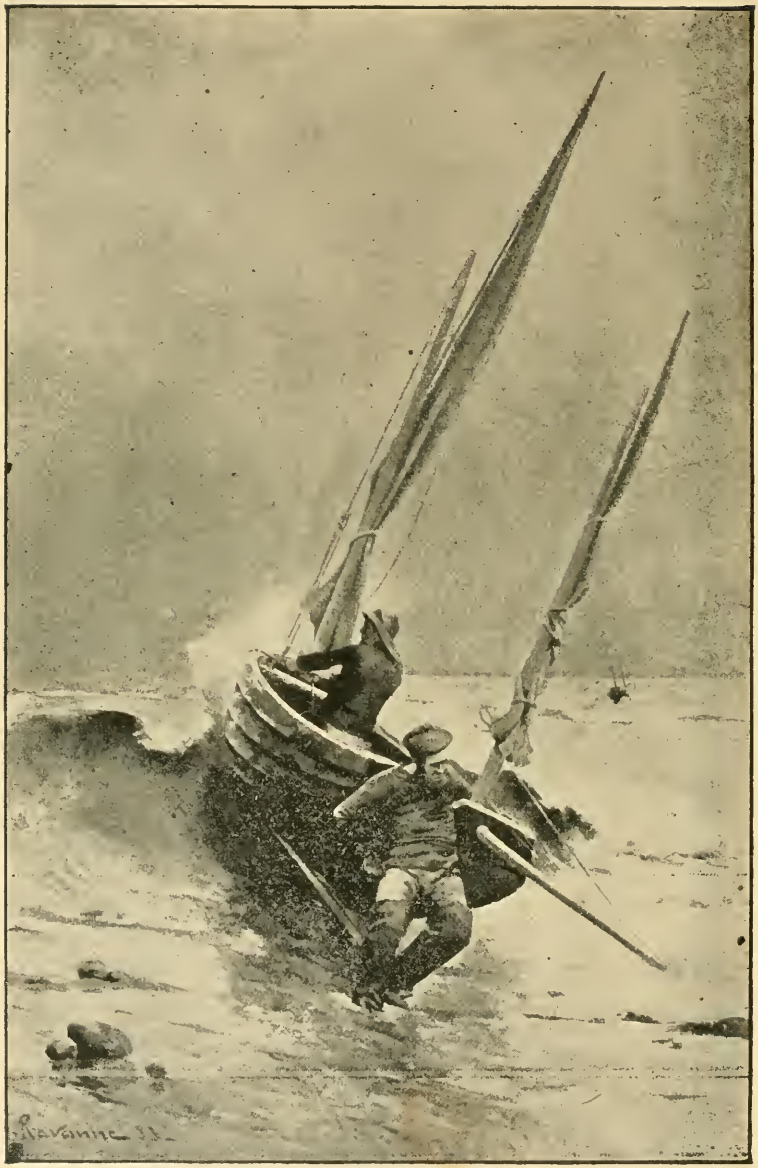
For the fourth time we give to our subscribers more reading matter in our August number and omit the magazine for September.

This we do that our blind pupils can have the rest they require through the month of August. We thank our friends who have continued with us through the fourth year of the publication of TALKS AND TALES and confidently expect a continuance of their good will and support. We need more subscribers that we may make TALKS AND TALES better and also that we may have work in our printing office for more blind pupils.

We appeal to our friends to help us increase our subscription list. If every interested friend, which undoubtedly means every present subscriber, would secure for us one new subscriber, the increase would aid us materially, and furnish work for blind people who are desirous of entering our institution.

A few of our subscribers are in arrears. As we need all that is due us we ask them to kindly remit to us as soon as convenient; our time and money can be put to better use than in sending out bills.

It should be remembered that requests to stop the magazine should *always* be accompanied by full payment of arrears.



COURTESY OF THE DAWN.

TALKS AND TALES.

VOL. IV. HARTFORD, CONN., AUGUST, 1901. NO. 11.

BY THE FAMOUS TRAVELERS E. AND E. AND THEIR EQUALLY FAMOUS SERVANTS S. AND P.

THE North Holland Canal, constructed 1819 to 1829, to connect the port of Amsterdam with the North Sea, is fifty-two miles in length.

Amsterdam, or Amsteldam (the dam or dike of the Amstel), the chief city of the Netherlands, is situated at the confluence of the Amstel with the Ij, an arm of the Zuider Zee, and is divided by the former, and numerous canals, into small islands, connected by about three hundred bridges.

At the beginning of the thirteenth century it was merely a fishing village. In 1482 it had assumed sufficient importance to be walled and fortified. In 1622 it had 100,000 inhabitants, it now has over 400,000 inhabitants. Viewed from the high bridge over the Amstel the city is seen to be in the form of a crescent and has a fine appearance. Almost the whole city is built on piles. Numerous church towers and spires relieve the flatness of the prospect. The old ramparts have been levelled, planted with trees and formed into promenades. Between 1866 and 1876 many spacious streets and an extensive public park were added to the city. Tramways have been successfully introduced and the harbor greatly improved. There is railway communication with all parts of the country and that of Europe. Rich grassy meadows surround the city. On the west side are a great number of windmills for grinding corn and sawing wood. The three principal canals in Amsterdam on each side of which, with a carriage-way and rows of trees intervening, the gentlemen's residences are built, run in semi-circles within each other, and are from two to three miles long, called the Heerengracht, Keizer's-gracht and Prinsengracht. The houses are built of brick and have their gables toward the

streets, which gives them a picturesque appearance. In old times Amsterdam was strongly fortified ; but now its only defense consists in the sluices, several miles distant from the city, which can flood, in a few hours, the surrounding land. A hard frost, however, like that of 1794–95, when Pichegru invaded the country, would render this means of defense useless.

Among the interesting features to be visited by the tourist, are the famous Diamond cutting and polishing mills. The former Stadhuis, converted into a Palace for King Louis Bonaparte, and still retained by the reigning family is a magnificent building, raised upon 13,659 piles, and extending 290 feet in length, by 239 feet in breadth, surmounted by a round tower rising 190 feet from the base. It has a hall, 120 feet long, 57 feet wide and 90 feet high, lined with white Italian marble, an apartment of great splendor.

What St. Paul is to London, the Nieuwe Kirk (New Church), is to Amsterdam. Its chancel is especially grand. It contains the tombs of many notable persons, among which is that of Admiral de Ruyton, and of the famous Dutch poet, Vondel.

Amsterdam has its Academy of Arts and Sciences, also an excellent museum of paintings by the Old Masters, and other collections.

Some idea of the commerce of the Dutch may be gathered from the fact, that in one year the record shows that 9,182 vessels entered their ports.

The history of this little kingdom is one continuous struggle against the encroachments and ambitions of its more powerful neighbors.

Every conquering General from the time of Julius Caesar to Napoleon has sought to add the Netherlands to his dominion and when this patient plodding, industrious people were not embroiled with a struggle with the enemies of their liberty, they were overwhelmed by floods, and yet, notwithstanding all their contentions they were able to furnish a leader for the Protestant party in England in the persón of William of Orange, who subsequently became an English King. William, the Silent, succeeded in arresting for a time the persecution of the Protestants by Phillip, who, unable to subjugate this brave opponent and his followers, successfully made use of a hired assassin. Since the death of the last Prince of Orange, William III, the kingdom of the Netherlands has been 'governed by a Queen, and their has been much solicitude for the future independence of the people on account of the possible marriage of Queen Wilhelmina to a representative of some European power which might seek through an alliance to annex this little country. The recent marriage of Queen Wilhelmina to a German Prince has, however, served to quiet the apprehension of the people.

Before leaving this land where a man's wealth is estimated in Wind-mills, and where one reads such curious signs as "Fire and Water for sale" and where the distances are reckoned by "pipes-full," we stopped a while at the fashionable watering-place of the Hague, Scheveningen, from which place it

will be remembered, Charles II sailed for England when he returned after the death of Cromwell. All the modern accessories which characterize a watering-place are here, and here, also, are seen the homes of the fisherfolk, who preserve to a wonderful extent the habits of life and dress of their forefathers.

It seems almost as if they were the original settlers of the coast, so old and weatherbeaten do their faces appear. Little wonder, when the life they lead is considered. The boats, in which they spend so much of their time, are veritable tubs, and the North Sea is not over kind to its patrons.

Some one has said that no Hollander should find it difficult to believe the story of the Deluge, battling constantly as he does, with water, water everywhere.

It is a never-ending conflict between the North Sea and the Hollander, between the elements and human ingenuity. Whenever the water has gained a victim the Dutch people have rallied and turned the tide, invariably succeeding, but at what a price of untiring vigilance and toil. A less hardy people would have become discouraged.

MARTHA'S WHIMS.

MRS. M. M. BUCKNER.

(*For Talks and Tales.*)

"YES, Martha and George have come back after wandering around all these years. They went to Arkansas first and from there to Ohio and then I heard they were about to leave for Oregon. After this they quit writing. Goodness only knows where they didn't live before drifting back home. Martha asked about you and said she'd be glad to see you. She doesn't make a hobby of her health, as she did in her young days, but she's still cranky and awfully trying to George. Anybody can see that Martha's mind is affected. They live out on the Riceburg road about five miles from town. George, poor fellow, is trying to make a living by truck farming, or something of the kind, I don't know exactly what from Martha's account. I reckon though he'll get along, if he doesn't humor her whims too much."

Mrs. Deane's deep sigh was expressive of much more that could be said in commiseration of her brother's failure to find his wedded life a seventh heaven. Having known both families I was not surprised to hear Martha Blake spoken of disparagingly by one of her husband's people with whom she had never been popular. They were of the earth, earthy to the verge of a mud puddle, while she was fashioned from a clay that was palpably of superior quality. Affinity existed not between them. How well I remembered Martha, with her plain face and martyr-like patience with her ne'er-do-well of a husband, who, though a clever workman was a born spendthrift and given over to dissipated habits. They were never prosperous, while he made enough for the two to live well and accumulate property.

It was through her efforts that they kept the necessaries of life around them. She did the most exquisite needlework; showing such artistic skill as to acquire a reputation in this line. She made my wedding clothes and it was while she was thus engaged that I had become so well acquainted with her and she had confided to me much that would have been trifling from one of a less repressed nature.

It was amusing and pathetic when she told that she had always wanted a black lace dress made over satin.

"Of course, it would ill accord with my circumstances, but I think it

would soften my homely face. I doubt, however, that I'll ever, have the chance to try the experiment."

A smile that was neither sad nor bitter lighting up the face which truly could not boast of a single good feature.

"After all, the wish deserves to be relegated to its proper place among the vanities, along with the great desire I had in my girlhood to take lessons in painting. There's how that ambition ended" pointing at some water colors that showed many delicate touches and were really cleverly done.

"No, I never care to go to any of the shows that come here," in reply to my inquiry why she did not see the play of which George had given so humorous an account.

"George takes in everything that comes, from the grand opera to the dime exhibition, but I don't care to see anything less than some of Shakespeare's tragedies. Ah, if I could only see Romeo and Juliet, the sweetest love story ever written!"

This unusual display of enthusiasm in any other woman would have seemed affected because her husband never took her when going to the theatre. It was in the passionate love she had for flowers, however, that Martha revealed the latent intensity of her nature.

In face and dress she was as neutral tinted as a sparrow, confining herself to sober colors, yet she fairly revelled in her dazzling flower beds. She would flutter among her pots, hovering the gay blossoms for all the world like a spotted winged butterfly, in her dress of brown with white polka dots. No children had come to bring brightness into her life; her husband added neglect to a nature fathoms below her's in all that stamps a human being superior to the lower animals and from the pent up emotions of her heart grew this longing for something beautiful to love. Flowers represented to her all that she had missed in the way of happiness.

Fashioning dainty creations for personal adornment, let the work be ever so finely wrought was not a sufficient outlet to her beauty loving soul. It was something beautiful and living that was her own to cherish, that she craved.

The dream of her life was, to have a conservatory, something handsome in brick and glass and she steadily worked and laid aside a pittance from her earnings with this aim in view.

I felt a keen pity for her when George was seized by the spirit of unrest and could no longer content himself in one place. Loyally she followed him while he roved from place to place, until they were entirely lost to the sight of their old friends. Only once in ten years did I hear from Martha and then tidings came that she was threatened with that saddest of afflictions, blindness. Doubly sad to Martha whose greatest joy came through the organ of sight.

Now, after all those busy, changeful years she had come back. I resolved to drive over some day soon and see her.

Together we walked up the straight, clean kept rows of radishes, lettuce, onions, cabbages and other vegetables belonging to the early garden and Martha Blake, unchanged save by the slightly older look and the dark glasses shading her weak eyes, told of her hopes and plans.

"We bought this place very cheap but still we could not pay all, as we had to get the horse and wagon and so many things that were strictly necessary to our living here; garden implements, seeds and things to start with. As I couldn't afford to be idle while the garden was growing, I went around to the Heights, where the rich northerners spend the winter and was lucky enough to secure orders for a lot of jellies, jams, catsups and such things and by the time I had the house straight enough to feel at home, I was busy as a bee.

"I kept hard at work all the fall and made more than enough to pay the first installment on the place, after paying for all the fruit and vegetables I used. I am now selling my garden produce readily and when the strawberries and early peaches come and the asparagus is old enough to cut we'll make considerably more.

"The chickens will also be profitable. George attends to them and works the garden. I couldn't do much without his help and its such a comfort to have him with me all the time! I am so thankful that he has settled down. It would be so dreadfully lonely here in the country, if I was left by myself."

It did not occur to her that the very fact of George being in the country, away from his old haunts was the cause of his suddenly acquired domesticity, as much as advancing years. For Martha's sake especially, I was glad that happiness can be manufactured from the most unpromising materials. As we must inevitably substitute the commonplace for our ideals, vegetables had crowded out the roses, lilies, begonias, ferns and all the floral treasures that had once been the shrine at which she had offered incense. Her next remark suggested mind reading.

"I may get my conservatory yet," she went on blithely, "when I suffered all those weary months with my eyes, the thought that I might never again be gladdened by the sight of the beautiful blossoms I love was the bitterest part of my trial. I had saved enough to have the conservatory built and was just waiting for George to say where we would locate, when my eyes gave out. I was too unhappy to fret about the money having to be spent on an operation on my eyes, though I'd been laying it by for several years. We are put in this world to stay until our work is done and there is no quitting till it's finished or I surely would have died or gone mad during those months of darkness, well, my sight was restored and the world seemed a thousand times

more beautiful than it ever was before. I never realized how fair it was till then and in my joy I began work with a new heart.

"After a long time I had again saved enough, when George, poor boy, had his turn with a long spell of rheumatism. The fund had to go, but I gave it up willingly for George's sake and when he was able to be about I felt more than repaid and was ready to begin over again. We are getting old, my eyes are dim and George is crippled but we'll get along and come out all right yet."

It was inspiring to listen to such a cheerful view from one whose prolonged combat with adverse circumstances was marked by a steady patience and courage that brought forcibly to mind the persevering spider that furnished such a good object lesson to King Bruce. Truly Martha was one who practiced the philosophy of living in the present, hampering not her efforts by repining over past troubles, or doubts of the future.

Glancing back as I was leaving I saw the last rays of the setting sun lingering over the little house that was not unlike an old bird nest perched on the hillside among the bare trees.

It was summer when I went again to see Martha. She had gone to the city, George informed me, but he was expecting her back every minute and I must wait and see her or she would be disappointed. Exerting himself to be hospitable, he hobbled around the place exhibiting each separate feature of what seemed a veritable oasis in a barren locality where the dust was stifling and the heat stored up from old Sol was scorching.

The garden was tropical in its luxuriant growth; the palings hidden under the riotous bean vines, a green wall. The orchard gave promise of future greatness; every door, window and trellis was gay with plant life. The bird nest was now a fit retreat for a sylvan god and goddess. George laughed mirthlessly when I expressed my admiration.

"Well, it's a whim of Martha's to live here and run a market garden. I can't say that I like it, but it's the best I can do now that I'm disabled. I preferred a little store in town, but Martha hankered after this sort of life and the money we had to start with was hers, some she'd been laying by to build a greenhouse. But come and see the chickens and pigeons," and with more interest than he had yet shown, he called the fowls, scattering the corn as they came flying and running from every direction till the yard was alive with the pretty speckled creatures. The pigeons, white as snow lighted on his shoulders and at his feet. At this moment Martha arrived, her face beaming as her eyes rested on the pretty domestic scene.

Apparently, success was attending Martha's whims.

When I met her next she told me with just pride that she had cleared the the debt from her home and was now free to save for the building of the long-talked of greenhouse.

"I think it will really be a profitable investment, as well as a source of infinite pleasure," she said with suppressed elation, "I can grow violets, hyacinths and the choice flowers that are always in demand and very soon, perhaps, I'll be selling flowers instead of vegetables. What a dream of delight will be realized when I engage in this enterprise !"

Many months passed before I saw Martha again, but reports came of her continued success.

Meeting Mrs. Deane on the street one day, she began at once a lengthy recital concerning what she called the scandalous doings of her sister-in-law. "She spends the blessed Sabbath picking strawberries and gathering fruit and vegetables for an early start Monday morning to the city, instead of going to church. Her whims carry her beyond all bounds. This making new plans now to turn florist. Well, George couldn't stand so much nonsense, if he was not one of the best of husbands. I'm certainly glad that she can't make him forget his religious training. He reads the Scriptures regularly."

I knew that George Blake read the Bible occasionally, being afraid of death and the devil, but that his negative goodness promoted him to the ranks of exemplary husbands was a revelation. True, he didn't beat Martha and he good-naturedly let her have her own way in the matter of making a support ; if this constituted goodness, he was an epitome of virtues.

Shortly after this meeting Martha came to see me, quite unexpectedly. She looked unusually well in a new dress and was driving a fine but excitable young horse, which she had gotten in place of the old, blind one that had become too superannuated for use.

"I'm not in the least afraid of him," she laughed when I expressed doubt of the safety in her driving such an animal. We spent a most pleasant day together. Martha seemed very happy in a quiet way and told me that she expected to have the conservatory built during the coming week.

"I'll go in town to-morrow to make all the arrangements to have the work done at once. I've been very impatient these last three years, but thought as I'd waited so long I must try to wait now long enough to have a good sized hot-house and it well built."

The next day saw one of the worst storms that ever visited our region of country. The rain fell in torrents and the wind came shrieking and tearing through the trees, bombarding the house with crashing boughs. For several hours it raged before its fury was spent. The next day the clouds still hung threateningly and the wind came in fierce, fitful blasts, subsiding into moans among the pines. The roads were washed out and the bridges swept away. I thought many times of Martha and her probably delayed business during this period of enforced home staying.

Going to the city a week later I felt impressed to call on Mrs. Deane and

inquire about Martha, who always passed the house of her sister-in-law when driving in town.

"You haven't heard the news?" asked Mrs. Deane in sorrowful sruprise. "Martha is dead. The day after the storm she drove in with that wild horse; he took fright at an uprooted tree and she was thrown out and killed. She had no business to drive that horse nor to leave home till the roads were cleared of the debris. Her foolish whims have at last cost her her life."

Across what leagues of land, through what years of weary waiting and by what chances do the unrelenting gods bring to us our fate!

A blind man, being led one day
Where fragrant roses blossomed gay,
Said to his guide: "Here roses bloom,
I know them by their sweet perfume."
Oh, when blind souls around us go,
Led by the eyes that watch us so,
Blessed the Christian life that throws
The sweet perfume of Sharon's rose.

BILLY'S MOTHER.

JEAN BLEWETT.

HONORIA declared that she had not meant to be mean to Billy's mother. She had said something to a few of her bosom friends about the mother-in-law nuisance, it was true. but only in a joking way. If Billy's mother was so lacking in a sense of humor as to take everything seriously, she, Honoria, was not to blame.

Honoria looked pretty and penitent when she told Billy all this, and he, being in love with her, and consequently blind to her short-comings, kissed her and told her it was all right. The idea of her tyrannizing over anybody !

"But Aunt Sophia was perfectly abominable about it," pouted Honoria; "said I made a sort of upper servant of your mother, and acted and spoke in a way I should be ashamed of. If it hadn't been for Uncle Robert, I'd have told her to mind her own affairs."

"And what about Uncle Robert?" questioned Billy.

"A check book for one thing," she laughed. "You see, I want him to fall a victim to baby's charms, and behave as a rich old gentleman should. He is an old dear, and he is coming back immediately. He will make his home with Aunt Sophia, and—well, it wouldn't do to get on bad terms with her, you see."

"Wise little woman!" he laughed. "Of course she wants the rich uncle to think well of her. 'Tis money makes the mare go—eh?"

"I've always planned to be his heiress. I'm ambitious. I think I always was, but since our boy came I am ever so much more so. We ought to have more money, Billy."

All this Billy had heard many times before. He hoped his wife would not be disappointed in her expectations. Money was a good thing, and, as Honoria said, "they ought to have more of it."

"So I smoothed Aunt Sophia down," went on Honoria. "Your mother must have been telling her some tale of woe about Molly, for she read me a lecture on the duty of stepmothers that broke my heart. I'm sure I do my best. There aren't many young girls would go into a home with a stepchild and a mother-in-law—now, are there, Billy? But I thought so much of you, I—well, perhaps I wasn't just to myself."

Billy flushed. He loved his mother; he loved the darling gray-eyed

daughter of his dead wife ; but he loved Honoria, too, and Honoria had a way with her—yes, Honoria had a way with her.

"I've never had a quarrel with your mother ; though sometimes when she so palpably backs Molly up in some act of disobedience I do feel that I should show her her proper place. To-day she went round like a martyr because the child had to be punished. It hurt me."

"I'm sorry," said Billy. "Mother used to be a sweet-tempered woman."

"But I musn't trouble you with all my little worries. If your mother were an older and—yes, I'll just whisper it to you—wiser woman, it would be easier for me. At her age she ought to be done with the vanities of life. But I do believe she resents not being asked out more. I'm sure it isn't my fault."

Billy was sure it was not. He remembered that in the old days his little dark-eyed mother had been a great social favorite. She went nowhere now. It was Honoria who went ; it was Honoria who got the new frocks ; it was Honoria whom all but the very old friends asked for when they came—but Honoria was not to blame. His mother never seemed to care to go out any more. But an upper servant, Aunt Sophia was a fool !

"If we lived by ourselves," Honoria was saying, "I would offer Uncle Robert a home. As it is, I'll have him here for a week or two."

"But where will you put him?" asked Billy, with concern. A venerable uncle, the possessor of large wealth, could not be put in a chimney corner, or sent to the attic.

"Don't bother your dear old stupid head over household problems," she laughed. "I'll manage it."

Honoria managed it. Honoria was a born manager. "I'm in a quandary," she remarked to Billy's mother, next day. "My Uncle Robert, who has been away for half a lifetime, writes that he will spend a fortnight with us, and I haven't a room for him. You couldn't take the attic for a little while, could you?"

"I could," answered the other, while a red flush darkened her face ; "but what about Molly? It is too cold there for the child."

"Nonsense !" snapped Honoria ; "it won't hurt her."

"No," said Billy's mother, firmly, "she can't go to that draughty room with that tender throat of hers. I will go—it doesn't matter where I sleep—but Molly shall have care so long as I live. I'll put her cot in the alcove, and she will not disturb your visitor."

"A child in the same room with him? How do you expect he is going to get his rest?" cried Honoria. "I won't have it."

"Drop the heavy curtains which shut off the alcove, and he will not know the little thing is there. Anyway, I will not take her with me."

"I wish my house were larger, or my family smaller." With this parting shot, Honoria flung herself out of the room.

From her attic window, a few days later, Billy's mother saw the carriage drive up. "It must be lovely to be old, and past caring for the hurts of life," she whispered. "I ought to be old, but my soul must be full of youth yet or things wouldn't be so hard to bear." The tears rained down her cheeks. There is no knowledge that pains like the knowledge that the ones we love have ceased to love us; that in the place we once fondly called our own we are looked upon as intruders. The poor little brown-eyed woman had had two long years of the Honoria régime. It had put silver threads in her wavy hair, and a hunted look in her eyes. There was no use standing out against Honoria—Honoria had a way with her. If it had not been for the motherless Molly, the elder woman would long ago have left her son's home, and sought to earn a living for herself. But there was Molly, wilful and lovable; she could not leave the child to the tender mercies of the stepmother.

There was a patter of feet on the stair, and a radiant, dishevelled vision in blue came rushing in. "He's comed, grandma, he's comed! And he took me on his knee, and said I was a big girl, and my curls were buti-ful." Molly was in the seventh heaven of delight. "He asked me if I liked bonbons, and —oh, see here!" She held a box of chocolates before her grandmother's eyes. "Isn't he a lovely dear? He asked me who I loved best of anybody, and I said my own grandmuzzer, and runned away to you, for mamma wasn't pleased with me."

"Run down to the sitting-room, darling; it is too cold here for you," urged Billy's mother, but Molly's arms were fast about her neck, and Molly's "No" most decisive.

"My, you're all dressed up, grandma! Oh, you're pretty as pretty, with your hair all wavy, and your waist with beady lace on!" Molly clasped her thin hands ecstatically. "Did you dress up 'cause company comed?"

Billy's mother actually blushed. "We had better go down," she said; "you're blue with the cold." Suddenly Molly's face clouded. "Grandmuzzer, Grandmuzzer," she cried, "you'll freeze and go to heaven like the little match girl in the story, if you undress up here."

Billy's mother laughed as they went down-stairs. "I believe 'tis you keeps me so ridiculously young at heart, my Molly!" she whispered.

In the hall they met Billy, who gave each of them a kiss, remarking the while that the "little grandmuzzer" was growing gay and giddy. "This is Billy's mother, Uncle Robert," said Honoria, sweetly. "Mrs. Barton, my uncle, Mr. Penman. My, what is this?"

For Uncle Robert was shaking the plump hand of Billy's mother in the friendliest manner, and telling her she hadn't changed anything worth mentioning in the years that had passed since their last meeting.

"I was eighteen then," protested Billy's mother; then drew herself up

nervously, for Honoria's glance could not be misunderstood. There could be only one leading lady in any play taken part in by Honoria.

A tactful and pretty hostess, a well-cooked dinner, an interested circle in the drawing-room listening to his tales of travel, no wonder Uncle Robert went to bed in a happy frame of mind. It was a stormy night. The wind roared and shrieked and flung the sleet and snow noisily against the panes. Uncle Robert was awakened from his first sleep by the sound of a child's suppressed crying. He knew whence it came, for Honoria, in her role of dutiful stepmother, on conducting Uncle Robert to his chamber, had drawn aside the heavy curtains, bade him look at the little bird in its cozy nest, and expressed the hope that he would not be disturbed by it.

"Poor little Molly!" he muttered, reaching after his dressing gown; "that candy has given her stomach-ache." But Molly denied this when the kindly fellow groped his way to her, and when he sought to find out what the trouble was, she only buried her face in the pillow and cried the harder.

"I—I'll call Honoria," he exclaimed: "she'll know what to do." Then did Molly grasp him frantically, and implore him to wait, wait, wait!

"I can't talk, 'cause my throas's full of cry," she went on. "Wait, and I'll tell you."

He stroked her hair, felt the soft cheeks all wet with tears, and drew her closer to him. "It's grandma," panted the child; "she'll be frozed in the attic. Oh, listen to the wind! When it blows this way, the snow comes right through the window up there. My dear, beautiful grandmuzzer will be frozed like the match girl in the story. I tried to get up, but the door at the foot of the stairs is locked."

Uncle Robert stared. "What is she doing up there?" he asked.

"She gived her room to you, 'cause—well, 'cause," lowering her voice, "mamma made her, I guess. If it wasn't for me she'd as lief as not freeze and go to heaven, where she'd have a home of her own, and not feel in the way, but I'm her own girl, and I know she'll keep the covers on and not freeze if she can help it."

"Don't they use her well?" demanded Uncle Robert. He had no right to get hold of family affairs through the guileless prattling of five-year-old Molly, but then there was excuse for him, for Billy's mother had been very dear to him when she was Mary Matthews, in the old days of youth and light-heartedness. "Isn't she happy here?"

Molly shook her head. "She pretends she is, but she can't fool me. If she was happy she wouldn't cry so often to herself at night when she thinked I was asleep, nor say her prayers so often, nor keep wishing—but, oh, I mustn't tell things on grandmuzzer."

"Happy," Molly's shrill little voice was full of feeling; "how could she be happy when she's got to work so hard, and do without 'most everything?

She doesn't think I know, but I do—my darling! If she freezes I don't think I can love you ever any more, 'cause if you hadn't comed she wouldn't have gone to that cold, cold attic."

It was a thoroughly miserable man who crept back to bed when Molly had fallen asleep, and when next day word went through the house that Billy's mother was not well, and later that she was ill with pleurisy, his distress deepened. He was angry with Honoria, angrier still with Billy, who, he argued, was no man at all to let his mother, and such a mother, be put upon and made to feel a dependent. But he had to carry himself away without speaking his mind, on poor Molly's account.

It was just her luck, Honoria told Billy. What she told Billy's mother is not known, but it had the effect of throwing that lady into a fever. Honoria was not one to see all her plans overthrown and make no plaint. Three long weeks of confinement were the portion of Billy's mother, lonely weeks, sorrowful weeks, for Honoria made up for her disappointment by keeping both Billy and Molly out of the sick chamber as much as possible. "How is the little mammie?" Billy would ask. "Doing very well. No, I wouldn't go up, dear, it is best for her to see only myself and the nurse," Honoria would answer.

He slipped in sometimes, but not often. Once he found her looking at a photograph of a little fellow in kilts. "My little lad of long ago," she said wistfully; "he loved me dearly, Billy, dearly."

"And does yet," cried Billy kissing her in the old fashion, "and does yet, mammie. Hurry and get well, for the house doesn't seem right without you." Whereupon Honoria's bosom swelled with righteous anger, Billy should be made to regret that speech, she told herself. Billy was made to regret it, and voluntarily absented himself from his mother's room for a week as an act of penance.

Aunt Sophia came over with fruit and flowers when Billy's mother was convalescent. She gave Honoria a bad half hour.

"You did your part toward killing her off," she said. "Oh, you needn't stare and take on airs with me. I know just what a jealous, poor sort of a creature you are, Honoria. You're pretty as a picture, but your mind isn't as big as a pea. If Billy weren't a fool—but what's the use? Billy is a fool. If your uncle ever finds out that you ousted poor Mary Barton out of her room to—"

"You won't tell him, Aunt Sophia," pleaded Honoria. "I'm sorry enough about it."

"No, I wouldn't hurt his kind old heart by telling. Where's Molly? I'm going to take her back with me."

"I can't let her go," protested Honoria; "no one can manage her but myself."

"Pooh! Manage! She's coming. I like Molly, and I'm not going to stand by and see you 'manage' all the life and soul out of her. Get her ready."

And Honoria had to give in. Molly might tell things better left untold, but, on the other hand, if she were not allowed to go Aunt Sophia would be sure to tell them ; so of the two evils Honoria chose the lesser.

"Really Aunt Sophia grows more dreadful every day she lives," she sobbed later to Billy. " 'Tis enough to break my heart to have my own mother's sister say such things to me. I'd love to forbid her the house,"

"Never mind, dear," said Billy, soothingly ; "the old girl doesn't understand you."

But Honoria had a shrewd notion that the old girl understood her too well.

A fortnight later Aunt Sophia drove over and carried of Billy's mother. "She's needed at our house." she informed Billy and Billy's astonished better half. "Molly isn't half well. We thought of calling in a doctor, but my opinion is that the child is pining for her grandmother. Get along the best way you can from this till Christmas Day. The dinner is to be at my place this year."

Honoria had her hands full. It was lovely having their home all to themselves, as she took occasion to tell her husband many times and oft during the next three weeks, but a willing pair of hands like Billy's mother's couldn't help being missed. There was no denying it, Honoria missed her upper servant terribly. To quote herself, she had to slave and manage and attend to everything until she was on the verge of prostration from overwork.

Honoria had her mind made up. Billy's mother should return with them after the Christmas dinner. For one thing, the dear baby was going into short frocks, and Honoria was not going to hire a needle-woman when a dependent could sew well.

So in Aunt Sophia's drawing-room she was all affability. "You are looking well, extremely well," she remarked to Billy's mother. "We must carry you back with us to-night."

Billy's mother was looking well ; she was also looking ridiculously young for a woman of her years, with her brown hair waving prettily and her cheeks touched with color.

"She isn't strong yet," put in Aunt Sophia, who was fairly beaming with good humor.

"Then home is the best place for her," smiled Honoria.

"I have persuaded your mother to take a nice long trip." Uncle Robert addressed his remark to Billy. "You won't know her when she returns."

"And Molly is going, too," chimed in that young lady, delightedly ; "isn't she, Uncle Robert?"

"Oh, yes, Molly is going, too," he told her.

Honoria stiffened visibly. If they thought Billy had nothing to do with his money but send his mother off in search of a milder climate, they were mistaken. As for Molly—Honoria's lips set themselves in a stiff line. The new year would begin a régime in the Barton household.

"It is like you to take a kindly interest in me and mine," nearly choking over the word, "and I feel so grateful! What trip do you advise, dear uncle?"

"A wedding trip," answered Uncle Robert, beaming on all as only an elderly man in love can beam; "a nice long wedding trip."

"There's the dinner bell," cried Aunt Sophia; "there's no Christmas chime sounds sweeter, I take it." And she whispered to Honoria, "If any one says I had aught to do with this, deny it if ye love me; 'twould fair break my heart to hear folks think Sophia Hepburn had turned matchmaker in her old days. Billy's mother is off your hands for good and all—eh?"

Honoria answered never a word.—[*A True Republic.*

"Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest."

A Will and the Way.

GLENDOLEN OVERTON.

EXISTENCE under the guardianship of some one who is doing his duty by you is not an unmixed pleasure. Miss Bradford's sister, Mrs. Gallatin, was doing her duty by Miss Bradford. The former was not at all pretty. The latter was very, very pretty—which is so much more charming than being very, very beautiful. But Mrs. Gallatin was married and Miss Bradford was not. This came of the fact that Mrs. Gallatin had visited at Fort Preble and had captured an unfledged lieutenant by manœuvring and a miracle, and that Miss Bradford had spent her twenty-one years in a small Maine town.

Boys in the village had been in love with Bessie Bradford, but she had not been in love with them, and she had, moreover, a decent appreciation of her own value and knew she was far too good for such as they. There had been a college youth, also, once; but he and she had quarreled before the end of his summer visit. And now Bessie was one-and-twenty and the family worried. It worried itself into a stage where even the raising of a mortgage on the home did not seem too great a thing, if it would but insure her marriage. With the money thus obtained she was sent across the continent, with the instructions to get herself wedded before she came back. She was told to marry a general if she could. If not—anything, down to a second lieutenant. But rank was to be the primary consideration, Miss Bradford agreed. She picked out a very nice general, mentally. He would be about five-and-thirty, and handsome and dashing. That years went with rank was one of the things the civilian novels of army life she had read had not taught her. Besides, she was romantic—as a very pretty girl should be. So she promised that grade should govern her choice. Then she departed to visit her sister at the Presidio.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Gallatin lived in the building known as the "Corral." If the "Corral" were in the city, it would be called a tenement. But Uncle Sam doesn't quarter his officers in tenements. The Gallatins were cramped for room—very cramped. They had three children and second lieutenant's pay. So they were poor. Therefore, taking Miss Bradford in was not a pleasure. It was a duty.

But Bessie felt the unpleasantness of the situation the very day of her arrival.

"Captain Soutter is going to take you to the hop this evening, Bess,"

Mrs. Gallatin said; Bessie was cutting paper bird-cages for her niece. Mrs. Gallatin was mending a pinafore.

"I've promised to go with Mr. Milford," answered Miss Bradford, stopping and looking up from the scissors.

"Mr. who"?"

"Mr. Milford. Colonel Milford's son, who lives in St. Louis."

"Where have you met him?" The "him" warned Bessie that she was ruuning on rocks.

"On the train. We got acquainted. He's in business in St. Louis, and he's coming to visit his people because he's in bad health. He is a very nice man."

"Man! He must be about twenty-three. A perfect boy. And his business is being a briefless barrister. Now, let me tell you one thing, Bessie. You must learn from the first that the civilian son of an officer is no body at all in a garrison. You will hurt your chances badly with the officers by going with him. How did he know there was to be a hop?"

Bessie finished opening the cage, gave it to her niece with a kiss, gathered the scraps of paper in her hand and threw them into the waste-basket, clasped her fingers behind her curly brown head, and answered leisurely: "He didn't know there was to be one to-night. He asked me to go to the first one there should be after our arrival."

Mrs. Gallatin thought how very very pretty Bessie was and wondered if her husband contrasted them.

"He probably will never think of it again. Captain Soutter is going to call to ask you, this afternoon, and you'd better accept."

"Can one go with two men out here—ante-nuptially?"

"Don't be vulgar. You needn't consider the Milford boy."

"Oh! but I must, Genevieve, you know. I promised." Miss Bradford's big grey eyes were guilelessly earnest.

"I've no doubt that pose is taking with the men. But you can't make your devotion to promises succeed with me, dear. I know you too well. I can't remember that they worried you, with the boys at home."

"This promise doesn't worry me. Not a little bit."

"Well I should suggest that you take my advice and be less flippant. Recollect that you were not sent 'way out here to flirt with penniless civilians and small boys."

"If I forget, remind me, will you? I'll make you a little red silk flag, if you like. I can make flags. I made one for a fair at home, once. You might draw it out of your bosom and wave it when you see me about to run off the track you have all so kindly and laboriously laid for me to run on. I'll teach you the signals. Mr. Milford and I studied them from the back of our sleeper. I think there's some one at the door, sister dearie."

It was Captain Soutter, come to formalize the hop arrangement. He was obviously, very glad that he had come, for Miss Bradford was pretty—extraordinarily pretty.

"I am happy in being a near neighbor of yours, Miss Bradford," he told her. He forgot—as men will—how often he had cursed the ill-luck which threw him within hearing distance of the Gallatin trio of infants.

"Yes?" said Bessie; "you are in our vicinity, then?"

"A little above you in the world. I live upstairs. When you want me you have only to pound on the ceiling."

"The—what is it?—quartermaster? The quartermaster mightn't like me to wear out his ceiling."

"You flatter me by implication, Miss Bradford. But I'll settle with the Q. M. if you will only pound. For instance, will you pound to-night when you are ready for the hop, to which is my dearest wish to be permitted to escort you?"

He forgot what he had wished when Mrs. Gallatin had asked him to perform this act of courtesy toward the coming sister. But then he had looked at Mrs. Gallatin and had judged from her of the sister.

"I would be only too delighted, if it were not that I have promised to go with some one else."

The betrayed captain manifested his astonishment and resentment at having been subjected to refusal. He had a high opinion of his dignity, had the captain.

"Why, who on earth can have asked you already? he cried.

Miss Bradford had a cool little Northern air, when she liked. She considered the captain's question in bad taste. So she raised her eyebrows and smiled most sweetly. "I shall hope to have a dance with you, Captain Soutter," she said.

And she had, not one, but three. The captain forgot his wrath at the sight of her. When she came from the dressing-room into the hallway to join young Milford, the captain was by the door. He looked at her. "Might I hope to be acceeded the second and fifth and ninth, Miss Bradford ?" he asked.

"Oh! thank you," said Bessie. She was grateful and he was quite appeased.

Now Miss Bradford was a success. She had what is known as a beautiful time for three whole months. No girl was remembered ever to have received altogether so much attention. She always had lovers—and the two don't always go together. Captain Soutter loved her, so did Lieutenant Paxton, and so did young Milford. Bessie loved young Milford. A girl who prefers "cit." clothes to a uniform is peculiar, to say the least. Bessie didn't say or show whom she loved, except to Milford. She had told him. She had re-

fused Paxton, and she was warding the captain off. But the last she could not do much longer. The captain had a good opinion of himself.

He also had a dignity which was not to be trifled with. Mrs. Gallatin was by no means sure of Miss Bradford. So one day she spoke to her. The process of being spoken to can rouse the worst in a girl. But Bessie was in a broken and contrite frame of mind. She and young Milford had quarreled, and she didn't care what became of her. She might as well marry any old man and sacrifice herself for her family. She made a most affecting picture of herself as an offering on the altar of matrimony and filial duty. She would pine away picturesquely in a year or so, and Will Milford—well, perhaps he would go to the bad. She hoped so, It was under this pressure that she solemnly promised and swore to Mrs. Gallatin to marry Captain Soutter if he asked her. What Miss Bradford promised and swore she never broke.

So as soon as she and young Milford made it up, she set about wondering how Captain Soutter was to be kept from asking her. Yet she could not arrive at any plan. The captain was an impetuous man, and he was neither over well-bred nor nicely discriminating. Bessie was worried. If it had been that she had promised and sworn anything to young Milford and had had to choose which vow to break, she would not have hesitated. But she had teased him, and only answered "maybe." For which she now suffered.

But Fate came to her aid—as it always should and always doesn't in the case of a very pretty girl.

She was going to another hop, and she was going with Captain Soutter. He had invited her at the time that she was practicing for the martyr role. As she couldn't, therefore, go with Milford, she would wear the gown he liked, which was white silk. For it she had to have white gloves; and her white gloves were soiled. Therefore they must be cleaned. Miss Bradford was an adept at cleaning gloves. She prepared a special mixture of a number of chemicals and powders. This mixture had to be be whipped—as if it had been the white of eggs—very light and frothy. It had a most unpleasant odor, but it was pretty to look upon. Because the odor was so unpleasant Miss Bradford opened the door into the hallway and stood just within it beating.

There was air in the hallway, but there was none in the Gallatin's quarters, as the baby had a cold, Captain Soutter had a cold, too—a frightful one. If he had not had he would have noticed the smell of Miss Bradford's mixture. He came through the hall on his way to his own quarters on the floor above. Colonel Milford was with him. The captain did n't like the colonel particularly, on account of his being his son's father.

"Ah! Miss Bessie! What a pretty, housewifely picture we make," said the captain.

Bessie smiled encouragingly.

"What are we doing? Whipping cream? How good it looks. If Hebe would but feed us with ambrosia."

The colonel smelled the ambrosia; but he held his peace.

"I'll give you a taste, captain, if you want it very, very much. Open your mouth wi-i-de. Shut your eyes."

She put a heaping forkful in his mouth. The horrible taste made him gasp. The gasp made him swallow the froth. Colonel Milford laughed. But Captain Soutter went to his quarters without a word.

Bessie went to the hop that night with young Milford. Afterward, while she and her sister and Lieutenant Gallatin were having their supper of crackers and cheese, Miss Bradford told them that she was going to marry the penniless civilian.

"But how about Captain Soutter?" wailed Mrs. Gallatin.

"Hush! He might hear you. Oh! I'm awfully afraid he'll never speak to me again." And he never did.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

Miss Arvilla's Guests.

MARY FRANCES BIGELOW.

IT was a cold, stormy evening in February. The wind whistled around the corners, and dashed the snow and sleet against the windows of Miss Arvilla Weston's cosy little sitting room. Inside, before the bright fire, sat Miss Arvilla and her old housekeeper, Betsy Barker.

Miss Arvilla was busy with a bit of stitching, and Betsy with her knitting. Both were intent on their work, and the silence in the room was broken only by the howling wind without, and the loud ticking of the old clock in the corner. At last Miss Arvilla spoke. "How quiet and lonesome the house does seem." Then, after a pause, she added. "Sometimes I am sorry I did not take that little orphan that was brought here last summer. I might have taken the poor little thing and given her a home. She would have been a great deal of company for us.

"It does seem a bit lonesome sometimes," assented Betsy, "but I shouldn't worry about that child anymore. I guess she got a good home. The folks that took her seemed nice and it's kind o' risky takin' other folkses children to raise, anyway. She might o' had the croup an' a croupy child is a *detful* trial."

Scarcely had Betsy finished speaking when there was a loud knock at the door.

Miss Arvilla arose and opened it herself and standing on the doorstep was a man, holding a baby on one arm, while with the other he supported a woman, who was apparently ill.

"Good evening, ma'am." said the man, "I hope you will excuse me if I'm taking too much of a liberty, but my wife is sick, an' we've walked a good ways, and she's clear give out. So I told her I was going to come in here and ask if we might stop and rest a spell."

Miss Arvilla hesitated a moment. Since she and Betsy were alone, she was a little timid about admitting strangers after dark, but the wind howled fiercely, and the woman, leaning heavily against her husband, drew deep, gasping breaths.

At sight of her evident distress, Mise Arvilla forgot her fears, and answered: "Why, certainly you may come in and rest. Just come right in. Never mind about the snow," she added, as the woman hesitated, glancing at her snow-laden garments. Then placing a comfortable chair near the fire,

she said: "There, just sit there and rest as long as you like. You look as if you were sick enough to be in bed. Betsy, you make her a cup of hot tea. That will help warm her up."

Betsy soon brought the tea, and while his wife drank it, David Hunt told their story.

They had just arrived from Arlington, a little town a few miles from Benton. They had had all sorts of luck in the past year. First the wife and baby had been sick. Then the failure of a large manufacturing concern had thrown David out of work, and for weeks he had tried in vain to find other employment.

The little store of money which they had laid by for a rainy day had dwindled rapidly, and at last when money and hope were well nigh exhausted, there had come a letter from the Dodge factory in Benton, where David had applied for a position some weeks previously, telling him to come at once.

By selling some of their belongings they had gotten together enough money to bring them to Benton and keep them for a short time. But ill luck had pursued them, and on the train they had lost, or been robbed of, the little money they had.

"I suppose," he said, "I'll have a hard time getting a place to stay, not having any money. All the boarding houses I have tried want pay in advance,—because I'm a stranger, I suppose, and they can see we are poor."

"And now, ma'am," he concluded, "would you be so good as to let my wife and baby stay here a little longer while I go out again to look for a place? I *must* find some place to stay to-night."

Miss Arvilla did not answer at once. She was thinking. Perhaps she ought to keep these people herself for the night at least. Doubtful if they could find any other place to stay, and even if they did the woman seemed hardly able to go further that night. But then it was so risky taking in strangers, and besides——. Just then a voice close to Miss Arvilla's ear, seemed to say: "I was a stranger and ye took me not in."

She started and glanced around.

"I am getting nervous," she thought. "I must tell Betsy not to make my tea so strong."

Then, to David Hunt she said: "No, don't go out again. You must stay here for the night. Your wife is too sick to go any further, and must be put to bed at once"

Miss Arvilla and Betsy soon had Mrs. Hunt in bed, after being well dosed with Betsy's simple home remedies. It was only a bad cold, she said, and she was sure she would be much better after a good night's rest.

But in the morning she was so much worse that she was unable to rise. All the forenoon she continued to grow worse, and the doctor, who was called about noon, shook his head gravely and said: "A severe case of pneu-

monia. She has no constitution, and her chances of recovery are slight, However, with careful nursing, she may pull through."

All through the following week the poor woman was faithfully tended by Miss Arvilla and Betsy, and her husband hardly left her side; but their efforts were of no avail, and at the end of the week she passed quietly away.

"Now," said Miss Arvilla to David Hunt, the next day after his wife was buried, "I've been thinking about little Mary, and it seems to me the best thing you can do will be to leave her with me for a little while, until you can make some arrangements for caring for her yourself. You couldn't leave her in a boarding house all day while you are away at work.

"I have been thinking about her too," replied David, "and I would be very grateful if you would keep her awhile until I can arrange some way to take care of her. It is too bad to have you bothered with her, though. I never can pay you for what you have already done for me and my poor wife."

"Don't say a word about that," said Miss Arvilla, "anyone that wasn't a heathen would have done the same."

"She'll be a good deal of trouble," said Betsy, when told of Miss Arvilla's plan. "She don't look very healthy either, an' like as not she'll have the croup."

"I suppose she will be a litte trouble," answered the mistress decidedly, "but at any rate we can take care of her better than that poor, helpless man."

Betsy's dread of a "croupy" child, great as it was, was not her only objection to having the little one about. She prided herself on the neatness of her housekeeping, and the baby *would* keep things in disorder, spite of all her care. If this was a trial to Betsy, it was none the less so to Miss Arvilla; and her decision to keep the child for a time had cost her a struggle; but she felt it to be a plain duty, and once convinced of her duty in any matter, was not to be turned from it, as Betsy well knew.

So the baby stayed in Miss Arvilla's home, but how long her stay was to be, no one dreamed.

Early in April there was a terrible explosion at the Dodge factory. A number of men were seriously injured, and several of them were killed outright and David Hunt was among the latter.

A few days later, as Miss Arvilla and Betsy were discussing the sad affair, Betsy inquired, a little anxiously: "And what shall you do with the baby now, Miss Arvilly?" she was beginning to grow fond of the child and dreaded her being taken away.

"Why, I shall keep her of course," answered Miss Arvilla promptly. "She has no one else to look after her, for her father told me himself that neither he nor his wife had a near relative living. Besides I have grown so fond of her I should hate to give her up now."

"She does brighten up the house wonderful," said Betsy, quite satisfied

with Miss Arvilla's decision. Little Mary was a bright child, and with her pretty baby ways and sweet disposition won her way more and more completely into the hearts of the two women, as time went on.

Just a year from the night when David Hunt had sought shelter at Miss Arvilla's door, Miss Arvilla and Betsy were again seated before the fire in the sitting room. This time, instead of her embroidery, Miss Arvilla held baby Mary, who had just fallen asleep in her arms, while Betsy mended a little torn frock.

The room was in great disorder,—books and toys were scattered everywhere, but neither of the two women seemed to mind that.

"What a blessing she is," said Miss Arvilla, gazing fondly at the sleeping child, and speaking partly to herself and partly to Betsy. "I wouldn't give her up now for all the world. And to think how near I came to turning them away that night."

"Yes," returned Betsy complacently, as she folded the neatly mended garment, "she *is* a real comfort;" then added triumphantly: "And she's never had the croup once!"

Miss Arvilla smiled as she gently rocked to and fro, and the old clock in the corner, ticking loudly, seemed to say:

" A stran-ger an ye took me in.
A stran-ger and ye took me in."

—*Young People's Paper.*

The Twice-Lived Day.

HOWARD C. WARREN.

"APROPOS of this repeating a day, Mr. Prescott, where does the extra day come from, anyhow?"

Laura Marcy and a vast array of rugs and wraps were joiut occupants of a steamer chair in a secluded corner of the deck of the Pacific liner, City of Pekin; her voice came from the interstices between several pillows, a veil and a hood. Perry Prescott's chair stretched over a considerable portion of the deck in her neighborhood. They were gazing out at the sea and talking fitfully.

"Why, we pick it up out here in mid ocean," answered Perry; "we carry it along a way, and drop it where the steamer going the other way can't find it."

"Oh, yes, of course; but where does the extra time come from? I really don't understand it at all."

"It's simply taken from the boats that we pass going westward. Some time to-night, you know," said Perry, gravely, "we meet a freight steamer. They have plenty of time to spare on board. We heave to, send out a boat, ask for an extra day, pay well for it, and ship it aboard. In the morning you and I wake up, and it is to-day again. That's the way they manage it. Miss Marcy."

"Mr. Prescott, I think you are very rude. I really wanted to find out about it. It you don't know yourself, don't be ashamed to confess your ignorance."

"Pardon me, Miss Marcy," said Perry; "I was speaking in parables, of course; but there is an element of truth in what I said. The boats going westward lose a day, and we gain one; that's the truth. I was just putting the transaction on a commercial basis, that's all."

"But how can it be so?"

"Easily enough. We drop an hour here and there, when we don't especially need it; and to-day, when the voyage begins to grow tedious, we call them all in and paste them on to-day, so we can get in a day earlier."

"Thank you for alluding to the tedium of the voyage. For my part, I think it rather pleasant, except that I cannot always enjoy my meditations without interruption."

"If that is all, I will see the voyage is one grand round of pleasure for you in the future."

There was a long pause. Prescott moved about uneasily in his chair; he started to rise once or twice, thought better of it each time, and finally settled down to a silent contemplation of the ocean and the extension end of his companion's chair. A little tan shoe swung nervously to and fro in the line of his gaze.

"Of course, I can take my chair to the other end of the deck, if you wish," he said softly, at length. "But as your pillows and wraps constitute all your landscape in this direction, possibly my mere presence here will not interfere with your enjoyment."

"It is quite immaterial to me what you do," was the haughty reply.

Another long pause. The little tan shoe had worked itself clear of the wrap, a bit of black stocking and blue skirt appeared.

"Let me obscure your view for an instant," said Prescott, as he stooped over to tuck in the wrap.

"What time is it?" was the evasive reply.

"Half past four; no, half past five. I forgot to omit the last hour we dropped overboard."

"Why don't you drop overboard after it, and secure it for your own private use? You would spend it in very amiable company."

The shoe had struggled loose from its moorings again.

"You are very gracious to-day," said Prescott, meekly.

"You are very gallant, sir, I'm sure. No!" she burst out, as he stooped over again; "don't touch that shoe! I want it just so."

The silence was awful. The little shoe waved furiously. At length Laura rose.

"I am going down to mother," she said abruptly. "No, thank you, those wraps will be all right there. Good-by."

She steadied herself by the rail, and passed quickly along to the companion-way. Prescott was left standing beside her chair.

The evening passed away without his seeing her. The next morning was stormy, and she stayed below with her mother. Then it cleared and in the afternoon she appeared on deck again. Prescott had set her chair next to his own in the same secluded corner and carefully placed the rugs and pillows upon it.

Laura greeted him pleasantly enough, and allowed him to tuck her in the chair without a word. When they spoke again it was about the storm and her mother's illness. There was no allusion to their quarrel; each was ostentatiously friendly, yet there was a marked constraint about the conversation, which soon died away. Both watched the storm-swollen waves in silence for a time.

Suddenly Laura broke the spell.

"Apropos of this repeating a day, Mr. Prescott," she said mischievously, "where does the extra day come from anyhow?"

Quick as a flash Perry responded:

"Why, we pick it up in the middle of the ocean;" and an amused smile played over his countenance. Evidently their thoughts had taken the same road and reached the same destination at about the same time.

"But where does the extra time come from? I really don't understand it at all."

"We drop an idle hour, here and there, don't you know, all the way around the world; and then, when we find we have done something we are sorry for, we pick them all up, paste them together, and live the same day over again. And I'm glad it's so," added Prescott, with feeling, "for I never wanted to live a day over again so much as yesterday, I mean to-day."

There was a pause. A little tan shoe, the mate of the one that had appeared before, was tapping the chair nervously. A flushed face peered witchingly out from among the pillows. Laura broke the silence.

"What time is it?" she said demurely.

"You mean it is time for me to apol——" he began.

"No. no, no. Listen, what time is it?"

A light began to dawn on Prescott's face.

"Oh, let me see; half-past four."

A pause followed.

"Go on," urged Laura.

"Go on how?" he queried.

"Finish your remark. You forgot something."

"Oh, yes; I forgot the last hour we dropped overboard."

"I wish I had been dropped overboard instead of the hour," remarked Laura candidly. "It would have served me right."

"Absurd!" remarked Perry, with a warmth hardly called for by the demure statement. The little tan shoe fairly danced about on the chair.

"Let me obscure your view for an instant," quoth Perry, eagerly; and he stooped over to replace the wrap.

"Laura," he murmured, earnestly; "dear Laura," and observing that the deck was deserted he pressed his lips—yes, actually—to the tanned leather.

"Perry! How utterly absurd!" cried Laura, blushing furiously. "Don't touch that shoe! I want it so!"

Her own lips were pursed with scorn perhaps—as she said it; and the "so" might have referred to them. Certainly Perry interpreted the remark in that way.—[*Home Journal.*

Pipeman Pat Egan.

WILLIAM PRESCOTT CORNELL.

CHICAGO was in the grasp of bitter cold weather. The temperature hovered between three and five degrees below zero. The hour was 6 o'clock, and thousands of clerks and business and professional men and women were hurrying through the chilling blasts to the warmth of their firesides. Those who happened in the vicinity of Washington and Dearborn streets were suddenly startled by the cry of "fire." The three npper floors of the Mason block were in a blaze, and before the alarm was turned in, the flames were fast mounting to the roof, while burning brands dropping down the elevator shafts in the rear were kindling new fires on the lower floors.

Three blocks to the south was engine 3's house. The men were scattered around the quarters, some playing checkers around the warm stove, while others were preparing for an early bedtime.

Ding, ding, ding—ding, ding, sounded the "jokers" bell for box 32. Marshal Horan, whose headquarters were in the same house, took the location from the running card. "Washington and Dearborn" he yelled as the horses, released automatically from their fasteniug, came running to their places.

Pipeman Pat Egan was one of those preparing to retire for the night. He came down the brass pole with a rush, did his share of the hitching and flipped the tail end of the hose cart as it rolled swiftly out in the freezing air. The flames could be seen mounting high above the roofs of the surrounding blocks. Egan hadn't time even to don his helmet when the corner was reached.

From the west there came with a noisy rattle and clanging gong the ponderous apparatus of truck 6, stopping abruptly, with brakes hard set, directly in front of the burning building.

A cry of horror from the crowd already assembled caused Pipeman Pat Egan, among others, to look upward. A window of the fifth floor was raised and a man stepped out on the sill. He felt his way cautiously over the narrow, treacherous footing to the next window on the west, and so on until he reached the adjoining building. Then he broke a window and disappeared through it to safety.

Scarcely had he performed this feat when a young girl appeared at the raised window. The knowledge that her only safety lay in the same method of escape and the fact that the fire was raging fiercely behind her, unnerved

her. She sat down on the narrow stone sill, while the ruddy glare of the flames above, now bursting from every window, revealed a white, frightened face glancing appealingly from the dizzy height for help.

Already Truck 6's men were raising their aerial ladder as fast as the windlass would turn. It was Pipeman Egan's duty to lead out the hose with the men of his company, But he saw another duty before him, and the extension had not been run out to its height when he was half way up the ladder, mounting the slippery rungs with the agility of a squirrel. Close behind him was Marshall Horan.

Pipeman Egan reached the top rung. To his dismay he found that the the imperilled girl was seven feet above him. A hoarse groan of anguish rising to his ears, above the roar of flames overhead and the din of battle below, conveyed to him the fact that the crowd below had discovered the new peril of both.

"Stay where you are, little girl," he gasped through the thick smoke which almost enveloped him. "Don't jump till I tell you I'll save you somehow."

He made a sweeping motion with his right hand. Truck 6's men understood the signal. A couple turns of the windlass and the frail top of the ladder swung out two feet from the wall. Then Egan stepped to the topmost rung and placed his hands against the hot brick wall for support.

The smoke nearly choked him. Small flakes of stone chipped off the sills by the intense heat above him, fell in showers upon his bared head, inflicting tiny cuts from which the blood trickled slowly. One piece larger than the rest cut a deep gash in his head and the blood almost blinded him. He brushed it away with one hand and steadied himself again. Flames now appeared in the window behind the half conscious girl. Her dress had begun to blaze.

"Jump toward me," he said hoarsely, and with a wild, agonizing scream, the girl launched herself from the window. She fell squarely in those arms and sinews of oak braced against the hot wall, which was blistering Egan's hands.

The impact was something fearful. Pipeman Egan staggard for a moment. The slender ladder top swayed like a reed in a windstorm. He steadied himself again with his heavy burden, preparatory to a perilous descent. Flames burst from the window where the girl had taken refuge and scorched his face. Her burning dress was scorching his body through his thick flannel shirt.

Marshal Moran was close behind. "Hold on her, Pat," he said.

Pipeman Egan was too choked to answer. The girl had fainted in his arms, and it took all of his strength to keep from falling 75 feet to the ground.

Marshal Horan seized him by the right leg. "Step down, Pat," he said, "I'll steady you."

As carefully as a mother teaching her babe to walk, the marshal put his foot on the rung below. He did the same with the left foot. Slowly they

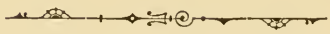
crept down in this manner until Egan's hands could grasp the ladder's sides. Then the descent was quicker. A spray nozzle was turned on them as they reached the foot of the ladder which cooled Egan's burns and extinguished the girl's blazing dress.

Not until he reached the hastily summoned ambulance did Egan relinquish his burden, and placing his charge in the basket stretcher, he turned to his superior officer, and saluting asked permision to have his injuries attended to. His hair and mustache were burned off close. Blood from the numerous cuts on his head had trickled over his face, giving him a frightful appearance. His hands were badly burned and he complained of severe pains in his chest, resulting from inhaling hot air. Citizens broke through the police lines to grasp his hands, but were caught and thrust back by stalwart bluecoats. Unaided, he went to the nearest doctor's office for relief.

I met the grizzled old chief an hour or so later. "Pretty brave act of Pipeman Egan." I ventured to suggest.

"Yes," sententiously replied the veteran fireman through the icicles which had formed on his whiskers. "Lieutenant Egan is a brave fellow." —*National Magazine.*

Mystery of Brig Marie Celeste.



THE story of the Marie Celeste, a brig which sailed from Boston in the sixties, bound for the Mediterranean ports with a general cargo of merchandise, is a thrilling one. Did you ever hear it. No? Well, you shall hear it as I heard it told the other night by a friend. I shall tell you the story as it was told to me, a plain, unvarnished tale, the details of which are writ large in the records in Washington. This is no mere myth or fiction of the sea, but a sober tale of fact, and when I have told the story—I hope I shall relate it circumspectly—my readers will have presented to them as pretty a puzzle as ever was set before the mind of man to solve. So far as I know, it has never been solved yet.

The Marie Celeste set sail from Boston with a crew of seventeen hands, the captain, his wife and his little daughter, twenty souls all told. Nothing, as far as we know, occurred on the voyage across the Atlantic other than the routine life of a trading brig at sea. But one fine day the brig came within hail of the Spanish coast. It was thought she was heading for Gibraltar on her way to enter the great inland sea. All her sails were set. The weather was fine, the sea calm, and a tight wind bore the vessel along. Duly the Spanish authorities hailed the brig, without receiving any answer to their signals. Then came a visit of inspection by the coast guard, I presume, and an astonishing state of things revealed itself.

Not a soul of the twenty persons who set sail from Boston in the brig was found on board. Every man had disappeared, from the captain to the boy, and the captain's wife and child also were as if they had never been. The vessel was minutely and carefully examined. There was an inspection by the American Consul; there was a business-like noting of all details, and a report was duly prepared for the authorities on the other side of the sea.

Listen to the astonishing particulars which an examination of the brig revealed. Not a rope or stay, not a sail was injured or a bolt missing. Everything, from truck to keel, was in its proper place. The brig's boats—note this fact, please—were all on board, slung on the davits or stowed on deck. Below everything was in the same undisturbed state. The watches of the captain and his wife hung on nails in the cabin. In the men's quarters, as in the cabin—another fact to be noted—there were the remains of half-eaten dinners, cooked apparently no long time before the brig drifted toward the

Spanish coast. Below and aloft all was silence—a ghastly, significant silence, appalling by reason of its inexplicable nature, and causing the faces of the searchers to pale before the mysterious possibilities which offered as solutions of the grim deadness of the ship. Since the day when the Marie Celeste drifted on her course to the European shores not a trace of any one of the twenty souls had been discovered. Needless to say strict inquiries were made both in America and in Europe concerning captain and crew. Every sailors' home was notified of the story, in case some derelict seaman should have come to a restful haven therein. The names and nationalities of the crew were known. I believe they included Americans, Danes, Norwegians and men of other nations in their numbers. But not a scrap of intelligence, not a wave-washed bottle with a message in it, not even a dead body, ever came to light which could suggest a solution of this horrible mystery.

Suppose we set our wits agoing on the problem of the Marie Celeste, what explanations are possible or likely to merit attention? Pirates and a wholesale slaughter of the crew by ordinary murder or by walking the plank? Nonsense. Piracy was no more common in the Atlantic in the '60's than it is now, and pirates do not attack a ship merely for the sake of murdering the crew or without looting the vessel and sinking her, and a piratical attack surely would have left traces of a struggle on the deck. The pirate idea clearly will not hold water at all.

A storm which swept everybody away? Equally untenable as a theory, for storms there were none at the time the brig drifted eastward, and storms leave traces of damage such as were absent in a vessel with all sails set and not a rope or bolt missing. Some calamity in the way of illness, you suggest. Well, where were the bodies? And if, mayhap, you maintain that the last survivor pitched his dead friends into the sea, and then drowned himself, you have first to find that mysterious epidemic, and to regard it as very unlikely that any disease should attack a whole crew rapidly and instantly, so as to cut them off in a few hours' time.

Don't forget the half-eaten dinners, for that fact proves that within a short distance of the land the crew were practically at rest, undisturbed by any omen of approaching calamity; and no disease I know of save, perhaps cholera of malignant type can kill people in a few hours. Besides, you must have infection, and whence did the pestilent microbes come to the brig? Sudden insanity on the part of one of the crew, leading to homicidal slaying of the others? Well, if you elect to believe that theory, you may. I don't for the plain reason that seventeen men could surely have overpowered one. The insanity idea will not work. It does not explain the facts as a true theory should, and a true theory should explain them and be contradicted by none.

Have I any suggestion to make? I have, though I offer it in all modesty, seeing that if my information is correct, American scientists were consulted

regarding the possibilities of catastrophes arising from the denizens of the sea themselves, and rejected the idea. But we know more about certain sea monsters in this year of grace than they did in the '60's, and my explanation of the mystery of the Marie Celeste is that which attributed the disappearance of the crew to the attack of a huge octopus, or devil-fish, or some other member of the cuttlefish group. Let me picture what I think may have happened. There is a man at the wheel. All the others are below at mess.

A huge octopus rises from the deep and with a wave of its sucker-studded arms encircles the steersman. He yells for help. Everbody rushes on deck. Then up sweep the other arms of the monster and one by one or en masse the whole are included in the tenacious grasp of the sea devil. They are swept over the side and perish. There is no damage done to the vessel and the octopus leaves no traces of its attact, as it sinks itself, a loathome mass of flesh and muscle, into the ocean abyss. If we find squids, which are cousins of the octopus, forty and fifty feet long, if octopi abound in Southern seas with bodies as big as vats and arms twenty feet in length—these things we know—we may go farther and fare worse in our attempt to explain this mystery of the deep.

The Story of Laura Bridgman.

ONCE upon a time (so all strange stories begin) there was born a baby girl. The peculiar thing about this "once upon a time" is, that I can tell you just when it happened, while the fairy-tale writers never can. It was on December 21, 1829, she was born into this world; and no one dreamed of the wonderful life this child was destined to live. She was a pretty infant with blue eyes, but very delicate and small, and she was often severely ill. But when she came to be about eighteen months old, her health improved, and at two years of age, those who knew her describe her as a very active and intelligent child. She had already learned to speak a few words, and knew some of the letters of the alphabet.

But, when she was two years and one month old, came the sad event which was to make her life a strange one. The scarlet fever entered the household. Her two elder sisters died of the disease, and she was stricken down by it. She was dangerously ill for a long, long time. No one thought it possible that this delicate child could recover. For five months she was in bed, in a perfectly dark room. She could eat no solid food for seven weeks. It was a whole year before she could walk without support, and two years before she could sit up all day and dismiss the doctor. But she did not die, though for long her life hung by a slender thread. And, when she recovered, she was really born anew into a strange word—a world so strange that we of this world can hardly imagine what it is to live in it. The fever had destroyed her sight,—the poor little girl was forever blind. Nor was this all; her hearing, too, was totally gone. And, not being able to hear, she would never learn to talk as we do,—she was dumb, A pretty child of five years,—deaf, dumb, and blind! Even worse—she had very little power to smell or taste. Touch was her only sense. Her fingers must take the place of eyes, ears, and mouth. Of course the fever had destroyed all recollection of her babyhood. Her life in this beautiful world that children love, and which she had hardly known, was over. She must live in a dark world without sunshine,—a silent world without a sound. She could not even smell the flowers whose beauties she could not see.

But lest you should think so strange and sad a story is not meant to be true, I will tell you her name. It was Laura Dewey Bridgman.

Her parents—Daniel and Harmony Bridgman—lived on a farm about seven miles from Hanover, New Hampshire, and there Laura was born.

She lived on the farm near Hanover until she was eight years old. Her parents were poor and they knew nothing of the ways of teaching the blind or the deaf and dumb. They treated her with great kindness and taught her to make herself useful about the house. It was difficult to make her understand what they desired, but they communicated by simple signs. Pushing meant "go," and pulling, "come." A pat on the head meant "That's good, Laura;" a pat on the back, "Laura mustn't do that."

Laura's great friend was a Mr. Tenny, a kind hearted old man, who "loved me as much as if I was his own daughter," she writes. He used to take her out for a walk across the fields, or sit down by the brook and amuse her throwing stones into the water and letting her feel the little waves, that the stones made, come back to the shore. She always knew Mr. Tenny and all her other friends by simply feeling their hands. So you see that little Laura was quite happy. She never knew how much more of the world other little girls could enjoy, and so she did not envy them.

In this way she spent three long years. Her few signs were all that connected her with other human beings. She did not know the name of anything. She knew only the few things that she could touch. For all the rest she lived in the dark, silent, lonely world of her own. The green trees and gay flowers, the blue sky and floating clouds were unknown to her. Imagine if you can, a world without color, without light! A perpetual night without moon or stars; wouldn't it be awful? No green fields and no sky, no blue eyes and golden hair; no picture-books nor bright dresses. And the sad stillness of that world, where nobody laughs and no birds sing and Mother's voice doesn't call and comfort; where nobody can tell stories or make believe. Think of a child who couldn't ask questions! Why that's the principal thing that children have to do!

But Laura was not to stay much longer in her lonely world. One day a gentleman came to see her parents and offered to take Laura to Boston to teach her to read and write as other blind children do, and to talk with her fingers as do the deaf and dumb. It was Dr. Samuel Howe, superintendent of the Perkins Institute for the Blind. He was one of those wise men who put heart and soul into whatever they decide to do. What Mr. Howe decided to do was to bring Laura Bridgman back into our world, just so fast as that could be done. Of course her parents were sorry to have Laura go, but they knew that it was for the best; and Laura felt just as homesick, when she came to the big institution in Boston, as any other girl of eight years would have felt. Of course she couldn't know why she was taken away from home She soon made friends with the matron, and with her teacher, Miss Drew. She spent much time, the first few days, in knitting, for she liked to have something to do, and took her work to the matron when ever she dropped a stitch.

One morning, after she was used to the Home, Dr. Howe nud Miss Drew gave Laura her first lesson. They were to teach her the alphabet. But how? She couldn't see the letters, but she could feel them if they were cut out of wood or raised on paper. But when she felt something like an A, she could not know what it was, and they could not tell her, it was just the same as feeling her mother's tea pot,—it was a thing with a funny shape and didn't seem to be of any known use. As for three things, like C, A, T, spelling or meaning the puss, you might as well ask her to feel a table. a chair, and an inkstand, and give her to understand that those meant the cat. There did not seem to be any way of showing her what a word was for; you learned it just by hearing other people speak. But Laura had never heard nor read or spoken a word since she could remember.

This is what Dr. Howe did. He took some things such as she knew at home,—a knife, fork, spoon, key, chair,—and then formed on labels in large raised letters the names of these things—KNIFE, FORK, etc. He made her feel the knife, and then passed her finger over the label; then he pasted the label, KNIFE, on the knife to show that they belonged together, and made her feel them again. Laura submitted to it. But all she understood was that the labels were not all alike, and people seemed to want to paste them on things. Her first lesson, lasting three quarters of an hour, left her much puzzled. But at last after many repetitions of this exercise, she seemed to get the idea that the raised letters meant the objects. She showed this by taking the label, CHAIR, and placing it on one chair and then on another. Now, Laura was interested; it was a splendid game. Dr. Howe gave her the things and she was to find the right labels; then he gave her the labels and she found the things. She had learned what a word is and was delighted. Dr. Howe always patted her on the head when she was right, and tapped her lightly on the elbow when she was wrong. The lessons were long and tedious, but she was acquiring a language!

Of course one cannot do much talking with a lot of labels; and a great many things that one wishes to talk about can not be labeled at all. The next thing was to teach her that a word was made up of letters. The label, BOOK, was cut up into four parts: B, O, O, K. Laura was then made to feel the label and each of the parts; then these were mixed together and she was to set up the word like the label. That was rather easy. Then Dr. Howe had a case of metal types made for her. It had four alphabets in it and one was always set up in alphabetical order, while she moved about the other three. In three days she learned the order of the letters, and could find any letter at once. She was never tired of setting up the metal types, to make the few words she had learned. She could really be a child now, for she could ask questions. She indicated the butter to ask what the name of it was, and her teacher set up B-U-T-T-E-R on the type-case. Laura felt it, took it

apart and set it up again, and knew it ever after. Those were bright and busy days for her. She was making up for her long years of loneliness, and entering a real world at last.

But even this was a clumsy way of talking. There was a much quicker way for her; the alphabet; and that was learned next. Most deaf-mutes can see the signs, but Laura had to learn them by feeling. They gave her the type A to feel with one hand, while she felt the position of the teacher's hand with the other. Then she herself made the sign for A and was patted on the head for getting it right. She was overjoyed with this easy way of talking. That is what her teacher said of it; "I shall never forget the first meal taken after she appreciated the use of the finger alphabet. Every article that she touched must have a name and I was obliged to call some one to help me wait upon the other children, while she kept me busy in spelling the new words."

So far, she knew only the names of things. When she had learned about one hundred of these common nouns, Miss Drew began to teach her a few verbs. She let Laura feel the motion of the door as it was being closed, and then spelled out, "Shut door" on her fingers. Then the door was opened and her teacher spelled out "Open door." Laura knew what "door" was, and so easily learned the meaning of "shut" and "open." Then adjectives were learned, beginning with such as could be easily understood, for example: heavy, light, rough, smooth, thick, thin, wet, dry. Next she learned proper names, and very soon she knew the names of all the many persons in that large institution. But just think! she never knew her own name nor even that she had one, until then—when she was nine years old. A year later, she began to learn to write. A pasteboard, with grooves in it, just the small letters, was put under the paper. A letter was pricked in stiff paper so that she could feel it's shape; then, holding the pencil in her right hand, she placed the forefinger of her right hand close up against the lead, so as to feel how the pencil was moving. It was rather slow writing, but all the trouble it cost her to learn it was forgotten when she sent her first letter to her mother. You may be sure that all the village saw that wonderful letter, and not a few of the wise heads were rather doubtful whether Laura really had written the letter, after all.

But it would be impossible to tell all there is to tell; how she learned arithmetic, and geography, and history, and much else; in short how a silent, sightless child, with power to make only a few signs, grew up into a well-educated, bright, pleasant, happy woman.

I can only tell you in a few words how her life has been passed. Through the kindness of Mr. George Combe, of Scotland, and others, it was made possible to give her a teacher all to herself. Without one, she could not have been cared for as she deserved. She received all her education at the Per-

kins Institute for the Blind, and always lived there except when spending the vacations at home. She had many friends, and, through the reports that Dr. Howe wrote for many years of her progress, had become known to people all over the world. Many ladies learned the finger alphabet simply to be able to talk with her, and she wrote and received many letters. Her room had a window facing south, and she often headed her letters "Sunny Home." She took pleasure in arranging her room and read a great deal. You know that quite a number of books have been printed in raised letters for the blind. The letters must be large and are printed on one side of the page only. It takes sixteen large volumes to print the Bible in this way. Most blind persons cultivate one finger for reading until it is very sensitive and can feel the letters very rapidly, but, of course, not so rapidly as we can read with our eyes.

Her spare time was devoted to knitting, sewing, crocheting lace and mats, and talking. Though her life was a peaceful and happy one, it had also its severe trials. Several of her teachers, to whom she was much attached, died; her closest tie with the world was always her constant teacher and companion, who was eyes, ears, and tongue for her. Her teachers naturally learned to sympathize with her condition more than others could, and the loss of one of these dear friends was a great affliction. She even had to endure the loss of her benefactor, Dr. Howe. He had lived to see her grow up into what he had hoped she might become when he took her from her home in Hanover. His death occurred in 1876, and affected Miss Bridgman so seriously that she was very ill and weak for a long time afterward.

So she lived her quiet life, so the days grew into months, and the months into years—and so, also, quietly and peacefully she passed away, on the 24th day of May, 1899.

She was cared for to the last by the loving friends who had made a happy existence possible to one so grievously helpless. Into her dark and silent world the wisdom of man found a way; it brought to her the sense of human love and sympathy, and even made her a sharer in the world's treasure oi learning and imagination.—[*Edu. In.*

MOULTON CASTLE.

CHARLES CLINTON JONES.

It stood on the pine fringed hill-top
  O'er looking the ancient town,
And the winding course of the river;
  That turreted castle brown.

For more than a generation
  It guarded the country-side,
The city and bay and islands,
  And the marshes low and wide.

Grimly it stood looking seaward,
  And when day died out of the sky,
It saw in the gathering darkness
  Plum Island's twinkling eye.

A little more to the northward
  Burning the night like coals,
Yellow and red alternate
  The changing lights of the Shoals.

Full many a sailor scanning
  The land with his searching glass,
Has seen along the horizon
  That turreted hill-top pass.

And many a traveler turning
  His face toward home again,
Wearied with traffic and travel
  In the busy haunts of men,

MOULTON CASTLE.

Rejoiced to see in the distance
Those towers 'bove the tree-tops rise,
Clear cut in their somber beauty
'Gainst the background of the skies.

And often in drive and ramble,
As we cast our eyes around,
A view of the brown old castle,
To our great delight we found.

When the two old bald-head eagles
Returned to their haunts in the spring,
At sight of its rugged outline,
They quickened the eager wing.

And many a flock of swallows
In nests 'neath the sheltering eaves,
Have gendered their broods of younglings,
And flown again with the leaves.

But now it is gone, and the hill-top
Is bare as the Tyrian stone,
While o'er it the breezes murmur,
And the night winds make their moan.

The sheltering pines about it
Their dark green branches toss,
Chanting a dirge-like anthem
For their own and the country's loss.

The sailor and homebound traveler
Will scan the horizon well,
But never a sign will greet them
Of its ancient sight to tell.

The birds in their springtime coming,
And their southward flight in the fall,
Will look in vain for its turrets,
And its brown expanse of wall.

And tho' a far grander mansion
Shall take its place on the hill,
The picture of Moulton Castle
Will remain in memory still.

The Blind as Masseurs.

MARY ELIZABETH SANFORD.

(For Talks and Tales.)

BUT few avenues of industry are open to the adult blind and every ambitious man, every ambitious woman is asking the question,—"How can I earn a livelihood, how rid myself of the chains of dependence?"

With sufficient energy and health, sighted persons are sure to surmount obstacles strewn along life's highway, and in the end, reach the goal—success. Not all may hope to become high lights in music, literature or science; but in "God's acre" may be found means of earning for those whose sight enables them to join the vast army that halts not in its march against competition; its watchword is the "mighty dollar," it's paramount object, the "staff of life." Destiny has decreed that the great mass of humanity, those not "to the manor born," must toil early and late, and if—as we all believe—this life should be one of steady growth and progress, I am persuaded that the heights of knowledge and achievement here attained, will higher grow in the ages yet to be.

Seeing women are sure of remunerative employment as dressmakers, milliners, typists, stenographers, etc., or as domestics, which service is preferable to positions in stores, mills and factories, where associations are questionable.

Seeing men, though they be not Newtons, cannot wield the artist's brush, may win for themselves America's emblem, "the one dollar bill," by tilling the soil as does the farmer, by landscape gardening, by building and by improving highways, constructing bridges, by facilitating means of travel, thus bringing humanity into closer touch, and by digging sewers, which work when completed, insures the health and happiness of vast communities. To dig and delve may not be considered dignified labor, but the fact remains that honest, faithful service, is very honorable,—truly noble.

Sightless men cannot pursue many of the occupations open to their sighted brothers; but broom and mattress making are industries in which blind men can succeed, and it would be well if in certain localities they might have the monopoly of such work. But in this country, where competition is so great, no such concession may be hoped for and success or failure in these industries depends upon the business capacity of the manufacturer.

Sightless women have not the variety of occupations to choose from as have their sisters gifted with eyesight, which has been aptly termed "highly developed touch"—and in many ways, the lot of blind women is more trying than that of the opposite sex who are blind, since they cannot go out and battle with the world as can men, and how to render themselves self-supporting is a problem not easily solved.

Blind persons having rare musical ability, either vocal or instrumental, are sure of success ; but the opinion entertained by many seeing people, that the blind are all musical, is erroneous. If seeing people would but close their eyes and keep them closed long enough to ask themselves whether, by voluntarily shutting out the light of day, their nature, their individuality, their aspirations, are in any way changed, their ideas of blind people might be less distorted ; they might, or should regard them as fellow-beings having desires and aspirations common to humanity. Understanding this, the seeing public might turn with outstretched arms, and with words of cheer and friendly greeting, bridge the ocean of indifference which now separates the seeing from the sightless.

People of nearly every class are provided with comfortable homes in institutions maintained by the government or by private subscription. Among those thus sheltered are aged men and women, widows of ministers, soldiers, sailors, actors, nurses, and many others ; but the almshouse is thought a fitting retreat for such of the blind as may be without relatives, homeless.

This wrong should be righted and it is a work which should engage the attention of Christian soldiers whose banners display the symbolic characters "L. A. H.," "I. H. N.," "C. E.," and mottoes of similar device.

Homes for the indigent, aged and feeble-minded blind should be established and maintained in every state in the Union. Little fear is there that the industrious blind would seek such shelter if means of earning could be provided. For the indolent blind I am inclined to think that the poorhouse is a fitting abode. It is good to know that to blind women of average health and intelligence, the science of massage offers employment to which lack of sight is no obstacle. Since male nurses and masseurs are not uncommon, blind men would do well to take up the study of massage with a view to making it remunerative. As the touch of a blind person is more highly developed than that of persons gifted with sight, the scientific manipulation of the muscles is readily learned and seeing people are fast recognizing the desirability of employing sightless operators.

If by nourishing food the blood is put into a healthy condition and its circulation stimulated by massage treatment, muscular development is insured, and the nervous system invigorated. Without nerve force the human mechanism is like steel without temper. Temper is a necessary quality in one's makeup, but "Hold thy tongue till some meaning lie behind to set it wagging," is advice which all should heed.

Like many of the sciences, massage was at first denounced and most vigorously by medical men ; but within the last quarter of a century, its merits as a health agency are being recognized and skilful operators have already demonstrated that excitement and morbid conditions can be removed, and in very many cases health restored, through massage alone.

Massage as a science, is to-day a fixed star in the scientific firmament, which shall increase in lustre through coming years.

Answer to Mr. A.

ALICE A. HOLMES.

(*For Talks and Tales.*)

PART I.

Oh, Mr. A—, how can you ask to know a lady's age?
Why, that's enough to drive one mad or put one in a rage,
Description of one's self to give is not an easy task
But I will try, as best I can, to answer what you ask.

Well, forty years and four ago, I crossed the raging main,
Fair summers nine, I then had passed, the total now is plain.
At birth, I all the senses had, and chubby little feet,
With tiny hands and arms to match, and voice with squeaks replete;

And soon I learned to make it heard, quite in a noisy manner
And oft my nurses did beguile with tones of high soprano.
But truly of my babyhood, no fairy tales they tell,
And I'm content to pass it by—perchance it is as well.

At four, I was a wayward child, but happy as a bird,
And, like a parrot, would repeat the naughty words I heard.
At nine I fairly read and spelled, and could my tables say,
Had also learned to knit and sew, but better loved to play.

My hair was once a bonny brown, mine eyes a heavenly blue,
But time has turned my tresses gray, these orbs have lost their hue.
Now as to size, I'm glad to say, I'm neither large nor small,
Fault with my form, I've none to find, I'm not short nor am I tall.

My face was fair when but a child and blushing roses bore
But sickness came with slighting hand—yes—sunny youth was o'er.
And all along my future way a shadow dark was cast,
On human face and nature fair, mine eyes had looked their last.

How long I mourned my vision lost! My heart was veiled in gloom,
How hope's fair star refused to rise! How darkness sealed my doom.
But health returned and with it came a calm, contented mind;
I was resolved to banish grief and be to God resigned.

In girlhood fair I entered school, and knowlege sought to gain,
I, with my fingers, learned to read, whilst studies filled my brain.
And music's charms my soul inspired, I loved her potent sway,
And thought myself a very queen when I could sing and play.

Our teachers all were good and kind, as teachers ought so be,
My schoolmates were a merry lot and jolly girls were we.
But yet there was a certain rule, which much our pleasure marred,
The girls from speaking to the boys were totally debarred.

But yet perchance, we stole a march and met upon the sly
And held a little tete-a-tete, when no one else was by.
Cupid, though a roguish lad, to us was very kind,
And, as he could not see himself, had pity for the blind;

So many clever plans he laid, sweet messages to bring
And gentle words of love he bore upon his purple wing.
And thus the days went gaily by and life with pleasure glowed,
As learning,on our youthful minds her golden light bestowed.

But e'er the seventh sunny year its closing shadows cast,
The scene was changed, I said "Farewell," my schoolday dreams were past.

PART II.

A stranger, now, at home, I seemed
And life was dark and cold,
No solace could my spirit find
Nor way of hope behold.
But yet, there came a darker day,
Affliction fraught with care,
My father dear, was summoned hence
And left me in despair.

But fleeting time, like healing balm,
My drooping spirit cheered
And grief withdrew her sable pall,
And brighter days appeared.
No longer now, I sat and mourned
And wept the time away,
But sat myself to scribble rhyme
And tried to make it pay.

In '49, a little book I published for my friends
Who kindly bought it for my sake and made me well amends.
Again life's dream was sadly changed—then came a siege of care,
And patient toil with trials deep, it was my lot to bear.
Then hope, we saw on pinions bright, who pleasing halos shed,
But youth had passed and years crept on, life's fairest flowers were dead.
But still on friendship's altars glow a bright and cheering ray,
That all along my rugged path, lit up the dreary way.
Life's evening shades are falling now, my golden dreams are past,
And peace and sweet content abide just where my lot is cast.

Fanny Crosby's Reminiscences.

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NUMBER EIGHT.

GENERAL HENRI GRATIEN BERTRAND, on his trip to this country, made a visit to our Institution early in the forties. We were all very much interested in him, because he was one of the few surviving men who knew and was near the person of Napoleon Bonaparte, during a large portion of his career.

Bertrand was one of the bravest and most faithful of the "Little Corporal's" aids, and in any ordinary war or series of wars, would have shone forth pre-eminent. But it took more-than-giants to do that in the vast Napoleonic conflicts, and Bertrand never ranked among the Neys, the Murats, and the McDonalds.

We remembered, however, the fact that he had worked his way up from a captaincy of engineers, had been an efficient and constantly growing soldier through the Italian-Egyptian campaigns, and had participated in the beams of glory that came flashing upon the French at Austerlitz. We knew that after the disastrous battle of Aspern, he restored the passage across the Danube for the French troops, and did much toward saving the Emperor's army; and that for this service he was made count, and governor of Illyria. We had heard that at the battle of Waterloo he helped restrain Napoleon from rushing into certain death, and that when his chief was exiled to St. Helena, he went with him, stayed there till he saw him die, and afterwards helped bring his body back to Paris, when, as Victor Hugo said, "an exiled coffin returned in triumph." He now lies near Napoleon in the gorgeous tomb in the Hotel des Invalides, Paris, under the famous gilded dome: many of my readers have no doubt seen his name there.

When Bertrand came to see us, I was as usual deputed to write a poem of welcome; and had the honor of reading it before him. In it I depicted him as sitting pensively with his head leaned down upon his hands, seeing Napoleon's life ebb away.

"How did you know that?" he asked me, referring to those lines, during our short conversation. "How did you know that I was in that position?"

"I did *not* 'know' it," I replied: "I merely imagined it."

"It was just the way I did sit, through all that fearful night, until I saw Napoleon's eyes close, and knew that he was gone," replied Bertrand.

He seemed somehow to have detected in the poem a little more praise of himself than of his royal master; and perhaps felt more resentment at the one incident, than gratitude at the other. He asked me if I was not an admirer of Napoleon. "I admired him *as* a *soldier*," I replied, and stopped, only telling half the truth. He did not press the question any farther, and the interview soon came to an end.

Indeed, while I recognized the bravery and faithfulness of General Bertrand, I could not help wishing all the time that his efforts had been put forth in the service of some better chief; and it may be that fragments of that thought became mingled with the poem.

From the contemplation of war and warriors, the step to dear sweet Laura Bridgman is a long one, but most grateful. I well remember the first time I met her. It was in Washington; and I heard so much about her and her wonderful achievements, that she seemed to me full as much of a curiosity as anybody in the great National capital. I knew that at the age of two years she had lost her sight, her hearing, and her speech; and that the senses of touch and smell were also considerably impaired. She was given her first instructions at the age of eight, by the renowned Dr. Howe. He could communicate with her only by the touch of the fingers; and his first effort was to make her understand the analogy between objects and the words representing them. She finally commenced to understand what was wanted, and to recognize the words, produced in raised letters. Then the letters were disarranged; she was taught to put them back in their proper places, and in this way learned to spell.

It took her some time to realize that here was a means through which she could communicate with her fellow-beings, too, but when she did, her delight is said to have been pathetic. After this she soon learned the manual alphabet, and by degrees acquired as much miscellaneous knowledge as most people whom she met. She took lessons on the piano, and became a skilful performer; could do fine needle-work, and attend skilfully to many household duties.

A girl who, though deaf, dumb, and blind, could do all these things (and many others, of more importance), was certainly a wonder; and at Washington, in whatever circle she moved, Laura Bridgman was "the observed of all observers."

She was fully aware of these facts, for everything said about her was faithfully reported by her comrades in the party, by means of their nimble and talkative fingers; but she continued as modest and sensible as ever, and did not show the least undue pride in her success as a public character. She soon became very good friends with the members of our New York party,

and one of my sweetest memories is of her, sitting upon my lap, twining her arms around my neck, and then spelling out for me the name, "Little Fan"—to distinguish me from another one of our band, who bore the same given name as myself, and was larger in size.

But words, with us, were hardly needed; we could almost understand each other's thoughts by the magnetism that flashed between us. I do not remember a sweeter magnetism than Laura Bridgman's.

When Jenny Lind came to this country, in 1850, one of the first places she visited, was our Institution; and a very pleasant memory is the beautiful music and the cordial hand-shakings she gave us. She had already conquered Europe with the melody of her voice and the goodness of her heart; and all America was wild to hear her. The first concert at which she appeared in New York netted her $10,000; and she immediately donated this entire sum to charity.

This, of course, made her much more popular than ever; for there are few things that people like better, than to get value received for their money, and then have it paid back to them.

We tried hard to induce the gentle cantatrice to make us a speech; but this she declined to attempt, although having a very fair command of English. She sang for us, however, again and again. And such singing! Of course, during this particular time, wherever Jenny Lind went, the great and inevitable Barnum followed not far behind. I knew him exceedingly well, and can say that with all his shrewdness, he had many kind and generous traits of character. This conundrum used to be printed and reprinted in the newspapers of that date:

"Why are Jenny Lind and Barnum well calculated always to agree, and never have any difficulty!—Because one is always for giving, and the other is always for getting!"

But Barnum made many munificent donations—which were of no less benefit to the world, even if the fact did help him in his advertising.

Among the sweet memories of the past, is that of Alice Cary, with whom I corresponded for a time, and from whom I had many a pleasant word of cheer. I used also to have letters from Frances Ridley Havergal; and I remember how delighted I was, once, at receiving a poem from her, dedicated to me, and beginning:

> "Dear blind sister over the sea,
> An English heart goes out to thee!"

One of the most enjoyable trips I ever took in connection with our Institution for the Blind, was—not in a daintily upholstered palace car—not in a finely appointed and swiftly gliding ocean steamship—not in an exquisitely poised and jauntily driven mountain coach—but—strange to say!—upon a canal-boat.

Railroads were not bewilderingly plenty, in those days, as they are now; and it had not occurred to anybody that it would be desirable to build one along the valley of the Mohawk River, and then away off still westward—westward—to Buffalo—to Chicago—to the very Pacific Ocean itself! If any one had told us that such a thing would happen, "one of these days," we would have considered him as one of the blind trying to lead the blind.

But, largely through the energy and perseverance of Governor DeWitt Clinton, an artificial river had been stretched from the Hudson River to Lake Erie; and few that are living now, can comprehend what a great convenience and help to the country was this great highway of waves. Miniature ships—propelled by horses and mules, carrying great boat-loads of merchandise up and down through the country may still be seen, by passengers on the New York Central Railroad trains, from the windows of its fast-flying coaches; and they think little of them.

But in those days they were among the principal commercial institutions of the country. When the Erie Canal was opened, Governor Clinton, who had dug the first spade-full from the earth in the construction of the giant channel, was greeted, at his first trip, all along the line, with the ringing of bells, and the firing of cannon, and more or less eloquent speeches whenever he would stop long enough to hear them. It would be interesting if one could know how many people thronged the banks of the Erie Canal, during those days of triumph, to see Governor Clinton go past!

One who from curiosity or other reason visits the boats employed now-a days, can form little idea of the elegance with which passenger, or "packet" boats were fitted up, in those days. Many people preferred traveling in them, even when on business, to using stage-coach or carriage; and a long boat-ride, through the finest of scenery, among pleasant people, without jolting, and surrounded with the comforts of every-day life—was not half unenjoyable.

So we had, as it were, our "private car" all to ourselves; and were not long in taking possession of, and appropriating it. The crew, consisting of captain, driver, and maid, met us rather coldly, when we came on board, and acted as if they were afraid of us; but they soon found out, as they expressed it, that "we'd do." They explained, after getting acquainted with us, that they had supposed we would be a quiet, sad, sober, melancholy lot of people, moping about with grief on our faces, the constant burden of whose song was "I'm blind, oh, I'm blind."

Without wishing to recommend too highly the vivacity of my companions and myself, I may say, that they revised their opinions, within about half an hour after we got on board. They found that we were inclined to enjoy life in every way that solid instruction and innocent amusement could afford. It was not long before we knew our temporary aquatic guardians "as well as if we'd been through them with a lantern," as the captain

luminously expressed it. We were all over the boat in a jiffy, and knew every nook and corner of it before the expedition started. "Well, you're a rum lot, Miss Crosby," the Captain confided to me, in one of our first conversations: "an' it's the jolliest crew I ever hed. To tell the truth, I dreaded you, an' expected to hev a sort of fun'ral percession, the hull length of the big ditch; but I guess it's goin' to be a circis, all the way, an' a good one."

It was not "a circis" all the way, for there came times when we were very sober, staid, and circumspect; but we could not resist the exhilarating air of the hill-regions through which we passed, or the genial sunshine, or the smell of the flowers, or the cheery hail of boatmen and passengers whom we met along the moist way. We soon learned the mystery of the locks, and how it was that our boat ran into the large basin and waited till it was filled or emptied, as the case might ask for, in order to get us on the level required; and after the novelty of that was over, we often ran ahead on the tow-path accompanied by one of our seeing teachers, and had a nice little bit of exercise before our steady-going craft overtook us.

We stopped at all towns of any size on the way, such as Schenectady, Rome, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, as well as many others, and gave entertainments. I may say, without exaggeration, that these affairs were the events of the evening, if not of the week and month, in the vicinity where we appeared.

The Mayor would generally preside; and would give us as fine a speech of welcome as he had time to prepare. The Common Council, or Board of Aldermen, and other distinguished people, were very likely also to sit upon the platform; while hundreds if not thousands of the citizen rank and file were down in front.

What with our singing, addresses, descriptions of our school, recitations, and such oratorical and musical help as we managed to borrow from local talent, we flattered ourselves that we made a pretty good "show," as we used playfully to call it; and we were always overwhelmed with praises, and invitations to "come again."

Besides this, we generally netted a snug little sum for the Institution: which was the main object of the excursion, aside from rousing public interest in our educational work.

After a day or two of rest in a town, meeting kind friends, partaking of splendid hospitality, encouraging sightless people who heard of and came to us from all directions—we set sail again, and started for the next "stand"—delighted to get back again to our dear old canal boat—containing, as Dr. Holmes used to say, "many of the pleasures of navigation, with none of its perils."

And so we went on and on—till at last Buffalo was reached, and after arriving there we were not long in making a pilgrimage to the great Niagara Falls.

Sketches from Our Exchanges.

GREAT DIAMONDS.

At least seventy diamonds are in existence which have a long and romantic history. The largest diamond in the world is the "Braganza," which weighs 1680 carats in the rough. It was found in Brazil and is now in the Portuguese treasury. The finest and certainly the most famous diamonds in the world came from India. At the break-up of the empire of the Great Mogul, his treasures were scattered, and the "Koh-i-nur," "Orloff," and the "Moon of Mountains" came from this collection. The "Great Mogul" is now believed to be lost. It weighed 787½ carats, and it has not been seen since 1665. It is possible that it has ceased to exist in its original state. The "Koh-i-nur," which now weighs 102½ carats, has a history which goes back to 1526, while tradition gives it a career of 5,000 years. It was seized in the Lahore jewel chest and was brought to England. In 1852 it was reduced from 186 1-16 carats to its present weight. The "Orloff" diamond, which is the chief ornament in the imperial scepter of the Czar, is the largest diamond in Europe, weighing 193 carats. It formed one of the eyes of an idol. It was sold in Amsterdam for $450,000 and an annuity of $20,000 to Count Orloff. The "Moon of Mountains" is also among the Russian crown jewels. The gem of the French regalia was the famous "Pitt" diamond, which was found in the year 1701 and was reduced from 410 to 137 carats. It was bought by the Duke of Orleans in 1717 for $675,000. It has been valued at $2,400,000. One of the largest diamonds ever found was that picked up by a negress in Brazil, which is known as the "Star of the South," and weighs 254 carats.

WHAT SCIENCE GETS FROM TREES.

Trees yield many things beside timber. The cinchona is robbed of its bark for the sake of the quinine which it contains. Resins, rubbers, barks, fibers, tans, dyes, lacquers, seeds and fruit—the list has no end. Many of these are due to modern enterprise; it is curious to note, however, that wood tar is prepared just as it was in the fourth century before Christ. A bank is chosen and a hole dug, into which the wood is placed and covered with turf. A fire is lighted underneath and the tar slowly drips into the barrels placed to receive it.

Charcoal factories yield other products than charcoal, notably wood naphtha. In some the smoke given off is used as fuel. On the continent the

hopbine, which we burn to waste over here, is used in the manufacture of textile fabrics.

Tar distilled in its turn furnishes wood vinegar, creosote and pitch. Vanillian, an artificial substitute for vanilla, is made from the sap of the Scotch pines while a kind of rubber has been obtained from the common birch.

Wood has had an important influence on the paper-making industry. Young saplings, which before were not worth cutting down for fuel, can now be converted into pasteboard. A tree was cut down in Galveston, Tex., at 10 o'clock in the morning and converted first into pulp and then into paper by 6 o'clock in the evening. At 6 o'clock the next morning it was distributed as a daily paper. Car and tram wheels have been made of wood pulp, and it takes the place for roofing of corrugated iron, tiles and slates.

WHAT BECOMES OF ALL THE OLD COINS.

It is a standing question to ask what becomes of all the pins made every year. But pins are very small, and when bent or rusty are worthless, and so it makes no difference.

But what becomes of all the old coins? There are 199,900,000 old copper pennies somewhere. Nobody knows what has become of them, except that once in a while a single specimen turns up in change. A few years ago 4,500,000 bronze two-cent pieces were set afloat. Three million of them are still outstanding. Twenty million three-cent silver pieces are scattered over the United States, but it is very rarely that one is seen. Of 800,000 half-cent pieces, which correspond in value to English farthings not one has been returned to the government for coinage or is held by the Treasury. Congress appropriates about $100,000 yearly for recoining the silver coins now in possession of the Treasury. These are mostly half dollars, and are not circulated because there is no demand for them. Not long ago the stock then amounted to $5,000,000, but is only about half that now. The money set aside for recoining is not intended to pay for the cost of minting, but it is required to reimburse the Treasury of the United States on account of the loss which silver pieces have suffered by abrasion. The loss amounts to $30 on every $1000, and it has to be made good in order to set the Treasurer's accounts right.

TAKING THE TIME AT NOON.

Just before 12 o'clock each day all business must be taken off the wires controlled by the Western Union company, and that means the absolute cessation of business along the main lines of electric communication in the principal cities of America, says Pearson's Magazine. Three minutes before noon wire chiefs in each of the principal cities and the towns and cities leading to and from their large sisters cease sending or receiving messages no matter how important they may be, and devote themselves to switching on wires in

such a way as to make an unbroken circuit of communication from Washington around the uttermost boundaries of the United States. This is called an "unbroken national circuit."

Thus a smooth track is made along which the electric message may flash encompassing the Union and announcing the time of day. Ten seconds before the time the bell strikes comes another silence, and then a mighty throb, a titanic heart-beat from the foremost factor in modern commerce and an electric cnrrent pulsates from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Gotham to the golden gate, announcing the fact that the sun has passed over the seventy-fifth meridian and it is noon at Washington.

A FIND OF AMBERGRIS.

INFORMATION received at Colvelo, Mendorino County, Cal., from Caspar, a seacoast town and port thirty-five miles away, gives the particulars of a valuable find of ambergris afloat discovered by a lumber steamer on her return from Skaguay, Alaska. The name of the vessel is not given. A small lump of dirty, gray, greasy stuff was picked up by the crew about six weeks ago after discharging a cargo of lumber at an Alaskan port. The lump weighed about seventy-five pounds, and when taken on board was found to be pure ambergris more valuable than gold, and worth $27,272. Ambergris is supposed to be a substance formed by a disease of the stomach or the gall ducts of the sperm whale. It is ejected by the animal and floats upon the water, or is cast upon the shore and buried in the sand. It is used to fix valuable perfumes, and for that reason as well as for its rarity and the difficulty of encountering it it's price ordinarily ranges from $370 to $400 a pound. Gold is worth $16 an ounce and $256 a pound avoirdupois.

SUCCESSFUL BLIND PEOPLE.

In this department, which is dedicated to the cause for the advancement of which this periodical is published, we hope to serve a double purpose. We wish first to call the attention of the seeing world to what it is possible for blind persons to accomplish.

Second, to have this knowledge, by means of the thoughtful kindness of our subscribers, reach the sightless everywhere and stimulate them to make the most of their lives.

Every blind man or woman, young or vigorous, with a favorable opportunity may become self-sustaining. The right amount of perseverance will command the opportunity. All who wish to know what is being accomplished to increase the methods by which blind people may become independent are invited to open correspondence with the American Association to Promote the Education and Employment of the Blind, 1808 H St. Washington, D. C., enclosing stamp for reply.

Sixty-eight years ago a boy was born in Vermont, of Quaker parentage, whose education was the same as the average boys of those times, but who made such good use of his opportunities that later he created for the pleasure of the reading public Uncle 'Lisha, Gran'ther Hill and other characters, quaint and lovable. Rowland Robinson was a great student of nature, a keen observer, artistic in temperament, and an omnivorous reader. He did some illustrating for the periodicals for a few years, but soon abandoned that work and went back to his home and began writing articles for the magazines and illustrating them also. *Fox Hunting in New England* was published in "Scribner's" and the success of that article was followed by other successes and his life work was determined.

After he became blind in 1887, he wrote *Sam Lovel's Camps*, *Danvis Folks*, *Uncle 'Lisha's Outing*, *In New England Fields and Woods*, *A Danvis Pioneer*, *Sam Lovel's Boy*, etc.

Much of his later writing was done in his bed: blind and sick, he worked to the last, with no murmur of complaint.

He died in 1900 in the very room in which he was born. At his death, the legislature of his native state in joint assembly, passed appreciative resolutions of regret and condolence.

With untiring perseverance, he, when blind, gave out to the world what he, with sight, had garnered from nature's vast storehouse.

Miss Belle Hyman, of Chicago, daughter of the late Sigmund Hyman, was born with sight but became blind when four years old.

She was educated at the State School for the Blind in Jacksonville and on her return to her home from that school she studied singing with the best teachers in Chicago and later spent several years in Europe studying both vocal and instrumental music. She has been very successful as a musician. She has an excellent command of both the French and German languages.

Naturally her sympathies for the blind are strong and she has always taken an active part in all movements in their behalf. Miss Hyman is Corresponding Secretary of the Social and Mutual Advancement Association of the Blind, a society devoted to the mutual interests of the blind in Chicago.

One of the ardent workers for the Illinois Industrial Home for the Blind was James O'Connor, blind since 1874, but who has passed from mechanical engineering through some politics and finally into the field of music. As a State legislator in 1886, and again in 1892, he had much to do with forcing the building of this State institution for the blind.

He was born in Lake County, Ill., in 1848, and after the death of his father and mother came to Chicago at the age of 19 to take up mechanical engineering. In 1860 he went to Louisiana. In 1873 Governor Kellogg made him a justice of the peace for the parish of St. Bernard. It was 1874 that an accident with a gun destroyed Mr. O'Connor's eyesight.

In the following year he came to Chicago and took up the study of music, for which he had always had great love. He first studied the violin, then the piano, and harmony under Fael. After a few years he became so proficient that he was able to play in concerts and to instruct pupils. He has also composed a number of pieces for the piano and violin.

After the first attempt to secure the passage of a law for the establishment of an Industrial Home for the Blind had failed in the Legislature in 1884, friends of the bill concluded that it was necessary to elect at least one member from Chicago who would be sure to arouse the interest of the other members on behalf of the bill. At the urgent soliciation of friends, Mr. O'Connor became a candidate for the seat, and was elected by a large majority in 1886. The desired law was passed, but the Governor neglected to appoint the trustees which the bill provided for. There was danger that the matter would be dropped again, and to prevent this Mr. O'Connor was again elected in 1892.

John B. Curtis, supervisor of the classes for the blind in the city schools of Chicago, is a living refutation of all that lies behind the simile of "the blind leading the blind." Mr. Curtis has been blind since an accident destroyed his sight at three years old, and yet he is one of the most enthusiastic and helpful workers in the public school system of the city.

Mr. Curtis was born in Chicago thirty years ago. He became a pupil of the State School for the Blind at Jacksonville, and was graduated from that institution. He then took a post-graduate course at the University of Chicago. He has acquired a thorough education, his specialties being mathematics and civics. During recent years he has made a special study of the education of the blind.

The teaching of the blind in three of the Chicago public schools is apparently so successful that the experiment is to be extended to other schools. The system which was begun last fall, and which Chicago was the first large city to adopt, enables blind pupils to take the regular public school course, but under special teachers. At present there are facilities for teaching the blind only at the Hardigan School, Armour avenue and Root street; the Clarke School, Ashland avenue and Thirteenth street; and the Arnold School, Burling and Center streets. This arrangement has put a school in each division of the city.

Professor Curtis is an enthusiast, and under his direction manual training is to be added to the course at these three schools.

LANSING, MICHIGAN.

One hundred and twenty-four pupils enrolled according to last report. A liberal course of study is provided from the Primary grade through the High School.

Broom-making is the most important department of handicraft. Book-making in the Braille system of embossed print, also claims much of their attention. After printing an edition sufficient for their own use, their stereotyped plates are sent to the American Printing House for the Blind, Louisville, Ky., that other schools may be benefitted by their labors.

The annual expenditure for the Institution falls a little short of $35,000.

The views of the Superintendent, as presented in his report, are so educational in their character and display so intelligent a grasp of the situation involved, that we can hardly do better than to quote liberally from him. He says: "Undoubtedly the object of this school should be to make good citizens of the boys and girls enjoying its privileges. The requisites of good citizenship are these: good moral character, intelligence and the greatest possible ability to produce those things that are essential to comfortable, honorable living in civilized society.

For this reason we give unsectarian, undenominational instruction in

common ethics. We believe that a good academic education is the necessary foundation for good, intelligent citizenship, as well as for the highest type of productive ability in any mechanical art or literary calling. It is not improbable that we ought to teach, our young men particularly, some forms of simple handicraft not heretofore introduced into this school. Self helpfulness, support, and independence, are qualifications earnestly to be sought by all * * * * * * * * * * * The point that I wish to make is this: the School for the Blind is an educational institution with pupils, and not an "Asylum with inmates." Every intelligent child in Michigan is entitled to be educated by the State whether he have vision or be deprived of it. The fact that the blind are congregated in one place, and boarded while attending school is merely a matter of economy and convenience. No student in our Normal Schools returns to the State the full cost of his education. And yet these State Schools are not classified as charitable institutions, nor are the students in them esteemed as paupers. Is it not a sufficient affliction to be blind without having the further disqualification attached, or implied, of being a pauper?"

The above sentiments are worthy of most profound thought and do credit to both mind and heart of the Superintendent.

The "Rules and Regulations" as printed with the Report evince carefulness in details, and a clear comprehension of what tends toward true manhood and womanhood.

Judging the Institution by its report, we should say that it was well managed and a very desirable place for the class for whose benefit it was intended.

DONATIONS.

Mrs. Edward H. Van Ingen	$10 00
Miss Pardee	25 00
C. E. Society, First Cong. Church. Essex, Conn	10 00
Mrs. Mary E. Allen	4 00
Martha E. Post	2 00
Reading Matter	Rev. Mr. Marsh
Clothing	Miss Edith Lyon

Tickets for admission to seats at Bushnell Park the night of the Fourth.

Free admission to Capital Park for the season.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

Grandma.

When grandma puts
her glasses on
And looks at me
just so—
If I have
done a
naughty
thing
She's sure, somehow, to know.
How it is she can always tell
So very, very, very well?

She says to me: "Yes, little one,
'Tis written in your eye!"
And if I look the other way,
To hunt for something on the floor
She's sure to know it all the more.

If I should put the glasses on
And look in grandma's eyes,
Do you suppose that I should be
So very, very wise?
Now what if I should find it true
That grandma has been naughty,
too?

But, ah, what am I thinking of,
To dream that grandma could
Be anything in all her life
But sweet and kind and good?

I'd better try myself to be
So good that when she looks at me
With eyes so loving all the day
I'll never want to run away.

—*A True Republic*

HOT WEATHER PLEASURES.

MARY F. BUTTS.

ON trooped the young cottagers, leaving their mothers to hammocks and bliss. Equally blissful were the enthusiastic explorers under the leadership of Miss Aldrich, their bright young friend.

Gall Reef was their destination—a low, far-reaching mass of rocks that furnished accommodations to a great many householders of various tastes and habits. Miss Aldrich had found out by a little preliminary investigation that the people about her had a very slight acquaintance with their interesting sea neighbors. She saw that the children often grew weary of play and pleasure; that they were often cross and troublesome, so being of a benevolent turn of mind, it occurred to her to organize a sort of Mothers' Protection Club and spend a few hours now and then with the "water babies" and their relatives.

Down across the fields streamed the gay company unmindful of the heat. Their thoughts were turned in a new direction, and in the prospect of "lovely specimens" they forgot all about feelings.

"Oh, what a pretty house!" cried the company with one voice, as they left the turf for the natural sea-wall of tumbled rocks.

Miss Aldrich, who had been over the ground many times, had led them purposely to a great "room" in the cliff. The children ran up and down on the granite floors, exclaimed over

the beautiful pink quartz that appeared here and there, jumped upon the rock-shelves, and pleased themselves with imagining what delightful housekeeping could be carried on in the sweet sky-roofed place.

"Here's the dearest little purple dish!" called out Kitty Mead, "and here's another and another. See how pretty they look on my pantry shelf."

"Your purple dish is the castoff house of a very interesting sea-body," said Miss Aldrich.

"Who? Who?" called out the little ones, upon which the older children laughed heartily.

"Little Sea-urchin," replied the young lady. "Just a little way from here there is a colony of them living in their pretty houses."

"Oh, do please show them to us," begged Harry Reed. "I never saw a live sea-urchin in my life. You know we've always been to a sandy beech before this summer."

So the bright young teacher led the way out of the grand "room," though Kittie and Josie declared they were coming back to play housekeeping "with all those lovely blue mussel-shells, and purple urchin-houses, and dainty pink quartz plates."

"You may come another day for that," said Miss Aldrich. "Alice will chaperon you little ones for mother's sake, I am sure."

Alice's brown cheeks got rather red. She realized that she had been careless about helping mother amuse the little ones. To-morrow she would take them to the rocks and read "Under the Lilacs" while the children made endless tea-parties. Then what a good time mamma could have in her hammock under the old fir trees, or in her lounging chair on the shady veranda.

The little flock threaded their way between great walls of rock and massive boulders, crossed silvery bits of beach, and presently came to a circular pool shut in by walls of stone.

"Now look carefully and tell me what you see," said Miss Aldrich.

"I see little purple threads waving and waving," replied Kittie, who had been so far over the pool as to be in danger of losing her balance and becoming a sea-urchin herself.

"The moving purple threads are the urchins' feelers or tentacles," said the teacher of the summer day school. "They seem like pretty fringe—like ornaments, but they are very important to our little sea-neighbor; he uses his tentacles for walking, for getting his food, and for drawing his seaweed bed-clothes over him when he wishes to go into retirement."

"Walking!" echoed the children, in incredulous tones.

"Perhaps I should say getting from one place to another," replied the teacher.

"On the lower side of the body, the tentacles, or feelers, as perhaps you would say, are very numerous and large; the urchin stretches them out when he wishes to go to a new place, fastens them, by the suckers on their tips, to a rock or shell, and drags itself along."

"Who would ever think of such a

thing?" said Julia, while the little ones of the party wished to start all the urchins in the pool on their travels immediately.

"The tentacles serve for circulation also," explained the young lady. "They are hollow, and the water that is taken in at the body passes into them."

She took from a little Indian basket half a dozen shells left empty by their urchin owners. Some of them were the deserted houses of grandfathers and great-grandfathers; some were baby-houses no larger than a three-cent piece. The teacher pointed out the tiny holes perforated in symmetrical rows, and explained that the little live body inside the shell put its "feelers" through these, just as children put out an arm or hand to help themselves to what they want.

"They have lots and lots of hands and arms," said Kitty much interested.

"Here are more tiny holes," explained the teacher, while each pupil took a shell and studied it intently. "You see how these pretty lines all meet at the top of the shell. Now, look through this little glass, please, and you will see the little space where the lines meet at the top in tiny openings. Five of them are what are called eye-specks, and five are for the purpose of passing out the eggs from which new sea-urchins will grow."

Everybody's eyes opened wide at this statement, and "how wonderful!" passed from lip to lip.

"And what about this mossy stuff on some of the empty shells?" asked one of the Reed boys.

Miss Aldrich took one of the living urchins and put it in a shallow pool in the hollow of a rock. The children examined it closely and saw stiff, green spines in rows between the lines of "feelers." They were told that the spines were to protect the urchin from enemies and rocks and waves. In the outworn shells the broken-down spines made the moss-like substance. The urchin seems, with the exception of the waving tentacles, almost as helpless and unconscious as the pebbles about him. But in reality he is well equipped by his Creator. Each little spine is jointed, where it connects with the body, very much as your leg is jointed at the knee, and they can all be movrd at the will of the little owner. The urchin eats and digests his food, and he has little forks by which the parts of the food not needed for growth are got rid of and passed into the water.

"Forks!" exclaimed Alice. "Yes, certain little organs that are called pedicellariae, 'may,' says Mrs. Agassiz, 'best be compared to a three-pronged fork, except that the prongs are so arranged that they fit into one another like the pieces of a puzzle.' She goes on to say: 'That part of his food which the sea-urchin rejects passes out of an opening on the summit of the body where all the zones converge.' (Here Miss Aldrich showed the young folks the place on the empty shell at the meeting of the lines of perforations.) 'The rejected

particle is received on one of these little forks which closes upon it like a forceps, and it is passed on from one to the other down the sides of the body, till it is dropped into the water. Nothing is more curious and entertaining than to watch the neatness and accuracy with which this process is performed. Were it not for this apparatus the rejected food would be entangled among the tentacles and spines and be stranded there till the motion of the water washed it away.'"

The children took a long breath when this reading was finished. Silently they watched the soft waving of the silken "feelers," trying to realize the wonderful structure of these humble little sea-creatures.

"Why, they are most folks!" said Kittie, in a burst of enthusiasm. Miss Aldrich next took from her basket one of the curious bits of seashore debris that the children call "sand-dollars," a small, round cake of sand, apparently, with a lovely star embroidered on the surface.

"Here is another little cast-off home," said she.

"That! Did anything ever live in the sand-dollars?" was the general exclamation.

"Yes, an urchin lived in this pretty house, when it could be called a house; a cousin of the urchin we have been talking about. When he is living in his native sea-pool, he has brown silky bristles; and though not so showy a member of the family, he is a true urchin, provided with tube-like "suckers," with teeth and digestive apparatus. And now, remember, till we have another lesson, that both these urchins belong to the Radiates."

The children went home with new and reverent thoughts that kept them silent most of the way; and the mothers who had slept and read and rested, as mothers should, were glad to see them back again.—*Union Signal.*

Fore-Warned.

Many animals seemed to possess a keen instinct with regard to coming disturbance or danger. Thus, before an earthquake, horses will show great uneasiness and restlessness, it is said. Birds also possess remarkable instinct of coming danger. A gentleman staying in a town in Egypt, happened to remark to a friend who was more familiar with the country than himself, that all the swallows had suddenly left. This, the friend said, indicated that there would soon be an outbreak of cholera, which actually took place in a couple of days. On two former occasions the same circumstances had taken place. The swallows must have felt the infection in the air before it was apparent to human beings.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

"No, I never take the newspaper home; I've got a family of grown-up daughters, you know."

"Papers too full of crime, eh?"

"No: of bargain sales."

———o———

"Why, I thought you and little Flossie Brown were great friends?"

Little Miss Fashion—So we are! But you wouldn't have me play with a little girl who dresses her dolls in last year's fashions, would you, mamma?"

———o———

A bright little three-year old, while her mother was trying to get her to sleep, became interested in some noise in the fire-place She was told it was caused by a cricket, when she sagely observed, "Mamma, I think he ought to be oiled."

———o———

"Your medicine has helped me wonderfully," she wrote to the patent medicine house. "Three weeks ago I could not spank the baby, and now I am able to thrash my husband. God bless you!"

———o———

Miss Lakeside—"Goodness! How tanned you are. You've been in the sun, haven't you?"

Miss Presyse (of Boston)—"Most assuredly not. There are no means, as yet, of transporting oneself to that sphere. I have been merely basking in the beams which percolated through the circumambient atmosphere of Atlantic city."

Little four-year-old Edith was sitting in the cold one morning, and her breath looked like smoke. Calling to her mother, she said: "Oh, mamma, I'm all on fire inside. See the smoke coming out of my mouth."

———o———

"Oh, mamma," said 4-year-old Tommy "let's play I'm an awful-looking old tramp. I'll come around to the back door and ask for something to eat, and you get frightened and give me a piece of pie."

———o———

Visitor (to naughty little girl)—"It's too bad of you to worry your mother so, Effie."

Effie (aged three)—"Well, if you had lived with mamma as long as I have you would know which of us was to blame."

———o———

"I see yer movin' out, boss," remarked a very disreputable looking Weary Willie, who had stopped to watch the operation. "Is dey anything you don't need 'at I may take?"

"Yes,," snapped the crusty suburbanite, tossing a bundle into the van, "a bath!"

———o———

Small Tommy on being reproved one day made a face at his mother. "Why, Tommy," said she, "I'm surprised to think you would do such an ungentlemanly thing as that."

"Excuse me, mamma," said he, "I started to make a smile, but my face slipped."

Visitor (at lunatic asylum): "Who is that fine-looking man making stars, crosses and things out of letters?"

Attendant: "Oh, he was the editor of a children's column in some paper. One week he lost the answers, and tried to solve them himself."

———o———

Fond Mother—"Do not forget to include grandma in your prayers, Bessie, and ask the Lord to bless her and let her live to be very old.

Bessie (aged four)—"Oh, she's old enough now. I'll ask the Lord to make her younger."

———o———

Dolly was out for a walk and met an old friend of her grandfather. "And how old are you, little one?" asked the old gentleman. But Dolly was indignant.

"I'm hardly old at all; I'm nearly new!" she answered, tossing her head.

———o———

Miss Mobile—"Well, Martha, how is your husband, now?

Martha—"Po'ly, miss, po'ly. He's got that exclamatory rheumatism."

Miss Mobile—"You mean inflammatory rheumatism, Martha. 'Exclamatory' is to cry out."

Martha (with solemn conviction)—That's it, mum, that's it! He don't do nothin' but holler!"

———o———

Applicant—"I see you advertise for a window-dresser."

Milliner—"Yes, sir. Have you had much experience?"

"I arranged the window-display in the shop I worked last, and every woman who passed stopped and looked in."

"That's something like. You're just the man we want. By the way, what line was your firm in?"

"Mirrors."

Critic—"I've sent up a two-column criticism of the new play, and I'll be back about midnight to look at the proofs."

Editor—"Where are you going now?"

Critic—"To see the play."

———o———

Smiles—"I'm glad I wasn't Shakespeare."

Giles—"Why are you?"

Smiles—"Because I should be dead now."

Giles—"Yes, that's true—and Shakespeare would be forgotten."

———o———

Mrs. Nexdore—"Does your husband like music?"

Mrs. Peppery—"Yes; he's quite fond of it."

Mrs. Nexdore—"I suppose he has heard my daughter playing?"

Mrs. Peppery—"Yes, and he just raves over her playing."

———o———

They were rapidly drifting apart.

"Don't get hot under the collar," she was saying, with delicate irony. "or you'll explode that celluloid shirt-front."

"What!" he cried. "The shirt-front that has had laid trustingly upon it a head of hair as red as yours? Not in a thousand years!"

He laughed last, but they both laughed equally far from well.

———o———

Mrs. U.—to country cousin, (after having spent several days in showing her the city.) Well, my dear, what is the most wonderful thing you have seen in New York city?"

Country Cousin, (thoughtfully,) "What seems the most wonderful thing to me is how your women ever reach those lines to hang up clothes."

SELECTED MATTER.

Don'ts.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Whatever your work and whatever its worth,
No matter how strong and clever,
Some one will sneer if you pause to hear,
And scoff at your best endeavor.
For the target art has a broad expanse,
And wherever you chance to hit it,
Though close be your aim to the bullseye, fame,
There are those who will never admit it.
Though the house applauds while the artist plays
And a smiling world adores him,
Somebody is there with an ennuied air
To say that the acting bores him.
For the tower of art has a lofty spire,
With many a stair and landing.
And those who climb seem small oft-times
To one at the bottom standing.
So work along in your chosen niche
With a steady purpose to nerve you;
Let nothing men say who pass your way
Relax your courage or swerve you.
The idle will flock by the Temple of Art
For just the pleasure of gazing.
But climb to the top and do not stop,
Though they may not be all praising.

MR. W. DUDDELL, an electrician of London, has discovered a method of producing musical sounds from the electric arc, and recently gave a lecture upon these investigations before the London Institution of Electrical Engineers. It is only the solid carbon, that which is homogeneous in its nature, that is capable of producing these unusual sounds. The cored carbons are absolutely silent. Not only is it possible to obtain musical sounds, but they may be varied so as to produce a tune, and to exemplify his thesis, the inventor played a popular air. The variations, in the sounds are accomplished by a by-pass or shunt placed across the carbons, and which have the same effect as the fingers and keys upon a flute. Mr. Duddell, in the course of his lecture, arranged four arcs in series to increase the intensity of the sound, and by varying the self-induction and capacity in the shunt circuit by means of a key-board, of two octaves, produced his tune. The key-board may be placed at any distance from the lamps without depreciating the musical effects emitted by the arcs. The inventor has also requisitioned the electric-light arc for receiving telephonic messages transmitted from another point of the building.

MIRRORS that one can see through are a new invention already coming into use. They are of so-called "platinized glass," being backed with a compound made of 95 per cent. silver and 5 per cent. platinum, and, optically speaking, they are exceedingly curious and interesting. Looking into a glass of this kind one finds a first rate reflection; it is a mirror and nothing more. At the same time, a person on the other side can see directly through it. For example, a glass of this sort placed in front of the prescription desk in an apothecary shop perfectly conceals the prescription clerk and his apparatus. Thus the privacy of that department is secured, while on his part the clerk is able to survey the shop and see everybody who comes in just as if the mirror were ordinary glass. It is transparent to him, but is like any common mirror from the point of view of people in front. It is easily seen that glass of this kind is likely to be useful for a good many purposes. It can be put in the doors of dark bathrooms, or of any other rooms where privacy is desirable and light is wanted.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY is thus quoted in *Success:* "A friend came to me once completely heartbroken, saying that his manuscripts were constantly returned and that he was the most miserable wretch alive. I asked him how long he had been trying. 'Three years,' he said. 'My dear man,' I answered, laughing, 'go on; keep on trying till you have spent as many years at it as I did.' 'As many as you did!' he exclaimed. 'Yes, as long as I did.' 'What? You —James Whitcomb Riley—struggled for years!' 'Yes, sir, through years, through sleepless nights, through almost hopeless days. For twenty years I tried to get into one magazine; back came my manuscripts eternally. I kept on. In the twentieth year that magazine accepted one of my articles.' I was not a believer in the theory that one man does a thing much easier than any other man. Continuous, unflagging effort, persistence and determination will win. Let not the man be discouraged who has these."

THE power of an orator can be largely measured by the degree of confidence which he inspires, and judged by this standard, Henry Ward Beecher must be reckoned among the greatest speakers of modern times. Men who heard him in the pulpit or talked with him out of it could not question the sincerity which showed forth in his face, his manner and his voice. Mr. Beecher was on a lecturing tour and Major Pond, his manager, was sitting beside him in the railway car. Suddenly the preacher slapped his hand on the little watch pocket of his trousers and drew forth a small envelope. For a moment he looked at it in surprise, then opened it and smiled. Presently he turned to his companion. "Major," said he, "I married a great railroad magnate a few months ago, and as I was taking leave of him, he handed me an

envelope, which I slipped in my pocket, unopened. That was the last I thought of it until to-day. Just now I opened it, and this is what I found." The major took the envelope. Within it were five one-thousand dollar bills.

A SCIENTIFIC observer, who has spent much time in forest and jungle, says that animals certainly talk. Perhaps it is going too far to call it "talking," but they certainly have a way of communicating with each other by sounds made with the mouth. He has seen a herd of monkeys hold a conference before making some move, and has heard a gorilla distinctly call to its mate when it found some choice berries. He one day saw some gorillas approach a man's field to rob it, and when they found that it had already been stripped of everything that they cared for they laughed and guffawed just as men would do if a joke had been played on them. Du Chaillu is the man that saw these things and what he says is worthy of thought.

WIRELESS telegraphy in Honolulu and the various islands of the Hawaiian group is now in practical working order. The stations on the various islands have all been established, and the tests made show that everything is in perfect order. Commercial messages will now be received. The service will include all of the islands except Kauai. One station is at Honolulu, one at Hilo and one on the island of Lanai: the latter is the connecting station between the two others. By means of a cable messages can be sent from Lanai to the island of Maui.

LORD RUSSEL had, among other amicable traits, a great love of children. One day, visiting a friend, he took much interest in two charming little girls, grandchildren of his host, and the sight of them suggested a quaint reminiscence, which he forthwith narrated. "Ah," he said, "I saw another nice little girl the other day, and the people tried to make her understand what I was. 'This gentleman,' it was explained, 'is a judge.' 'Oh, are you?' said the child, after thinking a little; 'what shows do you judge at!' "

IT was the Chief Suyjin who discovered fire by the accidental friction of two pieces of wood. He also invented a method of registering time and events by making certain knots on thongs, or cords, twisted out of the bark of trees. Chin-wong, the fourth Emperor, invented the plow, and, for thousands of years, custom required each monarch, among the ceremonies of his coronation, to guide a plow across a field, thus paying due honor to agriculture as the art essential to civilization.

WHITE oak logs that have been buried under the site of Chicago for 7,000 years have just been put to use. Prof. Ossian Guthrie, the Chicago geologist, who has studied the local strata and helped to unearth the remnants of some of these pre-historic

trees, has just come into possession of two toilet brushes made from this ancient oak, that have surprised the manufacturers of imitation "antique" woods by its wonderful color and polish.

EDMUND SPENSER died "for lack of bread." Milton lived in poverty. Goldsmith was haunted by duns from cradle to grave. Jonson walked the night round St. James' Square in lieu of a bed. Huxley in his early days found it hard to earn a living. Carlyle during the first forty years of his literary life never earned more than an average grocer. Browning during the greater part of his career never made a penny by his poems.

THE sweetest revenge you can take is to prove that your enemy was mistaken in judging you harshly. Do him a service, though he has done you an injury, thus killing a foe by making him a friend. It is a hard lesson to learn, but it is worth learning.

THE worst famines of modern times were the famine in Ireland in 1846-7, in which 1,000,000 people perished; the Indian famine in 1866, which claimed 1,450,000 victims; the Indian famine in 1877, in which 500,000 people perished, and the great famine in China in 1878, in which 9,500,000 died.

THE *Popular Science News* says the owl has no motion in the eye, the globe of which is immovably fixed in its socket by a strong, elastic, hard, cartilaginous case; but in order to compensate for the absence of motion in the eye, the owl is able to turn its head around in almost a circle without moving its body.

AMONG the oldest known metals is tin. The ancient Romans used it for coating the inside of brass and copper vessels, and in the book of Numbers it is among the list of metals of which, among other things, Moses and the Israelites despoiled the people of Midian.

RICHARDSON, like many other novelists, considered his first work as his best. Late in life he said, when speaking of one of his then recent works, "I shall never be able to excel 'Pamela.'"

BOSWELL was too great a dunce to know how good his "Life of Jonson" really was. So far as known, he wrote it simply to gratify his itch for writing, and had no idea of its excellence.

LOCKE fancied that he was a great writer on the subject of education and seems to have valued his educational writings more highly than he did the "Essay on the Human Understanding."

A MAN in London who has been prosecuted sixty times for refusing to have his children vaccinated was the recipient of a testimonial from a number of anti-vaccinationists.

THE city of Prescott, Arizona, is paved with stone which contains four dollars worth of gold to the ton and 20 per cent. silver.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE GLOBE-TROTTERS.

STEEL STRIKE.—The General Executive Board of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers, after an unsuccessful conference with the American Steel, Steel Hoop and Tin Plate Companies, part of the United States Steel Corporation, ordered all men employed in tin plate, steel hoop and sheet steel mills to strike on July 15. The Amalgamated Association had demanded of the three companies their signature to an agreement to unionize all their mills — to oblige all their employes to join unions. The manufacturers refused on the ground that it would be an injustice on their part to force unwilling men into the unions. They offered to compromise by unionizing several mills heretofore not in the union. This was refused. At present about 45,000 skilled workmen and 31,000 unskilled are affected by the strike. President Shaffer of the Amalgamated Association states that he will bring out all the union men employed by the National Steel and Federal Steel Companies (about 300,000) if the strike is not soon settled.

RELICS OF THE REVOLUTION DISCOVERED.—A diver while at work on the spot in Lake Champlain where the schooner, Royal Savage, belonging to the flotilla commanded by General Benedict Arnold went down October 11, 1776, sunk by the British, discovered three gun carriages and about thirty feet of water. The gun carriages are of oak and iron, the oak having become petrified. Efforts are being made to discover other treasures which it is supposed may be found in the old hulk.

ELECTRIC PRINTING.—An English photographer, Mr. Green, has invented a new kind of paper called, "electrographic," whose composition is a secret. This new paper may be decomposed by the electric current. By means of this paper it is claimed ink and cylinder or forms will be dispensed with. The cylinder of the rotary press or the form of the common press is connected with the positive pole of a dynamo or storage battery, the cylinder or plate that carries the paper to the negative pole. The circuit is then complete across the paper at points where the two metallic surfaces are in contact. The electric paper undergoes a decomposition which blackens it wherever the raised type touches it. Experiments have been very successful, and with this new process, printing will be cheaper than it ever was before.

GIFT OF THE "MAINE" TO THE

BRITISH NAVY.—The hospital ship "Maine" fitted by American ladies for service in the British navy in the South African war, has been presented to the navy by its owners, the American Transport Company. It was loaned by them to a committee of American ladies residing in England to fit up for a hospital ship during the war. It has been in South Africa and China, and has been able to accomodate over three hundred sick and wounded soldiers at one time. The offer was made by Mr. Barnard Baker, president of the company, who in his letter said "He hoped she would be an emblem of the cordial relations existing between the citizens of the United States and those of another country."

FREE HOMES IN OKLAHOMA.—Secretary Hitchcock decided to adopt a system of lot-drawing for July 10, when land-office registration booths at El Reno and Lawton, Oklahoma, were opened. The division of Kiowa, Comanche and Wichita reservations bought by the Government from the Indians, will be awarded by lot, the drawing to begin August 6. Men were in line ten days before the registration began, and places were sold for large sums. Thousands had flocked to the border line of the new homes to camp until the day for opening, expecting that the distribution of homes would be the same as a few years previous, but have found to their dismay that the lot-drawing method had been adopted.

NAVY APPOINTMENTS.—On July 30, six warrant officers will be appointed to the rank of Ensign, according to the provision of the last session of Congress, the appointments will be made by the President on recommendation of the Secretary of the Navy from among boatswains, gunners or warrant machinest. Heretofore a naval commission was obtainable through the naval Academy only.

SITE FOR ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION SELECTED.—The directors of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition to be held in St. Louis in 1903, have selected Forest Park in St. Louis as a site for it. The park is in the western part of the city, a few miles from the Mississippi and contains about eleven hundred acres, a third more than was used at the World's Fair at Chicago.

CIVIL GOVERNMENT IN THE PHILIPPINES.—On July 4th, the government of the Philippines was changed from a military to a civil form, with Hon. W. H. Taft, head of the Philippine Commission, Governor. The war was practically terminated by the surrender of General Cailles.

SOUTHERN MEASURES TO PREVENT LYNCHING.—The Alabama Constitutional Convention has adopted a provision for the suspension from office of a sheriff who permits a prisoner to be taken from him by a mob. Ex-Governor Jones is championing the provision. He claims that within the last ten years, one hundred and twenty citizens of Alabama have been lynched, two-thirds of which were innocent. "Lynching," he says, "is a menace to civilization." Efforts are also being made in Mississippi to put a stop to lynching.

THE CUP YACHTS.—A series of four races between Constitution, Columbia and Independence were sailed recently off Newport. The last on July 12. The Constitution won easily the first two races, beating Columbia on the first leg of fifteen miles by about two minutes, and on the return by more than nine minutes. In the second race, sailed over a triangular course, Constitution beat Columbia by ten minutes and thirty-seven seconds on the ten miles of windward, beating, by eight minutes and forty-two seconds on the run, and by ten minutes and six seconds on the reach. In the third race Columbia beat Constitution to the windward mark by more than four and one-half minutes. In the fourth race Columbia beat in the first ten miles by one minute and fifteen seconds. The races sailed up to this writing show one or two things very clearly. The most conspicuous and perhaps from the cup defending stand-point, the most important, is the wonderful light-weather ability of the Constitution. In all of the matches since 1876 light weather has prevailed, so that the presumption is in favor of light weather for the coming match. The Independence did good work but failed to beat the other yachts in any of the races. In the meantime Shamrock II has been establishing her superiority over Shamrock I in English waters.

THE WEST VIRGINIA FLOOD.—ON Sunday June 23, the Elkhorn Valley in the famous Pocahontas coal region of West Virginia was swept by a flood so terrible, so quick in its passing, that within twenty minutes the valley of industry was turned into a valley of death. There was a heavy downpour followed by a cloudburst converting the Elkhorn River into a raging flood which overwhelmed many houses and other buildings along the valley, washed away bridges, cut away the railroad embankments and did a vast amount of damage to other property along its course. The saving circumstance was the telephone by which the various villages were warned that the river was overflowing its banks. The people took to the hills and the torrents' harvest of death numbered sixty, instead of the hundreds which it might have caught had not the telephone carried the alarm ahead. The first reports of disaster placed the loss of life at over a thousand and of property at nine millions, but later accounts showed that these figures were exaggerated. As it is, several thousand of working people were rendered homeless and much suffering ensued before food, clothing and other necessaries could be supplied by the generous people of the State. The tracks of the Norfolk and Western Railway, bordering the river, were ripped up for a distance of ten miles as if they had been so many yards of string; a hundred freight cars were flung hither and thither like chips. At Rolfe a safe weighing a ton was carried down stream half a mile. At Belchertown, the prison was lifted from its foundation and the inmates escaped. At other places, the iron

and steel railroad bridges were torn down like so many houses of cards; the inhabitants lost everything. The destitute ones are now living in tents, in cabins, in every kind of makeshift homes on the hills. The mine owners, are supplying them with food, rebuilding their houses and declining outside aid on the ground that their well-filled stores were left standing. The loss of property and loss to business has been variously estimated from $1,000,000 to $5,000,000.

DEATH OF JOHN FISKE — John Fiske, historian and lecturer, died July 4, at the Hawthorn Inn, East Gloucester, Mass. The cause of his death was exhaustion, due to the extreme heat. John Fiske was born in Hartford, Ct., on March 30, 1842, and in his youth was a prodigy of cleverness and application. At seven, he was reading Ceaser, and had read Rollin, Josephus, and Goldsmith's Greece. Before he was eight he had read the whole of Shakespeare, and a good deal of Milton, Bunyan and Pope. He graduated from Harvard College in 1863, from Harvard Law School in 1865; his college life was simply an extension of a period of self-imposed study. Mr. Fiske first became generally known in this country as an expounder and protagonist of Darwinism. During the last twenty years of his life he was known chiefly as an historian and a lecturer. Mr. Fiske's published works are: "The Critical Period of American History," "The Beginnings of New England," "Civil Government in the United States," "The War of Independence," "The American Revolution," "Old Virginia and Her Neighbors," "A History of the American People," "Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy, Based on the Doctrine of Evolution," "Myths and Myth Makers," "Tobacco and Alcohol," "The Unseen World," "Darwinism and Other Essays," "Excursions of an Evolutionist," "The Destiny of Man, Viewed in the Light of Origin," "The Idea of God, as Affected by Modern Knowledge" and "American Political Ideas, Viewed from the Standpoint of Universal History."

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